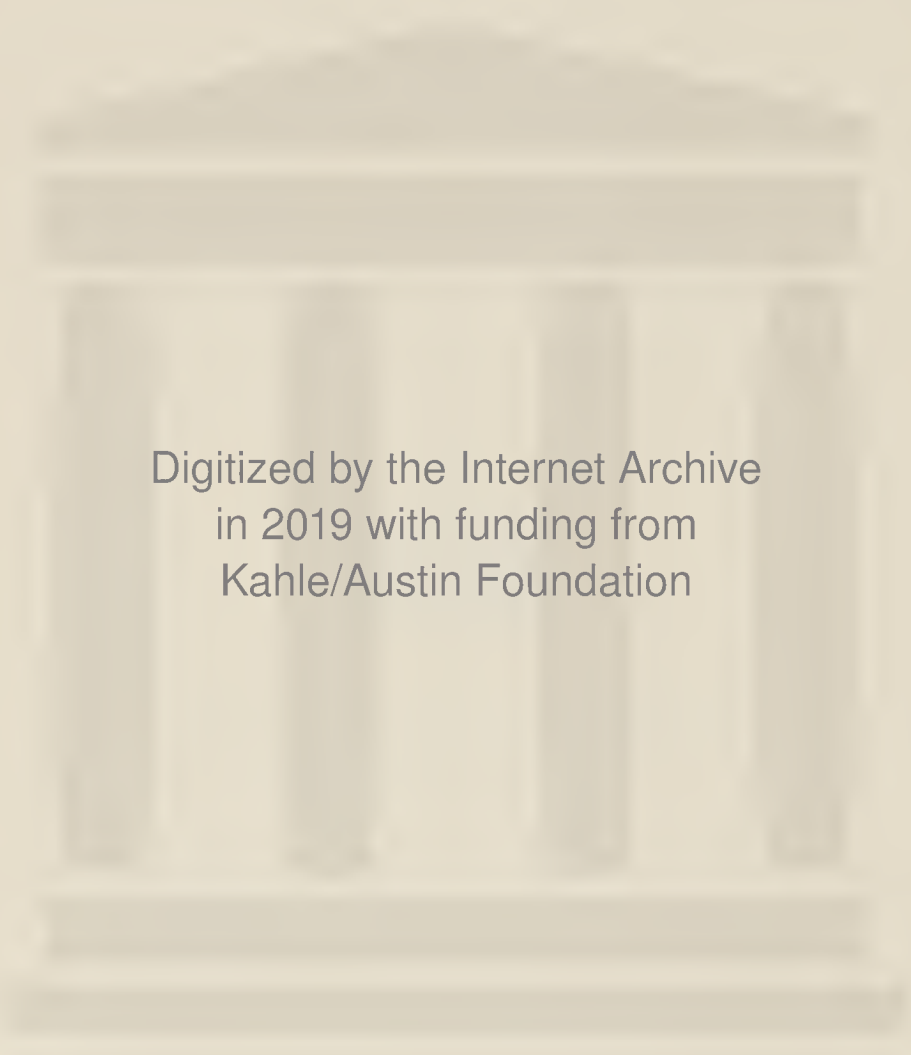


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SOUTHERN Historical Society Papers.

VOLUME XXVI.



EDITED BY

R. A. BROCK,

SECRETARY OF THE SOUTHERN HISTORICAL SOCIETY.

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ERRATA.

For assurdly—4th line, p. 256, read *assuredly*.

For doubtfully—28th line, p. 283, read *dutifully*.

Southern Historical Society Papers.

Vol. XXVI. Richmond, Va., January-December. 1898.

WAR DIARY OF CAPT. ROBERT EMORY PARK, Twelfth Alabama Regiment.

JANUARY 28th, 1863—JANUARY 27th, 1864.

Accounts of the battles of Chancellorsville, Gettysburg, Jeffersonton,
Bristow Station, Locust Grove, Mine Run, the March into
Maryland and Pennsylvania, with Reminiscences of
the Battle of Seven Pines.

[The Editor has pleasure in preserving in these pages the following graphic record. Captain Park has proven himself in maturer years, as progressive, public spirited, and successful as a citizen as he was gallant and faithful as a soldier.]

In 1876-'7, the latter part of my War and Prison Diary was published in serial in the *Southern Historical Society Papers*, the earlier portion having been lost by me on the battle field. In 1888, eleven years later, a letter signed Mrs. Vine Smith, Lebanon, New Hampshire, was forwarded me from Greenville, Ga., by my brother, which conveyed the joyful news that the remaining portion of my Diary was in her possession, and that she was willing to return it. I lost no time in securing it, and offer it for what it may be worth as illustrating the daily life in camp and field of a Confederate soldier.

ROBERT EMORY PARK,
Late Captain 12th Ala., C. S. A.

Macon, Ga., December, 1898.

NOTE.—The portion preceding the first day given was torn off, and I found the Diary began thus :

Jan. 28, 1863. Applied to Gen. Lee for appointment of my college mate and friend, Sergeant R. H. Stafford, as recruiting officer for Co. "F," 12th Ala.

Jan. 29. A committee, consisting of Captains Fischer, Hewlett and Ross, was appointed to invite the officers of Battle's Brigade to

assemble at the headquarters of the 12th Ala., to take into consideration the propriety of memorializing Congress on the subject of regimental and company re-organization, to-morrow at 9 o'clock. There is a great desire on the part of many to enjoy the benefit of re-organization. Many privates hope to be elected officers, and many officers expect to secure promotions. My chance of promotion from a line to a field office is good, so I warmly favor the change.

Jan. 30. Private Wesley Moore left for Alabama on a 30 days furlough. At 9 o'clock the line officers of the 6th Ala., met those of the 12th Ala. at our camp, and appointed a committee of three from each regiment to draft a memorial to be presented to Congress. Capt. Bowie, of the 6th Ala., and I, were chosen to visit the officers of the 3rd and 5th Ala. regiments, and invite them to meet us at 6 o'clock, and participate in our proceedings. At 6 o'clock the meeting was called to order, Capt. Bowie being chairman, and Lieut. Dunlop, of the 3rd Ala., acting as secretary. The memorial drafted was read and discussed pro and con, by Captains Bowie and Bilbro, and Lieutenants Larry, Dunlop and Wimberly, and the meeting adjourned to meet Monday at 3 o'clock.

Jan. 31. Sunday. I am officer of the guard. One of the 26th Ala. is officer of the day, and is exceedingly verdant. Col. S. B. Pickens came in at night from furlough.

Feb. 1. (Part here torn off.) The meeting was held pursuant to adjournment, the memorial adopted, and a committee appointed to get signatures to the petition and forward it to Hon. Robert Jemison, Jr., C. S. Senator, and Hon. W. P. Chilton, Representative from Ala., for presentation to the Confederate Congress.

Feb. 2. Called at Dr. Terrell's, near Orange Court House, and met his pretty daughter, Mrs. Goodwin. At night received five letters and several Georgia and South Carolina papers.

Feb. 3. Gus. Reid returned from absence at Lynchburg. Orders came at night to be ready to move to Hanover Junction at 6 o'clock. Battle's Ala. brigade left winter quarters at 6½ o'clock for Gordonsville, and arrived there at 2 P. M. We took cars at midnight for Hanover Junction. Gen. Robt. D. Johnston's N. C. brigade preceded ours.

Feb. 5. Reached the Junction at 9 A. M., and occupied some old winter quarters near Taylorsville.

Feb. 6. Bill Mims returned from furlough.

Feb. 7. Our brigade took the train for Richmond early in the morning, and reached the capitol at 2 o'clock. Formed in the city,

and marched to music to the outer fortifications on York River Railroad, about four miles from the city.

Feb. 8. Went to Richmond and called on some young lady friends, also visited the hall of the House of Representatives, and heard eulogies pronounced over the dead body of Col. J. J. Wilcox, of Texas. At night I saw "Virginia Cavalier" played at Richmond Theatre, R. D'Orsay Ogden, manager. Returned at 1 o'clock A. M. to camp. Theatres are a great means of diversion to soldiers. J. W. Thorpe, our former drum-major, D'Orsay Ogden, J. Wilkes Booth, Harry McCarthy, W. H. Crisp, Theo. Hamilton, John Templeton, and Alice Vane, are the favorite actors. Soldiers are not critics, but are ever ready to be amused.

(Torn out to Feb. 12.) I remained in the city all day, meeting with many officers and men at the hospitals, the Exchange Hotel and Ballard House, and Spotswood Hotel. At night I saw "Lady of the Lake" acted. At its conclusion, while en route to camp, stopped with Capt. Hewlett and Lieut. Tate, of 3rd Ala., at a "shindig," and had an enjoyable time. Kissing games were popular, and some of the dancers were high kickers and not over graceful. Late in the afternoon the brigade moved three miles further to the front to meet an expected expedition of "Beast" Butler, who was located somewhere near Drury's Bluff on the James. The "Beast" has been outlawed by President Davis, and is generally detested. He should keep, as heretofore, to the rear, and avoid capture.

Feb. 13. Remained all day on outpost, but the enemy did not approach us. Col. W. G. Swanson's 61st Ala. regiment joined our brigade, and the 26th Ala., Col. E. A. O'Neal, was transferred to Mobile. Promoted Brigadier-General and placed in command of Rodes' Brigade. As there were only nine companies in the 61st, the Secretary of War declined to issue a commission as Colonel to Col. Swanson, and he returned to Alabama. I received a neat little note inviting me to call at Col. Thos. Bell Bigger's on Broad street, between 9th and 10th streets, and signed Mollie T—y. Her note was four days reaching me, and when I called she had left for Petersburg.

Feb. 14. St. Valentine's Day. I walked to the city, and had a glorious bath at the Ballard House, and met many friends.

Feb. 15. A light snow covered mother earth's bosom to-day, and kept us from the city. Our trips to the city are greatly enjoyed, and all are allowed to go when they please, and stay as long as they please. Jim Lester exchanged a jug of water for one of whiskey as adroitly as Simon Suggs could have done.

Feb. 16. Torn off.

Feb. 17. An intensely cold day. All suffered, as clothing is not heavy, and many have none or very poor shoes.

Feb. 18. Rode on the tender of an engine to Orange Court House ; paid \$6.00 for breakfast, and walked to our old camp.

Feb. 19. The brigade came in, straggling a good deal, and tired out.

Feb. 20. I learned to my sore regret that the negro cook of Quartermaster Pickens had stolen my best bed clothes, and while drunk had burned them up. A pleasant thing to contemplate and to endure this bitter, freezing weather.

Feb. 21. Sunday. Regimental inspection at 9 o'clock. Lieut. B. Frank Howard, and two other officers of 61st Ala., from Tuskegee, called to see me in the afternoon. At dress parade I acted as Adjutant for Adj. Gayle.

Feb. 22. Washington's Birthday. The great Virginian doubtless looks down approvingly upon the course of his successors, Lee, Jackson, Stuart, A. P. Hill, Rodes and others. Lee and Jackson excel the great Father of his Country as soldiers. Invited to a party at Dr. Terrell's next Friday night.

Feb. 23. Introduced my friend, Capt. Hewlett, to several ladies in the vicinity.

Feb. 24. I am officer of the guard. Read "Peveril of the Peak" at leisure moments. Sergeant Carr came from furlough. He reports Alabamians confident of our ultimate success, and proud of our brigade and regiment.

Feb. 25. Private L. Williams came from furlough, and was pained to hear his son had killed a fellow soldier in the 21st Ala. Our soldiers seldom have serious difficulties, but get along most harmoniously.

Feb. 26. Hired Charles, servant of Private Kimbrough, for one year, at \$25.00 per month, Charles is a good cook and forager. At night I attended a Grand Ball at Dr. Terrell's, to which I contributed \$25.00. Gen. Ramseur and his bride, *nee* Miss Richmond, of N. C., were present. Pretty women and officers in gay Confederate gray uniforms, were a lovely sight to look upon. Mrs. Carter, formerly Miss Taliaferro (since Mrs. John H. Lamar and Mrs. Harry Day, of Georgia), was one of the brightest belles.

(NOTE.—Next portion of Diary to April 14th, lost.)

While in camp near Fredericksburg obtained a week's furlough to visit Richmond, and went there with Dr. Geo. Whitfield, our beloved

surgeon. Stopped at Hatton's, on Mayo street between Franklin and Broad. Escorted Miss E. U. to Miss Nannie King's marriage.

April 15. It rained hard all day, but I spent it in shopping. Bought a Confederate gray coat for \$111.00, and got a few other articles. At night Dr. W. and I went to the "Varieties" and saw "Naval Engagements" and "The Married Rake." Harry McCarthy was the leading actor.

April 16. Patronized Dr. Geo. B. Steele, the dentist on Main street. Bought a pair of light blue pants for \$30.00. Had two ambrotypes taken and mailed to my sisters. Sent some pieces of music to Sister L., among them "Rock Me to Sleep, Mother," "All Quiet Along the Potomac to-night," "The Vacant Chair," "My Last Cigar," etc. Dr. W. and I called on Hon. D. Clopton at House of Representatives, when I gave him some papers, &c. Went to Sloman's Concert at the African Church at night.

April 17. Bought a fine gray coat and gloves for Capt. Thomason, of Co. "E." Price of former \$100.00, of latter \$6.00. Paid \$10.00 a plug for dental work. Board for three days was \$16.00. At a hotel the charge would have been double. Met up with Bob Ellis, Gus. McCurdy and Parker Burbank, of Greenville, Ga., and Jim Harrison and Ben Stewart of my Oxford class. Met Mrs. Capt. Keeling and Mrs. Chandler.

April 18. Returned to camp at Guinea, Va. While in Richmond I spent \$252 for myself and \$150 for others of my regiment. My Quartermaster Sergeant Howell met me at station with a horse, and we returned once more to the duties and dullness of camp. Was greeted by several letters.

April 19. Sunday. A gloriously beautiful spring day. Private W. A. Moore, of my company, preached an excellent sermon on 8th verse, 2nd chapter of Ephesians. Private Rogers, of my company, preached in the afternoon. I have both a Methodist and a Baptist preacher in the ranks of my company. Received a letter announcing the marriage of brother J. F. to Miss Bailey, and wrote a congratulatory letter.

April 20. The counterpart of yesterday, rainy and disagreeable.

April 21. Uneventful.

April 22. Visited old friends in Gordon's and Doles' Georgia brigades. Saw Lieut. Tom Harris, of 12th Georgia, who promised to preach to 12th Alabama next Sunday. Wrote out a recommendation and obtained the signatures of every officer in the regiment

for the appointment of Billy Moore as Chaplain of the regiment, and presented it to Col. Pickens.

April 23. Yesterday the sky was clear. To-day it is cloudy and raining.

April 24. Received a letter which had been previously sent in search of me to the 13th, 15th, 3rd and 5th Ala. regiments, before reaching the 12th Ala.

April 25. Rev. F. M. Kennedy, a North Carolina chaplain, preached at Round Oak Church. It was an able sermon. General Wm. N. Pendleton had been expected, but failed to come.

April 26. Sunday. Lieutenant T. W. Harris, of the 12th Georgia, and R. M. Boring (my classmate) of the 4th Georgia, came to see me, and Harris preached a fine sermon.

April 27. Completed "Delaware" by G. P. R. James, and Walter Scott's Poems. Regiment moved to new camp.

April 28. One year ago the "Macon Confederates," Co. "F," were re-organized while stationed at Yorktown. R. U. Keeling, J. W. McNeely and I were respectively elected captain, first and second lieutenants by a unanimous vote, and J. W. Wright third lieutenant. It was a turning point in my life. The life of a private soldier is not an enviable one, and I intend to do what I may to relieve and cheer the brave men who have by their votes promoted me from their ranks. Our former Captain, R. F. Ligon and Lieutenants Geo. Jones and Zuber, returned to Alabama.

April 29. This day twelve months ago I was assigned to duty as 2nd lieutenant in the "Provisional Army of the Confederate States." To-day we are hurriedly notified that General Hooker, the successor of the unsuccessful Burnside, has effected a landing near Fredericksburg, and Rodes' old brigade, under Colonel E. A. Neal of 26th Alabama is ordered to meet them. My duties as acting quartermaster, ("Aqm,") require me to have several wagons loaded with officers' baggage, Q. M. stores, tents, etc., and driven to Hamilton's Crossing, where we remained all night. Here I had a fresh instance of the capricious and tyrannical conduct of our Brigade quartermaster, in giving me two inferior, half-starved mules in exchange for two excellent ones.

April 30. Our brigade moved to the opposite side of Richmond, Fredericksburg & Potomac R. R., and drew up in line of battle, while our wagon train moved a mile, and remained until 12 o'clock, midnight, and then moved to Guinea's station.

May 1, 1863. Remained all day in great expectancy from so-called "Fighting Joe" Hooker, who succeeded Burnside. We feel that he is no match for Rodes, Jackson and Lee.

BATTLE OF CHANCELLORSVILLE BEGAN.

May 2. Rested until night, when we were ordered to move, as rapidly as possible, our trains to Bowling Green. To-day the great battle of Chancellorsville began and General Rodes' old brigade charged the Yankees brilliantly, driving them out of their newly erected breastworks, thrice in succession, and capturing three batteries, with horses and equipments entire attached.

Captain McNeely, of Company "F," was severely wounded in right leg, below the knee, by a grape shot tearing a hole through the flesh. Privates Chappell and Henderson were wounded in the arm. Chappell was engaged in a close, hand to hand encounter when wounded. The day's fight was a grand success for our arms. Our wagon train was moving all night to escape Stoneman's Yankee cavalry which were reported as ravaging the country, having taken Marye's Heights, and in search of our train. We passed a few miles beyond Bowling Green.

May 3. The great battle continued to-day. Rodes' Brigade, to quote that officer's language, "covered itself with glory." Generals Jackson and Stuart complimented it. Rodes was made a full Major General, and after the distressing news of Stonewall Jackson's wound, became senior officer on the field under General Lee. His modesty caused him to turn over the command to General J. E. B. Stuart of the cavalry, one of the most dashing officers I ever saw. May God spare Stonewall Jackson's life! My company and regiment lost heavily. In "F" company, Captain McNeely, Joe Black, Tom Foulk, Jim Lester, West Moore, Fletcher Zachry, Sergt Simmons and Ben. Ward were wounded. Ward lost an arm. The 12th Alabama lost four captains and three lieutenants, among them Captain H. W. Cox and Lieutenant Dualey.

We lost a total of 134 men out of our small regiment in killed, wounded and missing.

Thirteen were killed outright and eighty-seven wounded severely. The brigade lost five field officers. Lieutenant-Colonel A. M. Gordon, brother of General J. B. Gordon, was killed. He was an accomplished gentleman, a fine officer and a true Christian. After being shot, he coolly said he was willing to die for the cause. "Fight-

ing Joe's'' army was terribly repulsed and forced to retire beyond the Rappahannock. The wagon train was moved back to Guinea's.

May 4. Our wagons were massed and our teamsters, wagon masters and quartermasters and their sergeants were armed with guns, and placed under my command to be in readiness for the enemy's cavalry. There were ninety men in all, and I proposed to resist to the death, if attacked. There were a good many trembling men in the party, who were not over anxious for an encounter. The enemy's cavalry contented itself with tearing up a part of the railroad track and cutting telegraph wires, thus interrupting communication with Richmond.

May 5. There are 6,000 prisoners of war at Guinea's, and others coming in hourly. Among them was a Brigadier-General Hayes, said to be a renegade native of Richmond. The prisoners were boisterous, impertinent and insulting in their conversation. A great rain storm fell, and they were in great discomfort. I pity them. There are numerous foreigners among them, Germans, Swiss, Italians, Irish, *et alios*. Our help from such quarters is *nil*.

May 6. After the battle. My regiment and train returned to our former camp. Every thing and every one seems changed, sad and dejected. I sadly miss my dear friend Captain John W. McNeely. He was my most intimate associate, and I love him as a brother. May he soon recover and return!

May 7. Several letters received and written.

May 8. Received and wrote more letters. Lieutenant J. W. Wright wrote me of his proposed return to duty.

May 9. Went with Lieutenant Marbury to station. He has resigned and will go home and put in a substitute. General Longstreet came on cars from Richmond, and perhaps it augurs some important movement. The Yankee balloon again ascended from Stafford heights. The regiment was ordered on twenty-four hours picket duty. I am now acting quarter-master and in command of my company. I have repeatedly asked Colonel Pickens to relieve me from the former, but he has not yet consented to do so. My men urge my return to them.

May 10. A beautiful Sabbath, recommended by General Lee as a day of thanksgiving and prayer for our recent great victory. I helped to bury Captain Henry W. Cox, of company "B," 12th Alabama, at Grace church this afternoon. He was a gallant officer. May he rest in peace!

May 11. It has become very warm, and I fear results to our wounded soldiers.

May 12. Continues warm. Visited Mr. Jesse and daughters.

May 12. News of the death of General Jackson, the true hero of the war, fills the whole army with grief. He resembled Napoleon in his methods more nearly than any of our generals. Truly Lee has lost his most reliable aid. His name and deeds are embalmed in our hearts.

The regiment returned from picket, and I again solicited permission to return to my company, and that another officer be detailed as quartermaster. Colonel Pickens replied that if his brother's commission did not arrive in three days he would relieve me.

May 13. Occupied arranging papers for leaving quartermaster department, and had a spicy conversation with Major B., the brigade quartermaster. Told him he was a very inferior superior to anybody, and a cringing, fawning sycophant. Sister L. mailed me copies of those old songs "Ellen Bayne," "Ben Bolt" and "The Ocean Burial," which I will get my company to learn.

May 14. Made out company muster and pay rolls, a tedious task. Drilled my company for first time in some months. Was stopped by a refreshing rain, which will cool the air and benefit our wounded. Mr. Tom Jones, of Tuskegee, Ala., took supper with me.

First Sergeant Robert F. Hall was ordered, on account of his wound, to report to General Winder, and I promoted George W. Wright to his place.

May 15. Pay roll completed, inspected and approved by the Colonel. Commanded a division of two companies on battalion drill. Promised relief as acting quartermaster by Monday next.

May 16. Company "F" was paid off for March and April, and the sutler's wagon will be well patronised for a few days. Ginger cakes, porous and poor, cost 25 cents each. Vegetables and fruits are out of reach of the privates.

May 17. Heard Rev. Dr. W. J. Hoge preach Stonewall Jackson's funeral in open air near Round Oak church. Its pathos brought tears to many a veteran's eye.

May 18. Relieved as acting quartermaster, and returned to the command of my company. Receipted for and issued to most needy among my men, thirteen pairs of pants, four jackets, nine pair of socks and seven pairs of shoes.

May 19 and 20. Drilled company in breaking files to the rear,

breaking in platoons, loading by numbers and stacking arms. The men have grown rusty. The election held to decide who of the company should wear the "Badge of Honor" for gallantry at Chancellorsville resulted in twelve votes each for Sergeant Wright and private Chappell. In drawing, the latter won, and his name was sent to General Lee.

May 21. Officer of the guard for twenty-four hours. "Castle Thunder" was the countersign at night.

May 22. Lieutenant Rogers, of company "E" relieved me from duty, and punished "as absent without leave" by having him cut down stumps all day in camp lines. Heard of the death of Capt. Fitzgerald, of company "H." Bill G. came back after a six months absence without leave, and was placed under arrest. Bill Cooper had a substitute rejected. Ed. Mahone, of Auburn, brought on four Irishmen as substitutes. They are frauds and should not be accepted. Some, I feel sure, are deserters from other commands.

May 23. Men spend the day in washing their clothes. Mahone, the substitute peddler, was arrested and carried to head quarters. He should be conscripted. Fifteen dollars handed to Colonel Pickens for monument to our gallant Colonel R. F. Jones, killed at the battle of Seven Pines. Private Rogers, of my company preached at night.

May 24. A warm Sabbath. Heard Rev. Dr. Moses D. Hoge preach a fine sermon at "Camp Alabama." Lieutenant Wright came, and reported the loss of a pair of new boots sent me and a number of new novels. I am nearly barefooted and wanted something to read, so my regret may be imagined.

May 25. Learned of death of private Joe Black from his wounds.

May 26 and 27. Lieutenant-Colonel J. C. Goodgame returned to us, and was well received. Inspection of arms by ordnance officer.

May 28. Lieutenant Wright sent in his resignation, approved by Dr. J. B. Kelly, assistant-surgeon.

May 29. Grand review of Rodes' division by Generals R. E. Lee, A. P. Hill and R. E. Rodes. The day was warm, and we marched three miles to the reviewing grounds, and stood several hours before getting properly aligned.

After "Preparing for Review" and "Passing in Review" before General Rodes, General Lee arrived and we went through the same manœuvres before him. I commanded the fourth division of the regiment.

May 30. Had a superb chicken stew for dinner. What a rare luxury for a soldier.

REMINISCENCES OF SEVEN PINES.

To-night twelve months ago, on eve of battle of Seven Pines, Captain R. H. Keeling, who was killed next day, gave me a history of his checkered life. He was an extraordinary man and gallant officer; was a native of Richmond. With Captains Davis and Howlett managed elections for second lieutenants in companies "B" and "K."

May 31. Anniversary of battle of Seven Pines. I was near Captain Keeling and John Ingram of my company when killed and Sergeant M. A. Flournoy mortally wounded. Sixty officers and men of the 12th Alabama were killed outright and 150 wounded. Only 405 were in the fight. A terrific loss. Colonel R. F. Jones, Captain Darwin and Captain Keeling, Lieutenants Ryan and Hammond were among the killed. One company in 6th Alabama, near us, lost forty-four men.

Have spent to-day very differently and peacefully. Heard Dr. Hoge and Mr. Rogers preach.

June 1, 1863. As officer of the day spent much time having camp properly policed and cleaned,

June 2 and 3. Ordered to prepare to move next morning.

June 4. Began a tramp through valley of Virginia to Maryland, and marched about 18 miles, halting near Spotsylvania C. H.

June 5, 6, 7 and 8. On the march to Culpeper C. H. Stayed there a day supporting Stuart's Cavalry, while he drove back some raiders near Brandy Station.

June 9 to 18. On the road to Maryland. Captured Berryville, Bunker Hill and Martinsburg.

ADVANCE INTO MARYLAND AND PENNSYLVANIA.

June 19. Crossed Potomac by wading at Williamsport, Md., and marched through Hagerstown. A majority of the people seem to be Unionists, though there are some delightful exceptions. Bivouacked at Funkstown. Dined at Mr. Syester's, a good Southerner. Gave 75 cents in Confederate money for a pound of stick candy.

June 20. Gave \$2.12½ for a black hat. With Captain Hewlett and Lieutenant Oscar Smith, of 3d Ala. Called on Misses Mary Jane and Lizzie Kellar, young ladies just from a Pennsylvania Female College, and heard them sing and play Southern songs.

June 21. Attended divine services at M. E. Church in Hagers-

town. At tea met Miss Rose Shafer, and found her to be a brave Belle Boyd in her words and acts.

June 22. Took up line of march to Pennsylvania. Passed through Hagerstown in columns of companies. Crossed Pennsylvania line near Middleburg, and camped at Greencastle.

June 23. Quiet in camp. Lieut. J. W. Wright's resignation accepted, and Sergeant G. W. Wright elected in his stead. I appointed Tom Clower first sergeant, and Corporal Bob Stafford a sergeant.

June 24. Marched towards Harrisburg, and passed through Marion and Chambersburg. We see many women and children, but few men. General Lee has issued orders prohibiting all misconduct or lawlessness, and urging utmost forbearance and kindness to all.

June 25. Breakfasted with a citizen, who refused all pay, though I assured him Confederate money would soon take place of greenbacks.

June 26. Marched through Greenvillage and Shippensburg. Rained all day. Had a nice bed of wheat straw at night, and slept soundly, undisturbed by dreams or alarms.

June 27. Marched through several small towns, and two miles beyond Carlisle on Baltimore turnpike, at least 25 miles. Ate an excellent supper at Mr. A. Spotts'.

June 28. Breakfasted at Mr. S'. Went to Episcopal Church in Carlisle, and after leaving, was passing some well dressed ladies, to whom I lifted my hat, when one spoke to me very kindly, told me their minister was an Alabamian, from Florence, Ala. Went alone to National Hotel for dinner, registered in midst of an unfriendly and scowling crowd of rough looking men. Had a poor dinner, rather ungraciously served by a Dutchy looking young waitress.

June 29. Crossed Blue Ridge Mountains at a gap at Papertown. Marched on turnpike to Petersburg, and took the Frederick City road, bivouacking at Hiedlersburg.

BATTLE OF GETTYSBURG.

July 1. Marched through Middletown towards Gettysburg. This proved one of the most eventful days of my life. We could hear and see the shelling in front of Gettysburg, and were soon in range. Rodes' Division was actively engaged in a very short time. His old Alabama brigade, under Col. E. A. O'Neal, was shelled fiercely. Capt. Jas. T. Davis, of Co. "D," was killed near me, and his brains

scattered upon me. He was a brave, good man. Another shell exploded in my company and wounded Corporal J. H. Eason and private Lucius Williams, while we halted on a hilly woods. We passed the woods and a wheat field, where Private Rogers, our Baptist preacher, had his knee shattered by a minie ball. We continued to advance, and soon made a charge upon the enemy, not far from a seminary or college. We ran the enemy some distance and were halted. There Lieut. Wright was wounded in the head by my side. I gave him some water from my canteen, and made him lie down close to the ground, as balls were falling thick and fast around us, and whizzing past and often striking some one near. Capt. Hewlett and Lieut. Bridges and Private Lester were wounded near me. While urging my men to fire and keep cool, I received a ball in my hip. It was a wonder, a miracle, I was not afterward shot a half dozen times, but a merciful Providence preserved me. After long exposure to heavy fire from a superior force of the enemy, we were ordered to fall back to a stonewall. Capt. J. J. Nicholson, of Co. "I," kindly helped me as I hobbled along, though I urged him to abandon me and save himself. Col. Pickens sent me to hospital on Major Proskauer's horse. Our gallant Jew Major smoked his cigars calmly and coolly in the thickest of the fight. At the field hospital, an old barn, I was put in a tent with Captains Ross and Hewlett, Lieutenants Wright and Fletcher, Corporal Eason and Henry Lamar. Poor John Preskitt was mortally wounded and died. He died saying : "All is right." My company had all three of its officers wounded, and about half its men. Every officer, except Captain Thomas, on right wing of the regiment was either killed or wounded. The brigade suffered severely. Ben Ingram was wounded in the arm. Our division drove the enemy through the town, capturing many prisoners, including nearly all of their wounded. Surgeon Geo. Whitfield was very busy and kind.

July 2. Limped inside barn and saw Preskitt's body, and urged a decent burial of ambulance corps. He leaves a very helpless family. Lieut. Fletcher died by my side. He was of Co. "G," a modest, brave young fellow. Nine in my company were wounded yesterday. Pierce Ware returned to company in time for the fight. Our forces fought Meade's command all day, and the cannonading was wonderfully distinct and terrific.

July 3. Friday. Heavy cannonading and musketry without cessation. Attempted to storm the heights, but failed. Stuart sent by a large number of captured wagons. Our anxiety for news was

dreadful. We fear defeat in the enemy's country, but hope and pray for victory. We have every confidence in Lee and Stuart.

July 4. A memorable, historic day ! All able to walk were sent towards Maryland, and the badly wounded were hauled away. Dr. Whitfield was very kind, and placed me in his first ambulance, driven by Sam Slaton, of my company, in company with Lieutenant Wright and Captains Ross and Hewlett. The night was a dark, dreary, rainy one. At one o'clock A. M., we started, after a long halt on Fairfield road, towards Hagerstown, riding over the worst possible mountain road. We were suffering, wet, anxious. The Yankee cavalry attacked our train, and took several of our wagons, including the third one to our rear. They were firing uncomfortably near. My ambulance broke down at this critical time, and we woke up a farmer, got his small market wagon, left one horse, and drove the other on to Hagerstown. Captain Pickens, Acting Quartermaster, aided us much. At Washington Hotel, in H., the proprietor gave us sandwiches and a bottle of whiskey, and spoke cheeringly.

July 5. We reached Williamsport, after a gloomy night, at 6 A. M. We drove our horse across the Potomac and reached Martinsburg at 2 P. M. Had our wounds dressed, ate dinner in the hospital, drove four miles towards Winchester, and spent the night at Mr. Stanley's.

July 6. Arrived at Winchester at 4 o'clock, turned over our horse and wagon to Assistant Provost Marshal Captain Cullen, and left W. on mail coach, reaching Woodstock at 11 o'clock at night, and slept on hotel floor. Citizens are anxious for news, and ask many questions.

July 7. Breakfasted and left on stage for Staunton, eating dinner at Harrisonburg, where a generous stranger paid our bill. Money is not plentiful with us. Reached Staunton at 8½ o'clock, night, and stopped at American Hotel hospital.

July 8. Drew a month's salary of \$90.00, obtained transfer to General Hospital, Richmond. Captain U. and I hired a horse and buggy for \$12.00 to carry us to Middle river, 6 miles distant, to get our valises from Captain Haralson, Quartermaster. Telegraphed home.

July 9. Reached Richmond 5 P. M. Went to Hospital No. 4, Dr. J. B. Reid.

July 10. Had gray coat cleaned and mended for \$6.00, and bought a knife for \$10.00.

July 11th, 12th and 13th. Called on by many newspaper men and sick officers. We were first to reach the capitol from the Gettysburg field. Moved from hospital to Mr. Hatton's on Mayo street between Broad and Franklin.

July 14. Examined by Dr. A. Y. P. Garnett, who recommended a 25 days furlough for me. Met Major W. M. Jones and Lieutenant L. B. Millican, of 9th Georgia, both wounded.

July 15th and 16th. Received furlough from Brigadier-General John H. Winder, a venerable officer, commanding Department of Henrico, and left on afternoon train for home. Supped at Petersburg. Paid \$6.00 fare from Richmond to Weldon, N. C., 85 miles.

July 17. Fare from Weldon to Raleigh \$5.00, 98 miles. From Raleigh to Charlotte, 175 miles, fare \$8.75.

July 18. Half fare to Columbia, S. C., 110 miles, \$3.25.

July 19. Half fare to Augusta, Ga., 143 miles, \$3.25, half to Atlanta, 171 miles, \$4.00, and full fare from Atlanta to La Grange, 71 miles, \$3.50. Arrived at La Grange, my birthplace, 11 o'clock at night, and went to my sister's, Mrs. M. C. Huntley's.

July 21. Anniversary of Battle of Manassas. Hired Tommy Davis to drive me to Greenville, going 20 miles in 6½ hours. Had a joyful meeting with my mother and sister.

July 22, 23, 24, 25, 26, 27, 28, 29 and 30. Happy days at home, sweet home, with the dearest of mothers and best of sisters. My brothers came to see me.

August 1, 2, 3, 4 and 5. Visited old comrades at Auburn, Loachapoka, Tuskege, and Montgomery, Ala. Captain J. H. Echols gave me passport. Got transportation to Richmond of Major Calhoun.

August 6, 7, 8, 9 and 10. Went to Greenville. Last days at home. Shall I ever see it again?

August 11. My sweet mother went with me to La Grange. How dear and good she is! Attended a great barbecue given to Confederate soldiers at home, and heard patriotic speeches from Senator Sparrow, of La., Senator Hill, of Georgia, and Col. Marks.

August 12, 13, 14 and 15. Traveled to Virginia with Mr. and Mrs. Tinsley and family, of Big Lick, and Miss Sallie H., of Ala., and enjoyed their company.

August 16. Left Richmond with Captain Weeks, of 4th Ga., for Orange C. H. Heard Dr. Powledge and Lieutenant Tom Harris, of 12th Georgia, preach.

August 17. Officer of the guard.

August 18. Visited Colonel Cullen A. Battle, of 3d Alabama.

August 19, 20 and 21. Latter is Fast Day, proclaimed by President Davis. I fasted until afternoon.

August 22. Our new chaplain, Rev. H. D. Moore, of South Carolina, came. Heard of resignation of Captain Thomas, of Co. "B," and death of Captain L'Etoudal, of Co. "A."

August 23. Heard good sermons from our chaplain and Lieutenant T. W. Harris.

August 24. General R. E. Lee rode his famous horse "Traveler" through our camp, and near my tent. I lifted my hat, and was saluted by our great commander.

August 25 and 26. General B. Graves came in search of his son. A Regimental Christian Association was formed, Rev. H. D. Moore, president, Colonel Pickens, vice-president, Sergeant R. H. Stafford, secretary and treasurer. I was elected a delegate to a Brigade Christian Association.

August 27. Officer of the guard. Colonel Battle drilled the brigade. I bought a small watermelon of Sutler Sam. Brewer, for \$5.00. Read "Border Beagles," by Simms. Lieutenant-General Ewell and Major-General Rodes, reviewed and inspected our brigade and Daniels'. Brigade Christian Association organized, with Colonel Battle as president. I was elected one of the secretaries. Counter-sign at night was "Lee."

August 28 and 29. Colonel Battle received his commission as Brigadier-General, and at night was serenaded by a brass band from Doles' Georgia brigade. He responded in a very pretty speech. Judge Jones, General B. Graves, of Tuskegee, and Captain J. J. Hutchinson made short speeches.

August 30. Sunday, Chaplain Moore preached. Afterwards Dr. Adams and I rode to Montpelier, once the residence of James Madison. A young lady showed us the parlor, library and dining-room. They had some costly paintings and busts. The grounds around the mansion and the view of the Blue Ridge Mountains were beautiful. At night twenty-two soldiers joined the church.

August 31. Colonel Pickens was on court martial, Captain Fischer, of company "A" on detail, so Adjutant Gayle informed me I was in command of the 12th Alabama regiment. At 9 o'clock I inspected the arms of the regiment, and carried them through a few evolutions. Captain Nicholson of company "I," who recently married Miss Brazeal, of Powhatan county, Va., returned to camp. At night thirteen men joined the church.

Sept. 1, 1863. Exchanged my old sword and belt, and \$35.00 to

boot, for new sword and belt. Arranged company muster and pay-rolls. General B. G. gave me \$50.00 for the company.

Sept. 2 and 3. Paid Sergeant Clower \$10.00 for purchases made by him, and sent \$36.00 to Major Vandiver by General Battle to buy clothing for company "F."

Sept. 4 and 5. Am officer of the day. Private Griffith, of company "E," married a girl near Orange C. H. It is love in low life. He brought his *cara sposa* to see our encampment and they were the observed of all observers.

Sept. 6. Rode my "Pintail" horse to Gordonsville.

Sept. 7. After inspection, Adjutant Gayle, Gus. Reid and I rode to Mt. Hora church to a protracted meeting. Paid \$3.00 for a dinner of fat meat, beans and corn bread.

Sept. 8. General Pickett's division marched by our camp.

Sept. 9 The Second Army Corps, Lieutenant-General R. S. Ewell, composed of divisions of Major-Generals J. A. Early, R. E. Rodes and Ed. Johnson, was reviewed by General Ewell and General Lee. Lieutenant-General A. P. Hill and Major-General J. E. B. Stuart, and a host of others, gayly dressed generals were present. A number of ladies graced the occasion by their presence. Among them Mrs. Colonel Forsyth, of Mobile. There were 25,000 men in ranks. General Rodes' was the largest division. Colonel Pickens commanded Battle's brigade and Captain Fischer the 12th Alabama. While "Passing in Review" we had to march fully three miles, and reached camp about sun down.

Sept. 10. Appointed to drill companies "E" and "H," as well as "F," I am busy every afternoon.

Sept. 11. Lieutenant-General A. P. Hill's corps reviewed to-day.

Sept. 12. Went three miles from camp to dine at Mrs. Gilbert's. Had lovely apple dumplings. She loaded me with apples.

Sept. 13. Went to a soldiers' baptizing and saw eighteen or twenty "poured," or immersed in a mill pond. We have a rumor that the enemy are crossing the Rappahannock, and are told to be ready to meet them at any moment.

Sept. 14. The anniversary of my memorable skirmish at Boonsboro (South-Mountain), Md., where I was flanked and captured. We are ordered to Summerville ford, near Rapidan Station, where the Yankees are threatening to attempt a passage. Marched very rapidly and halted a mile from the ford. Our artillery kept up a heavy firing for several hours, and had several men killed. Captain Carter's battery can't be excelled.

Sept. 15 and 16. An officer of the guard. Rodes' Division, composed of Daniel's and Ramseur's North Carolina brigades, Doles' Georgia, and Battle's Alabama brigades, were marched out to witness a melancholy sight, the public shooting of one of Ramseur's brigade, who was convicted of desertion by a court martial and sentenced to be shot to death by musketry. It was a sad sight, but his death was necessary as a warning and lesson to his comrades. Each regiment was marched in front of the dead body, and his breast was pierced by several balls. On return to camp we found two of my men, George Ward and Dick Noble, had been on a scout across the river, and captured a Yankee, and carried him to General Rodes, and secured a splendid pistol and seven shooting rifles. Heard Rev. Dr. Leonidas Rosser, corps chaplain, deliver an eloquent lecture to our Christian Association on "Patriotism, Benevolence and Religion."

(NOTE.—Several pages of the "Diary," from 15th September to October 8th, were lost and of course omitted here.)

October 8, 1863. I drew from Quartermaster J. M. Pickens, 15 envelopes, one quire of letter paper, half quire of note and half quire of foolscap paper, and five pens. Such things are growing scarce. Lieutenants F. A. Rogers and Jno. R. Williams, of Co. "A," were promoted Captain and First Lieutenant of said company, and Lieutenant John Rogers, of Co. "E," promoted Captain. At 3 P. M. we were ordered to "pack up," and marched until 9 P. M., and camped near Dr. Terrell's, 4 miles from Orange C. H.

October. 9. At 4 o'clock A. M. we marched through Orange, waded the Rapidan river, and bivouacked three miles from Madison C. H. Here our "spider wagon," as the North Carolina "Tar Heels" call our cooking utensil wagon, failed to come up, and we had to "make up" our flour, water and salt on oil cloths, and bake before the fires on gun ramrods, sticks, rails, &c., and after salting our beef, hung on poles before the fire until cooked. We were all hungry and ate heartily of our beef and bread.

October 10. Continued our march through by roads and old fields and new roads cut by the "pioneer" squads through the woods until we came to the Sperryville turnpike, eleven miles from Culpeper C. H.

October 11. We waded across Robinson river, as it is called, and occupied an old camp of the Sixth (Yankee) Army Corps. It was on a high bleak hill, where the winds blew constantly and fiercely,

and rendered our sleep very uncomfortable. Such cold winds 18 months ago would have caused colds, coughs and pneumonia.

BATTLE OF JEFFERSONTON.

October 12. At 2 A. M., we were aroused and started for the Rappahannock river. It was not a pleasure excursion. At 12 M., we came near the village of Jeffersonton, halted for a few minutes, and learned that a body of Yankee cavalry were in a church in the town, and General Battle was ordered to flank and capture the party if possible. The 3d, 6th and 12th Alabama regiments marched to the left, and the 5th and 26th Alabama to the right. After going about two miles we overtook some Yankee cavalry pickets, whom our sharpshooters under Major Blackford of the 5th Alabama quickly dispersed. We followed closely, and they evacuated Jeffersonton, falling back to the river, and crossing a bridge near Warrenton Springs. General Pendleton, chief of artillery, placed twelve pieces of cannon on a lofty hill immediately in front of my regiment, and commenced a rapid and destructive fire across the river, driving the enemy some distance beyond. As soon as it was ascertained that they had left the banks of the Rappahannock, General Rodes ordered Battle's Alabama and Doles' Georgia brigades, to push rapidly across and it was promptly done, amid a sharp fire from musketry and cannon. Battle's brigade was moved down the Warrenton turnpike by the old burnt hotel. Right here gallant General J. E. B. Stuart ("Jeb," as he is called), galloped by with the 12th Virginia cavalry, and charged right royally upon the Yanks strongly posted on a hill in front, but the Virginians were too few in number, and were forced to retire. General Battle was ordered to send a regiment to dislodge the enemy, and he selected the 12th Alabama for the honorable, though dangerous task. The other regiments supported us some distance in the rear. We moved under a heavy fire to and through the woods towards the hills occupied by the enemy. When within 50 yards the regiment fired a volley into them, which seriously disconcerted them, and followed it by volley after volley until the enemy turned and fled. We followed with loud, rejoicing yells for some distance, until General Stuart halted us. I picked up a splendid Sharp's rifle in the commencement of the fight, procured some cartridges, and fired three well aimed shots at the calvarymen as they halted and fired at us. Some saddles were emptied. The rifle must be kept as a memento. The Twelfth Alabama lost only two men

killed, and several wounded. The enemy, being on horseback, fired too high, and overshot us. We killed and wounded many of them, and captured a goodly number with their fine horses and equipments.

General Stuart highly complimented the conduct of the regiment, saying it was a very creditable and successful affair, of which the regiment and country had cause to feel proud. We slept on the battle-field, and were so tired as to need no better beds than the bare ground.

October 13. Marched to Warrenton by 12 o'clock. Sergeant Clower and I dined at Mrs. Cox's, and her pretty daughter, Miss Nannie, gave us some late Northern papers. They interest and amuse us. Their boastings and misstatements of war movements are absurd. We bivouacked two miles from town.

October 14. Rose early, and while in line, at order arms, General Battle delivered an inspiring speech to each regiment. No one commands a braver, more reliable brigade than he. They never falter.

BATTLE OF BRISTOW STATION.

After marching a mile we approached heavy skirmishing by sharpshooters, and were soon exposed to shot and shell. Were under fire all the morning, and larger part of the afternoon, and were marching and counter-marching through fields and woods, and across hills and valleys. Ever and anon a bullet would strike some one, and the victim would be hurriedly carried to the rear. Several were wounded. Crossed Cedar Run, and marched on towards Manassas. Slept peacefully on Virginia soil near Bristow Station at night. Dear old mother Virginia has often, so often, furnished us with restful beds on her generous, hospitable bosom.

October 15. Rested all day. Several hundred Yankee prisoners were under guard near us, and much trading in knives, canteens, tents, biscuits, tobacco, etc., was carried on. The prisoners were very filthy, inferior looking men, mostly Dutch or Germans. It rained constantly.

October 16. Battle's brigade, and indeed most of Ewell's corps, were busily employed tearing up crossties and railroad iron, burning the former and crooking the latter, and all during a very heavy rain. Although wet to the skin no man uttered a word of complaint, but all worked and talked and joked in excellent humor. The imperturbable humor, the wit and jollity of a Southern soldier, cannot be overcome by any discomfort, neither, heat, nor cold, bleak winds nor

roasting sunshine, sickness nor sorrow. After finishing our share of the work we dried our dripping wet clothes, erected our "Yankee tents," which we had captured, and slept soundly and comfortably on the bare, cold, wet ground until morning. We were $2\frac{1}{2}$ miles from Catlett's Station, on Alexandria and Orange R. R.

October 17. Major Proskauer, of 12th Alabama, with half of each company, six commissioned and several non-commissioned officers, was sent down the railroad towards Warrenton Junction, to destroy more of the road. I was one of the party. Late in the afternoon the rest of the regiment joined us.

October 18. At 4 o'clock resumed our march, the 12th Alabama in front of the brigade, and company "F" in front of the regiment. Soon passed Bealeton, which the enemy had destroyed by fire. What a cruel sight, chimneys standing as lone sentinels, and blackened ashes around them, indicating reckless wantonness and cowardly vengeance upon helpless women and children. Even war, savage war, should be conducted upon more humane principles. Sword and musket and cannon are more tolerable, more courageous. Fire is the weapon of cowards, of the coarsest and most beastly and stealthy of the inhumane. The place had been a Yankee depot of supplies. Bivouacked near Rappahannock Station, cold and frosty, but slept soundly. The surrounding country is deserted by its former inhabitants. I saw many splendid mansions without an occupant and in very dilapidated conditions. The Yankee generals had used many of them for their headquarters, without any thought of paying for them.

October 19. Bugle call at 3 o'clock A. M., and in half an hour we started for the river. We were soon overtaken by a very heavy fall of rain, hail and sleet, accompanied by a fierce, driving wind, which blew off hats and almost changed one's course in walking. We crossed the Rappahannock on a pontoon bridge, and marched through mud and slush and rain towards Kelly's Ford, and halted in an old field.

October 20. Two months wages were paid off.

October 21. Went in search of Ben, my cook, riding Colonel Goodgame's horse a distance of twenty-five miles. Ben had been sick of pneumonia. Missed him, but found him in camp on my return. Received one month's salary and \$50.00 "bounty."

October 22, 23 and 24. Engaged laying off camp for winter quarters. Received a remittance of money from my beloved mother,

unsolicited and not needed, but a fresh evidence of her affection for me. May God bless and spare her noble life.

October 25. Sunday. Sent following new pieces of music to Sister L.: "Kathleen Mavourneen," "The South," "Annie of the Vale," "When this Cruel War is Over," "My Wife and Child," etc.

October 26. Brigade suddenly ordered to cross the river, and protect, from cavalry raids, our wagons which were hauling railroad iron. Marched eight miles, rested until sundown, and returned to quarters after dark.

October 27 and 28. The 12th and 26th Alabama went on picket duty to Kelly's Ford, the former relieving the 14th North Carolina. I walked several miles around Kellysville, once the scene of a severe cavalry engagement, on a tour of observation. The country round about resembles Fauquier county, being one vast field of destruction and devastation. Where once elegant, happy homes stood, bare chimneys rear their tall forms sentries over this cruel waste, halls that once resounded to the merry laughter of happy childhood, now re-echo to the mournful whistling of the autumn winds. Everything we see is a memento of the relentless cruelty of our invaders.

October 29 and 30. Some North Carolina troops relieved us from picket, and returned to the building of our winter quarters. Our Christian Association met and resolved to forbid playing of cards for pastime or amusement. New officers for next two months, President, Rev. H. D. Moore, Vice-President, Captain J. J. Nicholson, of company "I," Secretary, Wat. P. Zachry, of company "F."

October 31. Made out muster and pay rolls for past two months. Learned that our newly built quarters would not be permanent. Instantly all work ceased on the unfinished fine cabins. It is a hardship.

Nov. 1. Sunday. Chaplain Moore preached two able sermons. Subject of one at night was "Repentance," and he explained that conviction, contrition, or sorrow, confession and reformation constitute repentance.

Nov. 2. Major U. A. Whiting, of General Rodes' staff and Lieutenant Dan Partridge, of General Battle's, inspected our brigade. I drew five splendid English overcoats and three blankets for company "F." How can I fairly issue, or divide, so few articles, so much needed, this cold weather? These uncomplaining men are patriots indeed! Sutler Sam Brewer arrived with a load of goods

which he speedily sold out to clamoring, eager purchasers. He demands and gets \$1.00 a pound for salt, \$2.00 per dozen for common sized apples, \$5.00 per pound for soda, \$1.00 per quart for ground peas, or "goobers," \$3.00 a pound for lard, \$6.00 a quart for syrup made of Chinese sugar cane, \$1.00 for three porous ginger cakes, \$1.00 per dozen for small, tough sugar cakes, \$1.00 for a pound bale of Confederate coffee, made of rye. Those who use tobacco pay \$4.00 a pound for it. This depreciation in our currency is trying to men who get eleven dollars only per month. One dollar formerly brought more than eleven do now.

Nov. 4 and 5. Sent \$50.00 home. Brigade Christian Association met. Major R. H. Powell as president, and I as secretary. Several of my company assisted me in building to the end of my tent a chimney of small, unskinned pine poles, which they covered pretty well with mud. They then floored my tent, and I am comfortable, and proud of my quarters. Very few of the men can procure plank for flooring, and their tents are surrounded by ditches to keep out rain and snow, and straw and hay are substituted for plank.

Nov. 6 and 7. Suffered from neuralgia in my face. Late in the day a terrible cannonading towards Kelly's Ford and Rappahannock Station surprised us, and our brigade, under Colonel O'Neal, of 26th Alabama, was marched rapidly to the ford. Though in great pain, I commanded my company, and we were soon in line of battle, and under a heavy shelling. This we had to endure for some time. Two North Carolina companies were captured by the Yankees in their rapid movement. At the station Hay's Louisiana, and Hoke's North Carolina brigade lost heavily in prisoners. The attack seems to have completely surprised our generals. Were in line of battle until 12 o'clock at night, then marched by the right flank across Mountain Run at Stone's Mills. Passed through Stephensburg, and went within two miles of Culpeper C. H., there halted and formed line of battle. Battle's brigade extending from top of a lofty hill towards Brandy Station, and joined by Early's division. We began to throw up breastworks as a protection against shell in case of attack, in two different places, using our tin cups, tin plates and bayonets, in place of spades and picks, of which we had none. How many earthworks have been quickly built in old Virginia by these simple implements! Orders came to stop our work and move to Raccoon Ford, which we reached at 9 o'clock at night, and crossed in great darkness. Colonel Pickens kindly gave me a seat on his horse behind him to cross Mountain Run and Rapidan river, and I was en-

abled to keep dry. A great favor. After Rodes' division waded the river we were marched down to Morton's Ford, arriving at half past 10 o'clock, and halting at the old camp ground we occupied before our tramp to Bristow Station after General Meade in October. Just one month from the time we left we returned. As sleep had been a stranger to me for two nights, I enjoyed my sleep, and all neuralgic pains left me, or were no longer noticed.

Nov. 9, 10, 12, 13, 14 and 15. On picket duty, and annoyed by constant alarms most of the time. On last day were suddenly aroused by rapid succession of shells in our midst, warning us of the dangerous proximity of our foes. The 6th Alabama had three men wounded on out post. The 12th Alabama relieved them.

Nov. 16 and 17. The 23d North Carolina relieved us. Colonel Pickens, thrown by his horse and injured severely. Worked on breastworks. Bob Wynn and Wm. Mayo were assigned by General Lee to Co. "F," from Bragg's army, and reached camp to-day. They came *via* Castle Thunder.

Nov. 18. Completed our rude fortifications, and are ready to welcome Meade and his cohorts to hospitable graves.

Nov. 19 and 20. Added to strength of our works, and made a formidable abattis in our front. Sent \$50.00 home.

Nov. 21, 22 and 23. Rainy days. Read "Aurora Floyd."

Nov. 24. Expected President Davis to review the corps to-day, but the rain prevented. Our great leader must be sorely tried these gloomy days, and is evidently "the right man in the right place."

Nov. 25. Co. "F" went on picket near Mitchell's Ford.

Nov. 26. At 2 o'clock A. M. were suddenly aroused and hurried towards Jacob's Ford, where Meade had crossed a part of his army.

BATTLE OF LOCUST GROVE.

Nov. 27. In afternoon, near Locust Grove, we met the advance of the enemy, and our sharpshooters engaged them in a fierce skirmish until dark. While skirmishing, the brigade in the rear was busily employed throwing up breastworks of poles and earth, latter dug up with picks made of sharpened oak poles and bayonets, and thrown on the logs and brush with tin plates and cups, and bare hands. It is marvelous with what rapidity a fortification sufficiently strong to resist minie balls can be thrown up. A sense of danger quickens a man's energies.

BATTLE OF MINE RUN.

Nov. 28. Before daylight our army fell back about two miles, and we began constructing breastworks on a high hill west of Mine Run and Colonel Rowe's residence. The enemy soon appeared in sight on east side of Mine Run, and commenced exchanging shots with our sharpshooters. A heavy rain fell and added to our discomfort, however, by night Battle's brigade had works thrown up strong enough to resist bombshells and cannon balls.

Nov. 29. Early the Yankees began a rapid and continuous shelling from their batteries, which caused us to seek protection behind our works. The wind blew furiously and chilled us. In the afternoon we saw an adventurous Yankee regiment approach in line of battle when our (Carter's) battery opened on them, and the line broke and scattered in confusion. We could see several wounded men carried off on litters. We stayed in the trenches all night, ready for a charge, a guard, or detail from each company remaining awake. The fierce cold winds made sleep light and uncomfortable.

Nov. 30. Only a few shells fired to-day.

Dec. 1 1863. A remarkably quiet day. Not a cannon shot fired and scarcely a report from a musket. Meade was plainly making some movement, but we could not discover what. The intensely cold weather continues. I was afterwards told by some Yankee prisoners that some of their pickets were actually frozen to death while on post, and that others were carried off wholly insensible from cold. I can believe the story, as, though warmly clad, I never suffered more in my life.

Dec. 2. We learned, not much to our surprise, that Meade had crossed most of his forces at Jacob's and Germanna Fords, north of the Rapidan, and that a chance for a battle was now slight. We took the Germanna Ford road, and hurriedly pursued, overtaking and capturing over 150 prisoners. Early and Johnson captured many on their respective roads. At night went in direction of Morton's Ford, and slept in the woods.

Dec. 3. Returned to Morton's Ford and put up my tent.

Dec. 4. Drew salary for November, and paid my commissary bill amounting to \$33.25. At night heard a lecture by Captain Nicholson on "National Virtue" before our Christian Association.

Dec. 5. Officer of the day. Sent up application for "Furlough of Indulgence" for Jim Lester.

Dec. 6. Cold and windy. Heard the Chaplain preach.

Dec. 7, 8, 9 and 10. Quiet in quarters. General Lee issued an order suggesting the 10th as a day of thanksgiving, fasting and prayer. I attended prayer meeting and fasted until evening. Colonel Pickens and Lieutenant-Colonel Goodgame returned to camp.

Dec. 11. Confederate Congress in session, and the papers publish President Davis' message, which I read with great interest and approval. His views about substitutes are excellent. My daily newspaper bills are heavy, as I take the Richmond *Dispatch* and *Examiner*, and sometimes buy a *Whig* as well as the *Illustrated News*. Price 50 cents each.

Dec. 12, 13 and 14. Officer of the guard. Lieutenant E. Karcher, a German from Mobile, company "A," relieved me. Windy and boisterous. My tent was blown down while I was in it. Sutler Brewer brought in some oysters and sold them at \$20.00 a gallon. Messes club together and buy. I couldn't be a sutler. Their prices seem cruel and extortionate.

Dec. 15. Sent private Tom Kimbrough to Orange C. H. after boxes and trunk. Lieutenant Geo. Wright came to-day. The trunk was mine and contained a large ham, pickles, a bushel, or more, of crackers, biscuit and cakes, a pair of boots and pair of pants. These come from home and the best of mothers, and anticipate Xmas. Lieutenant W. brought a negro cook.

Dec. 16. A memorial to the Secretary of War to transfer the 12th Alabama to Alabama for recruiting purposes, as we are opposed to consolidating with another regiment on account of our diminished ranks, until we have had a fair opportunity to recruit. The following is a copy of the petition: "We, the undersigned, officers of the 12th Alabama regiment, in behalf of ourselves and the men under our command, having the interest and good of the service at heart, in view of the recommendation of the Secretary of War in his recent report to Congress to consolidate the regiments which have fallen below the minimum required by law to retain their present organization, beg leave most respectfully to represent:

"That the 12th Alabama regiment has been in service in the field since July, 1861; that, in consequence of the ravages of disease and the casualties of battle in the hard fought fields of Virginia, Maryland and Pennsylvania, in which Rodes' old brigade has participated and acquired glory, the regiment has become reduced below the minimum; that the regiment is one of the only two Alabama regiments, which within our knowledge have not received any conscripts,—and it being our desire to preserve intact the organization under which we

have fought for now nearly three years,—and to which we are attached by many hallowed memories of the past, by many associations in scenes of danger, trial, fatigue, hardship and suffering—and desiring that the name 'TWELFTH ALABAMA' be not obliterated from the rolls of the army:

"We, feeling perfectly convinced of our ability to recruit our shattered ranks by such a course, beg most respectfully that the regiment be transferred to Mobile, Ala., or some other point in the State, during the winter months, or until the opening of the spring campaign, then to return with full ranks to take our places once again with our comrades of the 'Army of Northern Virginia.'"

This petition is to be forwarded through the regular channels to General S. Cooper, Adjutant and Inspector General, C. S. A.

Dec. 17 and 18. Rainy and cold. Dr. George Whitfield, our popular surgeon, being sick, got leave of absence. We regret even his temporary absence.

Dec. 19. Lieutenant Wright's wound in his head, at Gettysburg, is paining him, the brain being exposed, and Dr. Neill has approved his application for a furlough. He should be discharged honorably, and sent home. Captain P. D. Ross, and Lieutenant Hardcastle, of Co. "G," returned to duty.

Dec. 20. Sunday. The Colonel's orderly, Jack Mallory, carried around an order "to be ready to move at 11 o'clock, without noise, and no huts were to be burnt." Had my tent "struck," and placed with my trunk in the officers' baggage wagon, and at 11 o'clock we began our march to Orange C. H., where we are to build winter quarters. We were to be silent on the march to avoid posting the enemy as to our movement.

Dec. 21 and 22. Had my colored cooks, Ben and Banks, busy building a pole and dirt chimney to my tent, as I shall remain in my tent all winter.

Dec. 23 and 24. Moved into my tent. Private Ben Ingram returned to duty. Sent Hon. David Clopton, M. C. (our first quartermaster, and once a private in my company), affidavits from widow of John Preskitt. Christmas Eve in the army bears no resemblance to the preparations at home for Christmas festivities.

Dec. 25. Christmas Day. Ate a hearty dinner, minus the home turkey and cranberries and oysters, egg nogg and fruit cake, and then wrote to my mother and sisters. Ordered on fatigue duty tomorrow at 8½ o'clock. Sorry, because the men are busy completing their log cabins.

Dec. 26. Lieutenant Wright left for home, and carried my Sharp's rifle. At 9 o'clock Major Proskauer led the regiment towards Paine's Mills, where we were to relieve the 14th North Carolina on fatigue duty, sawing plank for the Orange road. We lost the way, and marched 20 miles to reach a mill only 12 miles distant from camp, arriving about dark. Companies "F," "B" and "G," moved three miles from nearest mill to "Squire" Collins'. Supped and breakfasted at the "Squire's." The 14th North Carolina desired to stay, and our regiment wished to return, so the engineer got an order from General Lee permanently detailing the 14th North Carolina for the work.

Dec. 27. Marched very rapidly back to camp in a constant, driving rain, and arrived at one P. M.

Dec. 28. Incessant rain for 24 hours. Lester obtained letter by flag of truce from John Attaway, now a prisoner at Point Lookout, and I wrote his mother at once, inclosing letter.

Dec. 29. General Lee issued an order directing that furloughs be granted hereafter at rate of four to the hundred men present for duty. I had a "drawing" in Co. "F," and Wm. Minms drew the furlough for whom application was made. I addressed letter of inquiry to General R. H. Chilton, chief of staff, as to whether in the event an enlisted man obtained a recruit for his company, and actually mustered him in service, the commanding general would grant the man so doing a furlough of 30 days.

Dec. 31, 1863. The last day of a most eventful year. It goes out in gloom, being wet, muddy and still raining. Mustered for pay.

Jan. 1, 1864. New Year's Day. A very beautiful day. The sun is shining brightly. May the future of the South be as bright and glorious. My first act was to read several chapters in my Bible. May He, who rules all things, be my Guide and Guardian during the incoming as he has been during the past year, and may my conduct prove myself worthy of His gracious protection. May He preserve all of my dearly loved relatives and friends, and allow me to meet them many times in the future.

Jan. 2. Extremely cold, below zero. Major H. A. Whiting, division inspector, examined arms and clothing of the men, and found them sadly in need of shoes, many of them being barefooted, and others having no soles to their shoes, wearing the tops only.

Jan. 3. Sunday. Settled my commissary account for December with Captain A. T. Preston, A. C. S., amounting to \$65.66, and got a receipt in full for 1863. Summoned to Brigade Headquarters with

Captain R. M. Greene, of the 6th, and Lieutenant Dunlop, of 3d Alabama, to investigate the stealing of two cows from the Misses Lee. We could obtain no light on the subject. Rations of all kinds are very scarce now, only half a pound of bacon per day to each man, and this irregularly. From $\frac{3}{4}$ to a pound of flour, and no vegetables, nor coffee, nor syrup, nor indeed aught else per man. The hearty fellows get hungry.

Jan. 4 and 5. Colonel Chilton, chief of General Lee's staff, answered my letter of inquiry of 29th ult., and sent me a copy of "General Orders, No. 1, current series, A. N. Va.," which granted furloughs to all enlisted men who actually muster in a recruit in the Army of Northern Virginia. Wesley Moore telegraphed for his brother, Micajah, ("Cage," as we called him), who had just reached 18 years, to come on. I think the order will do great good, and I am gratified at having had such notice and approval taken of my suggestion.

Jan 6 and 7. Banks, my cook, was taken very sick with cold, which swelled up his face, feet, legs and hands. He is a faithful negro, loyal to the cause, and of great service to me. Had surgeon to prescribe for him.

Jan. 8. A great snow fell during the night. The watery particles congealed into white crystals in the air, sprinkled the ground about four inches deep. The regiment was ordered out to witness the execution of two deserters.

Jan. 9. Battle's brigade left early for picket duty on the Rapidan river. I was left in camp as its commander, and have more men in camp, left on account of bare feet and bad shoes, than Colonel Goodgame carried off with him. Had Banks carried in ambulance to Dr. Terrill's, where he could get better attention.

Jan. 10. Sunday. Received five letters.

Jan. 11. I issued strict orders for the sentinels to walk their posts constantly, and to pass no man with a gun, and to arrest all who attempted to leave or enter camp with guns without my written permission. I issued these orders because some of the men have already left with guns in search, I suspect, of hogs, cows, or other things belonging to citizens that might be eaten. Though barefoot they are hungry. Another order allowing eight furloughs to the hundred, and Sergeant W. M. Carr drew it. At night Lieutenant Karcher arrested eight men with guns and confined them in the guard house.

Jan. 12. As a punishment I directed the prisoners to lay a cause-way around the guard lines for the sentinels' use to walk on.

Jan. 13. My birth-day. Wrote a long letter to mother.

Jan. 14 and 15. Usual dull routine of camp duty.

Jan. 16. Went with Dr. McQueen to Dr. Terrill's, and met his pretty daughter, Mrs. Goodwyn, and her sister, Miss Nellie. Regiment returned at night, and I am relieved from my command.

Jan. 17, 18 and 19. Boisterous winds and frequent rains. Marched company "F" to Captain Pickens' quarters, and they were paid for November and December, and commutation for clothing from December 12th, 1862, to December 12th, 1863. The men feel rich with their depreciated money. How cheerful and jocular they are!

Jan. 21. Order from General Lee to send applications for furloughs at rate of 12 to the 100 men present. Tom Clower and Pierce Ware are the lucky ones.

Jan. 22. Forwarded furlough applications for Clower, Ware and L. Williams. Last under General Order No. 1, he having secured a recruit. Privates Kesterson and Chappell left on furlough.

Jan. 23. An officer of the guard, and Colonel Smede, Corps Inspector, inspected the regiment and guard.

Jan. 24 and 25. Lieutenant Brittain resigned.

Jan. 26. This has been a bright, pleasant day, and most memorable one in the history of Battle's brigade. General Battle made speeches to each one of his regiments, and they re-enlisted unconditionally for the war, almost to a man. I never witnessed such unanimity upon a matter of such vital importance. The brave 12th Alabama, when the invitation was given to those who desired to volunteer, to step forward two paces, moved forward as one man. General Battle spoke elegantly and eloquently. Other officers spoke well. Battle's brigade is the first in the Army of Northern Virginia to re-enlist unconditionally for the war. This is an act of which we may well be proud to our dying day. I rejoice that I belong to such a patriotic body of heroes.

Jan. 27. General Battle sent the following communication to each regiment in his brigade :

"HEADQUARTERS BATTLE'S BRIGADE,
January 26, 1864.

"The Brigade Commander has the pleasure of presenting the subjoined communication from Major-General Rodes:"

HEADQUARTERS RODES' DIVISION,
January 26, 1864.

BRIGADIER-GENERAL BATTLE, Commanding Battle's Brigade.

General :—I have just received your message by Captain Smith, informing me of the glorious conduct of my old brigade in re-enlisting for the war without conditions. Conduct like this, in the midst of the hardships we are enduring, and on the part of men who have fought so many bloody battles, is in the highest degree creditable to the men and officers of your command. I always was proud, and now still more so, that I once belonged to your brigade. As their Division Commander, and as a citizen of Alabama, I wish to express my joy and pride, and as a citizen of the Confederacy, my gratitude at their conduct. The significance of this grand movement, when considered in connection with the circumstances accompanying it, will not be underrated either by the enemy or our own people. They will, as I do, see in it the beginning of the end, the first dawn of peace and independence, because they will see that these men are unconquerable. To have been the leaders of this movement in this glorious army, throws a halo of glory around your brigade, which your associates in arms will recognize to envy, and which time will not dim. Convey this evidence, feebly at best, but doubly so in comparison with what I would express, of my appreciation of the course you and your men have pursued in this matter, and see now, having written "Excelsior" in the records of your camp history, that your fighting record shall hereafter show you not only to have been among the brave, but the bravest of the brave.

And now, dear sir, let me congratulate you upon being the commander of so noble a brigade of gallant and patriotic men !

Signed,

R. E. RODES,
Major-General.

CHARLES JONES COLCOCK.

A TYPICAL CITIZEN AND SOLDIER OF THE OLD REGIME.

According to Gen. Gustavus W. Smith, his Commanding Officer, Col. Colcock, of the Third South Carolina Cavalry, "was the Active Commander on the Field, Placed the Troops and was Entitled to the Honors he Won" at the Battle of Honey Hill—A Brief but Glowing Sketch of Col. Colcock's Career as a Merchant of Charleston and Public-spirited and Incorruptable Citizen.

Seven years ago, on the 22nd of October, 1891, one of the best of citizens and a gallant soldier in the gloomiest times, (my words are weighed and measured) entered into rest at "Elmwood," his plantation in Hampton county; his remains were buried at Stoney Creek Church.

When this sad news went forth who, that knew and appreciated him living, will forget the pang inflicted?

In South Carolina it was quickly realized that a courtly gentleman, a gallant soldier, a genial and lovable Carolinian, honored and esteemed throughout the State, had passed away.

It has been wisely remarked that "men of character are the conscience of the society in which they live;" that "character is an estate in the good will and respect of men, and they who preserve it through life find their reward in a general esteem and a reputation fairly won."

Of Colonel Colcock all this may be truthfully said; he was certainly an admirable citizen, and it is to me a privilege to recall, though imperfectly, the story of a life such as his.

The name revives that of his grandfather, Judge Charles Jones Colcock, son of John and Mellicent Colcock, born in Charleston, 11th August, 1777, and died there on the 26th of January, 1839, a noble Roman, who in his day and generation was held in the highest public and private esteem. As a Judge upon the Bench, and afterwards as president of the Bank of the State of South Carolina, managing millions of the funds of the State, he was a conspicuous figure, a man of ability, piety, courage and public spirit. His wife, Mary Woodward Hutson, was one of a noted family of attractive women; their sons were Thomas H., a planter; John, a merchant of Charleston; Richard W., a graduate of West Point, and superintendent of

the Citadel Academy, 1844-52; William F., member of Congress for two terms, 1849-53, and collector of the Port of Charleston, 1853-61.

The subject of this brief memoir was the eldest son of Thomas H. Colcock and Mary Eliza Hay of (old) Beaufort District, a granddaughter of Colonel A. Hawkes Hay, born in the island of Jamaica, commanding a New York regiment in the war of American Independence, and she was a great granddaughter of Judge William Smith, on the Supreme Bench of New York, in Colonial days.

He was the favorite grandson of Judge Colcock, for whom he was named, and with whom he lived from youth to manhood.

Colonel Colcock was a handsome man, of engaging manners, vivacious and charming in conversation, he made friends everywhere. His ruddy complexion and hazel brown eyes were inherited from his mother, who was a beautiful woman.

He was born ten miles south of Barnwell Court House, at Bolling Springs, on April 30, 1820.

He first married Miss Caroline Heyward, granddaughter of Thomas Heyward, signer of the Declaration of Independence, and had two children, Caroline and John, both deceased, the latter having fought as a soldier through the late war.

In 1851 he married Miss Lucy Frances Horton, of Huntsville, Ala., whose father was a lawyer from Virginia and whose mother was Miss Otey, also from Virginia. By this marriage he had three children, Charles Jones, now head master of the Porter Military Academy, Frances Horton, assistant professor of mathematics at the South Carolina College, and Errol Hay, who died at the age of 21.

In December, 1864, he married Miss Agnes Bostick, of Beaufort District, daughter of Mr. Benjamin Bostick, who now survives him. It is a romantic circumstance that this wedding had to be postponed for three days because it had been first appointed for the very same day on which the battle of Honey Hill was fought. The following children were born of this union: Catherine, now Mrs. Robert Guerard; Helen McIver, now Mrs. C. C. Gregorie; Woodward, William and Agnes. Of the last three William alone survives.

Colonel Colcock married at the early age of nineteen, and at first lived on his plantation, "Bonnie Doon," on the Okatie river, near Grahamville, spending his summers at this latter place, this community noted as was Bluffton, his later home, for culture, refinement and hospitality.

Later he purchased a plantation where the Colleton river empties into the Broad, and next to Foot Point, his hospitable house with

broad piazzas, commanded several fine views of the Broad river and the beautiful Port Royal region. It was here that he was a planter of sea island cotton.

Colonel Colcock had a good school education, but was not a collegian; he was of an observant and suggestive mind and was full of plans and projects of both private and public character.

In those days there was only one daily steamboat connection between Charleston and Savannah, and great inconvenience was felt in the intervening tide-water section, for want of more direct transportation facilities. At an entertainment given to a number of gentlemen at his home, in 1853, he proposed the building of a railroad between the two cities, and he had the honor and credit of projecting and assisting to construct this railroad line, which proved afterwards to be the military backbone of our coast defence, and which later in life he greatly distinguished himself in successfully defending, through the years of the war, with his brave and self-sacrificing regiment.

Colonel Colcock was a director of the Bank of the State, a director of the Memphis and Charleston Railroad, and he was also one of the proprietors and stockholders of the "Foot Point Land Company," the purpose then being to build up a new city and port at the landlocked junction of Port Royal harbor and the Colleton river, with all the great advantages of deep water; a project participated in by many other leading citizens of Charleston and foiled by the adverse results of war.

After the war ended the other stockholders in this company apparently lost all interest in their land property, and Colonel Colcock, having faith in the future development of the place, based on his knowledge of its great advantages as a deep water port, resolved to protect the interests of the company, and during about twenty-four years paid from his personal means the taxes on the property.

About one year before his death it was rumored that a syndicate had been formed to buy up "Foot Point" to make it the terminus of a railroad, which would make the company lands very valuable. A few outsiders then purchased the interests of one or two stockholders, and got a receiver appointed for the entire property in opposition to Colonel Colcock's efforts and those of a majority of the stockholders to hold on to the property and prevent its sacrifice.

An incident of his life, which illustrates his fidelity to the South and its cause, grew out of the suggestion made to him, during the progress of the "war between the States," to sell certain property

and place the proceeds in England pending the issue; this he indignantly refused to do and forbade any further remark on the subject, saying: "Rather than exhibit such a want of faith in Southern success, and so weaken the faith of others, I will cheerfully submit to the loss of all the property I possess should the North eventually triumph."

When the war had ended and the planters on the coast had no resources with which to commence their planting operations, Colonel Colcock proposed that the United States government issue to the planters on credit the large supplies which had been prepared for the Union soldiers on the coast.

This was done, and it enabled many to start planting who would otherwise have had no resources. Eventually the debts were cancelled, as the crops were all lost.

After his second marriage, Colonel Colcock entered commercial life in Charleston as a member of the cotton firm of Fackler, Colcock & Co., which did a large business, receiving cotton from North Alabama, Georgia, Tennessee and South Carolina, Charleston then being the chief market for several cotton growing States. This firm was a branch of the great factorage house of Bradley, Wilson & Co., of New Orleans.

By a curious coincidence the completion and opening of the Charleston and Savannah Railway, projected by Colonel Colcock, was being celebrated in Charleston when the news of Mr. Lincoln's election was made known, with its attendant excitement. The sentiment of resistance was largely developed at these festivities, where the eloquence of Bartow, of Savannah, and (Alfred) Huger, of Charleston, electrified the great assemblages.

After the death of his second wife from pneumonia a new phase of Colonel Colcock's life developed; without military training and experience, his fondness for fine horses and skill as a horseman soon transferred him from civil life to the command of 3d South Carolina cavalry. He was elected colonel early in 1862, and led the regiment with signal ability until the close of the war. Lieutenant-Colonel J. H. Johnson, and Major John Jenkins, being the other field officers. He was constantly on duty on the coast line of defences for more than three years, active and enterprising; the 3d South Carolina cavalry performing this arduous and important duty under daily disabilities and hardships, and it should be added—a service unobserved and to a great extent unknown to the armies elsewhere.

It is in order to say that the "3d South Carolina cavalry" was a

volunteer regiment, numbering about one thousand men, from Barnwell, Colleton, Beaufort and Charleston districts ; officers and privates were largely property owners and representative citizens of the tide-water section of the State ; their simple creed was : " Love South Carolina."

Colonel Colcock had lived all his life in this region, and was personally known in every parish from the Ashley to the Savannah, and so it was that when war came to these peaceful and refined homes, Colonel Colcock was called upon to lead this well-equipped and devoted volunteer force !

An incident of the battle of Honey Hill properly belongs to this memoir, and should be related here.

Colonel Colcock was in command of the 3d military district, in which the battle was fought. Of course when Major-General Gustavus W. Smith, with the small force of Georgia infantry, arrived on the field the question of command was definitely settled, but they graduate gentlemen as well as soldiers at West Point. General Smith, as a soldier, knew that Colonel Colcock was very familiar with the locality, that he must depend on him for information of the field ; he, therefore, with rare courtesy, requested him to remain in command of the battle line, and made his headquarters a little in the rear of that line, so that he could be readily consulted in case of need.

Colonel Colcock promptly assigned that gallant gentleman and devoted soldier, Major John Jenkins, to the left, with all of the 3d cavalry on the field, about 250 men with rifles, and a howitzer from Earle's Battery, under Lieutenant J. P. Scruggs ; the Georgia infantry to the centre ; while he took position with the artillery on the right, at the head of the Grahamville road, and placed Captain H. M. Stuart, of the Beaufort Artillery, in command of the guns.

The writer, in an official interview with General Smith the morning after the victory, congratulated him on his timely arrival with the Georgia troops, and the decisive success of the day before. Pointing to Colonel Colcock, General Smith replied : " Captain ! congratulate that gentleman ; he was the active commander on the field, placed the troops and is entitled to the honors he has won."

Colonel Colcock, in reply to General Smith, paid a glowing tribute to the Georgians and Carolinians, who had held their ground all day.

General Smith was surely a man of noble impulses and high character to have waived the command to a junior officer, and then awarded him high praise for such a splendid victory.

In the four months succeeding the victory of Honey Hill Colonel

Colcock was constantly in command of his regiment ; he was at Tullyfinny and other engagements on the coast, until the advance of General Sherman's right wing from Port Royal Ferry, through South Carolina, when General Hardee assigned the 3d regiment to duty on General's Sherman's right flank, which placed Colonel Colcock's command between Charleston and the enemy during the movement of the troops from that city to North Carolina. The 3d cavalry was in a number of small engagements, notably near Florence, and were uniformly successful, and finally reached Goldsboro, N. C., the day that President Davis met General Joseph E. Johnston in conference. Colonel Colcock heard there of General Lee's surrender. As is well known, this was soon followed by the capitulation of General Johnston's army and the end of the war. At Union Court House, where the regiment had been ordered, President Davis passing through, sent for Colonel Colcock, informed him that the war was virtually over, that it was useless to attempt to cross the Mississippi and join General Kirby Smith, and advised him to furlough his command for ninety days, unless sooner assembled. This was done—the parting was a sad one. There were many pathetic scenes and touching incidents between the colonel and the several companies of this distinguished regiment when farewells were exchanged and last words spoken. There is multiplied testimony in my correspondence as to the very close relations existing during more than three years' service between the commander and his brave soldiers, each and all so devoted to the State and "the Cause." My space is limited, yet I cannot forego two extracts of many letters received, which faithfully reflect the sentiment of the regiment. Lieutenant Rountree, of Company "K," writes :

"I readily recall that the entire regiment had every confidence in Colonel Colcock as a commander, and we were proud to have him in charge of us. His military bearing, the suavity and mildness of his manners, his polite consideration of any personal or official request, no matter from what source, stamped him as a superior man. These were the traits that endeared him to every member of his regiment. The term popular can be applied to him in its fullest sense."

The Rev. John G. Williams, lately deceased, says of him:

"I was chaplain of the 3rd cavalry from its organization to the surrender; was near Colonel Colcock those four years in camp, on the march, in battle, and can truly say South Carolina sent to the war no son nobler, braver, more devoted to the cause, than Charles

Jones Colcock. A typical gentleman, he stood before his regiment, numbering over one thousand men, an inspiring example, to be honored and imitated. Nothing mean came near his head or heart. He was a sincere Christian; his life in the army contradicted the general belief that it was impossible to lead a Christian life in camp; he was the same there as at home. No one ever heard an oath or improper story from his lips; he felt the responsibility of his position, and did his duty daily to his command, his country, and his God.

"I can never forget the disbanding of the regiment at Union Court House. After telling the several companies that the war was over, and bidding each and all an affectionate farewell, he retired to his tent, and, unable to restrain his feelings, sobbed aloud with uncontrollable grief.

"His death was a very happy one. While passing through the valley of the shadow of death he asked his wife to sing his favorite hymn, 'Jesus, Lover of My Soul,' which she tried to do, and weak as he was he tried to join. In the fight with the enemies of his country he was vanquished; in his last fight with death he was more than conqueror, through the Great Captain of his salvation, whom he loved and trusted."

As to his military career, it may be written of him as of another knightly leader of men, that—

"Wher-e'er he fought,
Put so much of his heart into his act,
That his example had a magnet's force,
And all were swift to follow—whom all loved."

At the close of the war, having the care of two sea island plantations, about seven miles from the mouth of Broad river, he made his summer home in Bluffton, near by. It was the period of that demoralizing Federal agency, "the Freedmen's Bureau," with its false promises, "forty acres and a mule," and kindred follies.

As long as full rations were freely distributed the laborers were few indeed. With unmanageable labor, largely increased planting expenses to be provided for, crops swept away by the devastating caterpillar for three or four successive years, and scarcity of money, which prevented factors from freely furnishing capital to meet these new conditions, sea island planting was largely deferred.

He moved his family to Savannah, Ga., and engaged in the life-insurance business, for which he was well qualified. He finally made

his home in Hampton county, and planted short staple cotton with some measure of success in difficult times.

This too imperfect tribute of respect is finished. Would it were worthier. I could do no less in memory of one "gone before," who filled my eye in early life as a public-spirited, forceful citizen, and later a gallant soldier.

It had been my privilege to know him, to feel the radiant atmosphere which habitual courtesy and sparkling conversation generated around him, and when the sad news of his death came to me I realized that a kind, hopeful and brave spirit had passed from earthly view, which for so many years had shone conspicuously, as well in the sweet amenities as in the stern realities of life!

WILLIAM A. COURTENAY.

Innisfallen, October 22, 1898.

THE DISMEMBERMENT OF VIRGINIA.

An article with this title was printed in the *Publications of the Southern Historical Association*, January, 1898. It has since been revised by the author and, as now presented, is much amplified.—ED.

Rightly considered, all narratives of past events are, or should be, "written for our instruction," and there are few in the long and varied annals of the English-speaking race more pregnant with warning and suggestion than the one which it is the purpose of these pages briefly to recall. The circumstances attending it are plain matter of record, and the time which has elapsed since their occurrence is favorable to an impartial examination of their nature and tendency, while, imbedded as they are in official archives, it has in no degree impaired their historical certainty. Nevertheless, though not forgotten, more than three decades of trying and eventful years have not passed without pushing them sensibly into the background, and obscuring to a considerable extent their true importance. An attempt will here be made to present them with as much brevity as may be consistent with clearness, and at the same time to direct attention to their real character and significance.

In April, 1861, after hostilities between the North and South had actually commenced, and Virginia had been called upon by the Federal Executive to furnish troops to be used against the seceding

States, the Convention of that Commonwealth which had hitherto been engaged in persistent efforts to preserve peace and restore harmony, all hope of this having disappeared, at length adopted an ordinance of secession. Immediately on its passage a majority of the members from the northwestern part of the State withdrew from the Convention, and a movement was at once set on foot in that section to resist and nullify an act which, whether wise or unwise, was at all events undoubtedly that of the people of Virginia, acting as an organized commonwealth, through the highest representative body known to our institutions.

At a meeting held in the town of Clarksburg, in Harrison county, a call was issued, addressed exclusively to the people of the northwestern counties, inviting the appointment of delegates to a convention to be held at Wheeling, on the 13th of May. There was no pretense even of a regular election of delegates to this Convention. They were appointed in some cases by public meetings, without reference to the number of qualified voters composing them, in others by papers to which were appended a few signatures requesting certain persons to act as representatives, in yet others without even this faint show of respect for the principle of popular choice. A number of the residents of Wheeling and of Ohio county, in no way more entitled to seats than any similar number of private citizens from any other locality, together with the delegates thus irregularly appointed, composed the motley gathering. Out of one hundred and forty counties and three cities the Committee on Credentials could report representatives from no city and only twenty-six counties. The greater or smaller degree of irregularity in these proceedings is, however, of the less consequence, as it is abundantly evident that there was no shadow of legality in the whole movement from its beginning to its close.

On the recommendation of this assemblage, a Convention, claiming at different stages of its existence to represent a varying number of counties never exceeding thirty-six, met at Wheeling on the 11th of June, 1861. This body, even nominally representing scarcely more than a fourth of the counties of the State, in some of which there were strong minorities, in others probably actual majorities in favor of abiding by the action of the regular Convention at Richmond, assumed nevertheless to speak in the name of the whole people of Virginia, and at once proceeded to alter the State Constitution in important particulars, to vacate, and re-fill all the State offices, and to prescribe new oaths and qualifications for their holders.

Its next step was to inaugurate measures looking to the dismemberment of the Commonwealth. On the 20th of August, 1861, it passed an ordinance to provide for the erection of a new State within the territory of Virginia. This ordinance enumerated certain counties which should form the new State, and certain others—among them Berkeley and Jefferson—which, or any of which, the Constitutional Convention of the proposed State was authorized to include within its boundaries, if the said counties, or any of them should, by a majority of the votes cast on the question, declare their wish to form part of the commonwealth so proposed to be erected, and should elect delegates to the Convention.

Within the same month of August, too short a period having intervened to allow adequate time for consideration and discussion, or even for proper notice on so grave a question, the vote was taken, and resulted, as it was intended, and indeed inevitable, that it should result. Hardly more than one-fourth of the voters took part in the election, most of those opposed to the movement regarding the whole proceeding as a farce which it would be alike unworthy and impolitic for them to countenance by participating in. A handful of ballots were cast on the other side, but the great mass of those who went to the polls voted, as, of course, in the affirmative, the numbers standing 18,408 to 781.

The Convention met on the 26th of November, 1861, and adopted a constitution to be submitted to the people on the 3rd of the following April. *Mutatis mutandis*, this election was a copy of the preceding. The same causes produced the same effects, but, having had a longer time to operate, in a somewhat intensified form. The great majority did not appear at the polls; of those who did almost all voted for the constitution, the respective numbers, in this case, being 18,862 in favor of to 514 against it. So stand the records on their face, no attempt, be it noted, having been made here to go behind them, or to reach even a conjectural estimate as to the proportion of these affirmative votes obtained by illegitimate methods—by corruption of various kinds, by fraud, by intimidation.

The Legislature of what was called the reorganized government of Virginia, sitting within the limits of the proposed State, and representing, so far as they could properly be said to represent any at all, substantially the same people with those therein included, gave their consent, in the character of legislators of the old State, to what they themselves had done, as agents in the formation of the new.

The Constitution thus adopted and ratified was then submitted to Congress. The same clause of the Federal Constitution, however, which requires the consent of that body to the erection of a new State within the jurisdiction of any member of the Union, requires not less clearly the consent of the Legislature of the latter also. The two provisions are contained in the same sentence, and expressed in the same words, are equally obligatory, and must stand or fall together. Nevertheless, the assembled "ambassadors of the States," to use the apt phraseology of a distinguished Massachusetts statesman in reference to the Senate, specially designed, in the complex plan of the government, to guard their rights and uphold their dignity, on the 14th of July, 1862, passed the bill of admission.

But, strong as was the disposition of the Senate at this time to regard the instrument, to which it owed its existence as "mere filigree, pretty to look at, but too brittle to bear the slightest pressure," such a breach of one of its plainest provisions did not pass without strenuous protest. John S. Carlile, holding a seat as Senator from Virginia, under the Wheeling government, called attention to the fact that eleven of the counties included in the proposed State had never been represented at all, "either in the convention that authorized a vote of the people to be taken upon the question of a new State, or in the Legislature of the State, or in the convention that formed the constitution of the State," that three others had only been represented by a Senator, "never having a single member of the House of Delegates in the General Assembly," and that among the counties having nominal representation there was one polling from 800 to 1,000 votes, the delegate to the Convention from which had received only 76, and another polling from 1,200 to 1,500 votes, the delegate from which had received less than 400. He affirmed that these were not the only instances of a like character that could be adduced in justification of his opposition to the bill, and closed by declaring it to be his sincere belief that if the disposition to interfere with the rights of the States exhibited by that Congress was persisted in, the Constitutional Union formed by the "fathers" would be lost forever.

Mr. Wilkinson, of Minnesota, said that if Mr. Carlile's argument had been addressed to the Committee on Territories, of which they were both members, he would never have assented to the admission of West Virginia.

Mr. Trumbull, of Illinois, thought it in every point of view inop-

portune to attempt to force Western Virginia at that time as a separate State into the Union, and trusted that the bill might not pass.

Mr. Willey, Mr. Carlile's colleague under the "restored" government of Virginia at Wheeling, while advocating the bill, stated that he did not believe, much as he regretted to have to say it, that a single county east of the Blue Ridge would acknowledge the authority of the Wheeling government if the United States soldiers were withdrawn.

Mr. Powell, of Kentucky, did not believe that it was ever contemplated by the Constitution that less than one-fourth of the people constituting a State should "give their consent to themselves to form a new State within the limits of one of the States of this Union." It was "inaugurating a principle" which was, in his judgment, "radically destructive of the great principles of the Constitution," and to which he could never assent." "If," said he, "the cities of New York and Brooklyn and the counties in which they are, were to get up a little bogus legislature, and say they were the State of New York, and ask to be admitted and cut off from the rest of the State, I would as soon vote for their admission as for the admission of this new State. No Senator pretends to claim that a majority, that even a third of the people of the State of Virginia have ever had anything to do with rendering their assent to the making of this new State within the territorial limits of that ancient Commonwealth."

In spite of every remonstrance, the bill passed the Senate by a vote of 23 to 17, but the House of Representatives failed to act upon it before the close of the session. Thereupon, the Wheeling Legislature passed a joint resolution expressing "the greatest anxiety and interest in the successful issue of the movement," and another, rebuking Mr. Carlile for his opposition to it, and alleging such opposition as one of the grounds for requesting his resignation. Meanwhile, as if determined to leave no possible doubt as to their real *animus* toward the State they assumed to represent, they had already, some time previous to this, initiated measures (happily never consummated) looking to the transfer of the counties of Accomac and Northampton to Maryland. If these facts are fairly considered the conclusion to be drawn from them is clear and unavoidable. Is it credible, is it even conceivable, that the chosen representatives of a proud and ancient commonwealth, whose people, throughout their entire history, have been eminently distinguished for intense State pride and patriotism, should have been thus eager to rend her limb from limb, and to mar at once her territorial completeness and her historic unity?

This alone, like the test, identical in principle, applied in the famous Judgment of Solomon would of itself be enough to settle, beyond the possibility of cavil, a point already, indeed, sufficiently clear without it. The body which performed these acts was, in no possible sense, legal or moral, the Legislature of Virginia, and had no shadow of right in law or fact, to speak in her name or with her authority.

Early in the next session the bill for the admission of West Virginia was taken up in the House of Representatives, and here again the palpable infraction of the Constitution involved in its passage gave pause to some even among the staunchest Republican partisans.

Mr. Conway, of Kansas, went directly to the root of the matter, and declared plainly that the "restored" State of Virginia was in his judgment no State at all. "I do not," he said, "regard this proposed division of Virginia as having received that assent from the Legislature of the State which the Constitution requires. * * * A number of individuals met at Wheeling and without any legal authority whatever, arranged a plan for a government. * * * The utter and flagrant unconstitutionality of this scheme—I may say its radically revolutionary character—ought to expose it to the reprobation of every loyal citizen and every member of this House."

Mr. Colfax, of Indiana, had had grave doubts during the preceding session as to the propriety of passing the bill, but in view of the recognition of the Wheeling government by the President, by various heads of departments, and by the two Houses of Congress, he considered the question of the legitimacy of that government as settled by *authority*,* and would give the bill his support. Mr. Olin, of New York, while expressing his disposition to vote for it, confessed that he did not fully understand upon what principles of constitutional law it could be justified. "It can not be done, I fear, at all," he said. "It can be justified only as a measure of *policy** or of *necessity*.'"*

Mr. Crittenden, of Kentucky, held that the Wheeling government could be regarded as the government of Virginia only by a fiction. "We know," he said, "the *fact* to be otherwise. * * * What does it amount to but that here is an application to make a new

*The words "authority," "policy," "necessity," are italicised in this paragraph in order to call attention to the kind of arguments, or rather pretexts, it was found necessary to resort to, for the purpose of excusing so direct a breach of the Constitution.

State at the instance of the parties desiring to be made a new State, and nobody else consenting, and nobody else left to consent to it?

* * * It is the party applying for admission consenting to the admission. That is the whole of it." Language could hardly be more emphatic or more accurate.

Mr. Dawes, of Massachusetts, was equally decided in his opposition to the scheme. "So far as I know," he said, "I do not believe there is a single person representing any portion of that part of Virginia which is left who ever consented to the erection and admission of this new State. Not one." And again. "It is trifling with the spirit of the Constitution to say that any portion of the State of Virginia which is left has consented in any way, in any form and substance to the dismemberment of the State."

Mr. Segar, from the Norfolk district, in Virginia, protested earnestly against the passage of the bill. "I must say," he said, "that according to my judgment the legal argument is altogether against the admission of the new State."

Of the forty-eight counties of which it was to be composed, eleven had never, he declared, had even the semblance of representation. It would be found that "there was not only not a majority of the people, but a singularly small proportion of them that voted for the new State and its new constitution." Ten counties with a population of 50,000 "did not cast a vote on the new State and constitution." In three counties, he was prepared to assert, on his personal knowledge of the sentiments of the people, that they were "as unanimous against this measure as any people ever were or ever can be against any measure whatsoever." The tyranny of the mother country to her colonies was no worse than the tyranny embodied in this bill. "I will only add in conclusion," he said, "that my constituents, one and all, shudder at the idea of the dismemberment of the Old Dominion."

Space hardly admits of further quotation, but the utterances of Mr. Stevens, of Pennsylvania, are too remarkable to be passed over. "I do not," he declared bluntly, "desire to be understood as being deluded by the idea that we are admitting this State in pursuance of any provision of the Constitution. I find no such provision that justifies it. * * * * Now, sir, it is but mockery, in my judgment, to tell me that the Legislature of Virginia has ever consented to this division. * * * * I am grieved when I hear men high in authority sometimes talking of the constitutional difficulties about enforcing measures against this belligerent power (the Confederate States), and the next moment disregarding every vestige and sem-

blance of the Constitution. * * * If he (the President) must look there (to the Constitution) alone for authority, then all these acts are flagrant usurpations."

With such cool contempt does he brush aside the flimsy pretexts by which it had been sought, in striking fulfilment of Gouverneur Morris' famous prediction to avoid the "shame if not the guilt of perjury," by affecting to reconcile acts like this with the provisions of the fundamental law. Better, in his view, not to attempt it; better that the "legislative lion" should burst at once and boldly through the "meshes" of the constitutional net. The attempt, indeed, by whatever abilities sustained, could not but end in failure; for it was a task beyond the power of human accomplishment. The Constitution, in letter and in spirit, from the first line to the last, looks solely to a voluntary association of co-equal commonwealths. There is no point in the whole instrument so jealously guarded, so fenced in by precaution on precaution as the absolute equality of the States, and it is utterly impossible, in accordance with its provisions, to discriminate between them, to lay down one law for Massachusetts and another for South Carolina; to retain New York by consent and Georgia by constraint; to govern Ohio by the ballot and Mississippi by the bayonet. Once embarked in the essentially unconstitutional enterprise of coercion, day by day and hour by hour, such insuperable obstacles arose in the way of prosecuting it within the limits imposed by the Constitution, that human ingenuity strained and tortured in vain, at length, in sheer despair, abandoned the hopeless attempt. Of what avail laboriously and painfully to dispose of one constitutional difficulty by skilful evasion, and of another by forced construction, merely to find oneself immediately confronted by another, and another, and another, in endless succession? The process could not go on indefinitely; from the beginning it was apparent that, sooner or later, it must inevitably break down. All the subtlety displayed by the ingenious brothers of Swift's famous satire in affixing to their father's will a meaning directly opposed to its obvious intent, would hardly suffice to wrest the organic law of the Union so far from the purpose of its framers as to render it applicable to a condition in which one portion of the States are invaded, subjugated and governed as military districts by the other portion. So manifest, indeed, was this that the Congress at Washington, impelled by an unacknowledged, but not the less imperative sense of it, felt constrained, while in the very act of prosecuting a war as distinctly one of conquest as that which Xerxes waged against Greece, or Ed-

ward I against Scotland, to disclaim in words "any purpose of conquest or subjugation, or the overthrowing or interfering with the rights or established institutions of those (the seceding) States," and to declare by solemn resolution its object to be simply the preservation of the Union, "with all the dignity, equality, and rights of the several States unimpaired." This is in the very spirit of the scriptural son, who "answered and said, I go, sir; and went not."

It would be hard to find language more exactly and comprehensively descriptive of all that the policy actually pursued was *not*. Every statement of this declaration was contradicted, every pledge broken, while, in the words of an English writer (Professor Goldwin Smith), whose systematic Northern bias, unphilosophical and misleading as it is, could not wholly blind him to the patent facts of the case, "the stronger" of the "two separate nations" "proceeded to attack, conquer and re-annex the weaker." It is matter of history, the whole world knows, how the "established institutions" and "all the dignity, equality and rights" of the latter fared in this process. Congress might, indeed, as well have passed a resolution that the war should be waged without inflicting the slightest injury upon person or property. The one would have been as practically effective, as much regarded, as the other.

In truth there were but two practicable and consistent courses open for adoption—either to adhere to the Constitution and abandon coercion, or to abandon the Constitution and adhere to coercion. Between these, and these alone, lay the choice.

And so, at length, the theory of Mr. Stevens, while not, as in his case, candidly avowed, became the one generally accepted and acted on, though expressed, it is true, in somewhat more euphemistic language, as, for example, in that which fell from Mr. Noell, of Missouri, during the debate on this bill. "* * * * we cannot afford, while the nation is trembling upon the brink of destruction, to split hairs on technical constitutional points. If I had power I would save the nation's life by the exercise of all powers necessary to the result." Or in the passage from Mr. Blaine's "Twenty Years of Congress," in which he sums up as follows: "The organic law would not have been strained, legal fictions would not have been invented, contradictory theories would not have been indulged, if a great national interest had not required the creation of West Virginia."

Translated into plain English, this will be found to differ in no way substantially from Mr. Stevens' doctrine. The whole transaction, indeed, is a forcible and even startling illustration of the persistent

survival, as a vital factor in modern politics, of the much-denounced Machiavellian "reason of State." Without the need of further search, the distinguished lecturer, who not long since delivered at Oxford, England, so interesting and suggestive a discourse on the Florentine statesman of sinister memory, might have found in this transaction alone, abundant illustration of the power it still retains to obscure the "awful difference" between "right and wrong." Stronger evidence could hardly be required that the author, or at least the most prominent literary exponent, of the doctrine in question "is not a vanishing type, but a constant and contemporary influence," though it is probable enough that those who, on this occasion, acted so completely in his spirit, had never read a line of his works, and were but poorly acquainted with the events of his life.

The bill for the admission of West Virginia finally passed the House (December 10th, 1862), by a vote of 96 to 55, the Democrats voting solidly in opposition, as did also a number of prominent Republicans, including Mr. Dawes, with a majority of his colleagues from Massachusetts; Mr. Conkling, of New York; Mr. Thomas, of Maryland, and Mr. Conway, of Kansas. The act thus passed required an amendment to the Constitution of West Virginia on the subject of slavery, as a condition precedent to admission. This condition was complied with, and the Constitution as amended was ratified at an election in which only a very small vote was cast. But the act of mutilation was not even yet fully consummated. In the bill, as passed, admitting the State, and prescribing its boundaries, the counties of Berkeley and Jefferson were not included; nor were they in the clause of the Constitution of West Virginia itself, enumerating the counties of which it was to consist. It was, however, provided, in the event of certain other counties (with which we are not here concerned), being included in the new State, that then the district composed of the counties of Berkeley, Jefferson and Frederick, should also become a part of it, if a majority of the votes therein were cast in favor of the adoption of the Constitution at an election to be held on the first Thursday in April, 1863.

On that day there was no election at all held in these three counties. But it was further provided in the schedule to the Constitution that "if from any cause the said election be not held in and for any of the said counties at the time named, the same may be held at such subsequent time or times as the commissioners hereby appointed may approve, if so done as not to delay the submission of the result to the Legislature for its action." No such vote was taken prior to the

meeting of the next Legislature. There was, however, a provision in the act of January 31st, 1863, by which the consent of the so-called Legislature of Virginia was given to the transfer of the county of Berkeley to the new State, authorizing the Governor, if in his opinion the election could not be safely and properly held in that county on the day first designated, to postpone it to another day to be by him appointed. Similarly, in the act of February 4th, 1863, giving consent to the admission of certain counties, of which Jefferson was one, into the newly-formed Commonwealth, it was provided that if the condition of the country would not permit, or from any cause the election to decide the question of annexation could not be fairly held on the appointed day, the Governor should, as soon as it could be safely and fairly held, issue a proclamation ordering such election.

It is notorious that at the time fixed for submitting the question, the condition of the counties of Berkeley and Jefferson rendered the opening of the polls impracticable, and that the voters, a large majority of whom were opposed to the transfer, could not attend, and had, indeed, no proper notice of the election. In Berkeley there were nine precincts, and in Jefferson eight, yet, so far as appears, at only two of the seventeen were any votes cast. At these precincts the election was held by commissioners disqualified under the laws of Virginia, while no commissioners were appointed, or, at all events, notified of their appointment, and no polls opened at the other fifteen precincts. Jefferson county, in which were located the precincts above mentioned, where alone, any ballots were cast, had more than 1,700 votes; less than 100 were polled, not a few of these being fraudulent and illegal. Anything like a free and fair election was indeed obviously impossible while the country was intersected by military lines, and the citizens often strictly confined to their own premises.

In the face of these facts the so-called Governor of Virginia officially certified the result of the election as being in favor of the annexation of Berkeley and Jefferson to West Virginia, the Legislature of which in its turn passed the acts for the admission of these counties, and this shameful travesty of solemn constitutional proceedings was complete.

As has been already observed, however, the Congress of the United States, the assent of which is by the Constitution made indispensable to the transfer of territory from one State to another, in the act

admitting West Virginia, did not include these counties within its limits. In addition to this, and as evidence that Mr. Peirpoint was not sustained in his position even by the most extreme class of Unionists (so-called)* in Virginia, it should be noted that the convention which met in Alexandria, on the 13th of February, 1864, consisting of, and representing, that class alone, entirely ignored his proclamation announcing the transfer of Berkeley and Jefferson to West Virginia, and recognized these counties in every possible manner as integral parts of the old State.

On the removal of the Alexandria government to Richmond, at the close of the war, the first General Assembly which met there, reconstituted and transformed by the addition of members from the the counties ——— an overwhelming majority ——— which had adhered to the Richmond authorities, lost no time in appealing to the people of West Virginia to co-operate with them in the “restoration of the ancient Commonwealth of Virginia, with all her people, and up to her former boundaries.” Indeed, the effect of this infusion of new blood, the difference between a real and a mock representation of the people, had made itself sensibly felt at a still earlier period. Previous to the effort now made towards a complete reunion of the divided Commonwealth, the Assembly had passed resolutions declaring that the conditions prescribed in the several acts intended to give consent to the transfer of Berkeley and Jefferson had not been complied with; that, as the consent of Congress had not yet been given to the transfer, the proceedings being still inchoate, the State’s consent might properly be withdrawn, and that it was thereby withdrawn.

In the teeth of these measures on the part of a body recognized by themselves as the lawful Legislature of Virginia—recognized, too, in the most solemn of all possible modes, by inviting and accepting its ratification of an amendment to the Federal Constitution—the two Houses of Congress adopted a joint resolution consenting to the transfer of these counties to West Virginia.

To test the question of jurisdiction a suit was brought in 1867 by

* With regard to this assumption of the name of “Unionists” by those whose whole course tended constantly to the destruction of the *real* Union framed by the founders of the government, the following sentence from Mr. Calhoun’s last great speech in the Senate will be found strikingly just and appropriate: “But surely, that can with no propriety of language be called a Union, when the only means by which the weaker is held connected with the stronger portion, is force.”

the Commonwealth of Virginia before the Supreme Court of the United States. Notwithstanding the exasperation of feeling incident to the period, and the strong pressure in favor of the new State's claim, the Court was equally divided, which must, under the circumstances, be regarded as a decided moral, though of course not a legal victory for Virginia. On the reconstruction of the Court, and the appointment of two new justices in 1871, the case came up again, and on a demurrer filed by the counsel for West Virginia, was decided in her favor.

The dissenting opinion delivered by Justice Davis, and concurred in by Justices Clifford and Field, states the case tersely and clearly: "To my mind there is nothing clearer than that Congress never did undertake to give its consent to the transfer of Berkeley and Jefferson counties to the State of West Virginia until March 2nd, 1866. If so, the consent came too late, because the Legislature of Virginia had, on the 5th day of December, 1865, withdrawn its assent to the proposed cession of the two counties. This withdrawal was in ample time, as it was before the proposal of the State had become operative as a concluded compact, * * *."

It should be noted here, as making the case of Virginia still stronger, that this opinion proceeds on the assumption that there had been a real and valid assent previously given on her part to the proposed cession, an assumption utterly at variance with the facts.

Thus, in spite of the protest of the dissenting judges, the unconstitutional, violent and revolutionary proceedings of the executive and legislative branches, commenced, at all events, if not completed, *flagrante bello*, were sanctioned and confirmed by the judicial department, in a time of profound peace, when it might have been hoped that the voice of the laws, silent amidst the shock of arms, would be heard again, at least, in what should have been their ultimate refuge and inviolable asylum.

If further proofs are desired of the utter incompetence of the Supreme Court to act as a barrier against popular passion, and to guard the Constitution from the encroachments of a victorious and dominant party, they are deplorably abundant. Without stopping to dwell upon the case involving the constitutionality of the Reconstruction Laws, which, while actually under advisement by the Court, was violently snatched from its grasp by an act hurried through Congress and passed over the President's veto, or upon the still more notorious Legal-Tender cases, in which the Court was deliberately packed for the purpose of obtaining the reversal of a decision disagreeable to the

Government, it will be sufficient to recall the treatment it experienced in two memorable instances during the late war, as recorded by a leading Republican "after the most straitest sect" of that political faith.

"The Dred Scott decision," says Mr. Blaine, "received no respect after Mr. Lincoln became President, and without reversal by the court was utterly disregarded."

And again, almost immediately afterward, on the same page, "When President Lincoln, in 1861, authorized the denial of the writ of *habeas corpus* to persons arrested on a charge of treason, Chief Justice Taney delivered an opinion in the case of John Merryman, denying the President's power to suspend the writ, declaring that Congress only was competent to do it. The executive department paid no attention to the decision." (*Twenty Years of Congress*, Vol. I, page 137.)

The reader will not fail to observe the naive unconsciousness with which it is here assumed by implication that the obligation of the constitutional oath, when particularly inconvenient or disagreeable to comply with, may be quietly set aside. As regards the Supreme Court itself, "Weighed in the balances and found wanting," must be the solemn verdict of History upon this tribunal, however admirable in its appropriate sphere, when viewed as the final arbiter of those high constitutional questions to which the real parties are not individuals or corporations amenable to process, but governments and commonwealths. For this function, as was long since pointed out by Mr. Calhoun with characteristic clearness and force, it could never have been intended, and is, from its organization, nature and limitations, essentially unfit. Brought face to face with questions like these, the Court, if it does not yield submissively to the sentiment of the party dominant for the time being, and place the dictates of its will, however ill-considered, intemperate or unjust, above the authority of the organic law, must stand helpless and without remedy, while it sees its decisions contemptuously set aside by the other branches of the Government, or, still worse, reversed by a bench re-constituted for that purpose. The subject cannot, in this place, be pursued further, but it is surely sufficiently evident that to trust political rights of the most vital character to the guardianship of a body such as this would be mere fatuity.

Justification of course there can be none; it remains only to inquire what palliation, if any, can be found, from the point of view of the actors themselves, for an outrage which in the case of political

communities is analogous to the maiming of the human body in that of individual members of society. Had the State, thus mutilated, evinced in her previous history a cruel, sordid or selfish spirit towards her sister States? Were her services to the Union slight and inconsiderable, her contributions to its history trivial and inglorious? Did she not at the period of the Revolution promptly take up a quarrel not primarily her own, and hasten to place herself, without waiting to count the cost, by the side of imperiled Massachusetts? Did she not, by her own unaided efforts, achieve the conquest of a vast domain, and afterward, with a more than imperial generosity, cede it as a free gift to the Confederation? Let the answer be taken from the lips, not of devoted sons or partial friends, but of eminent representatives of the geographical section and the political school most opposed to her. "There is," says Senator Hoar, of Massachusetts, "no more touching story of the munificence and bounty of one people to another than that of Virginia to Massachusetts when the port of Boston was shut up by Act of Parliament and by a hostile English fleet. * * * *

Little had happened which bore hardly upon Virginia. * *

There was no personal suffering here. It was only the love of liberty that inspired the generous people of the Old Dominion to stand by Massachusetts. * * * *

But saving, therefore, my allegiance to her (Massachusetts), I affirm without hesitation that the history of no other civilized community on earth, of like numbers, since Athens, for a like period, can be compared with that of Virginia from 1765 or 1770 down to 1825. What her gallant soldier, Henry Lee, said of her most illustrious son may well be said of her: First in War, first in Peace. * * *

The list of her great names of that wonderful period is like a catalogue of the fixed stars. For all time, the American youth who would learn the principles of liberty protected by law; who would learn how to frame constitutions and statutes; who would seek models of the character of the patriot, of the statesman, of the gentleman, of the soldier, may seek instruction from her,—may study her history as in a great university." And elsewhere, in commenting upon the cession of her northwestern territory to the Union in 1784, he says in a similar vein: "The cession of Virginia was the most marked instance of a large and generous self-denial."

"I never," said Webster, in one of his last great speeches in the Senate, "reflect upon it without a disposition to do honor and

justice, and justice would be the highest honor, to Virginia, for the cession of her northwestern territory. I will say, sir, it is one of her fairest claims to the respect and gratitude of the country, and that perhaps it is only second to that other claim which belongs to her; that from her counsels and from the intelligence and patriotism of her leading statesmen, proceeded the first idea put into practice of the formation of a general Constitution of the United States." And on another occasion, in the same place. "* * * I here acknowledge the Commonwealth of Virginia to be entitled to the honor of commencing the work of establishing this Constitution. The honor is hers; let her enjoy it; let her forever wear it proudly; ——."

"Nor should it be forgotten," says Blaine, "that the State of Virginia might well be regarded as the creditor, and not as the debtor of the National Government. One of her earliest acts of patriotism as an *independent** State was the cession to the General Government of her superb domain on the north side of the Ohio river, from the sale of which more than \$100,000,000 have been paid into the National Treasury. * * * It may surely be pardoned if Americans shall feel a deep personal interest in the good name and good fortune of a State so closely identified with the early renown of the Republic—a State with whose soil is mingled the dust of those to whom all States and all generations are debtors—the Father of his country, the author of the Declaration of Independence, the chief projector of the National Constitution."

"Perhaps the only thing," says Fiske, "that kept the Union from falling to pieces in 1786 was the Northwestern territory, which George Rogers Clarke had conquered in 1779, and which skilful diplomacy had enabled us to keep when the treaty was drawn up in 1782." And again, in reference to the gift by Virginia of this territory to the United States for the common benefit of all. "—— Virginia gave up a magnificent and princely territory of which she was actually in possession. She might have held back and made endless trouble, just as, at the beginning of the Revolution she might have refused to make common cause with Massachusetts; but in both instances her leading statesmen showed a far-sighted wisdom, and a

* Note the admission marked by the word "*independent*" italicised here, and compare the utterances of Mr. Blaine himself elsewhere, and those of others belonging to the same political school, especially the extraordinary misstatements of notorious historical facts contained in Mr. Motley's letter to the *London Times* in 1861.

breadth of patriotism for which no words of praise can be too strong."

"In the *making* of the government under which we live," says the same writer, "these five names—Washington, Madison, Hamilton, Jefferson and Marshall—stand before all others." Four out of the five, as it is hardly necessary to remind the reader, were Virginians.

But why accumulate testimony? The warmest of partisans could not desire, could not select himself, stronger terms of admiration and gratitude than have been bestowed by those at whose hands this flagrant wrong was suffered, upon the State which was first dismembered, and then—the torn and bleeding fragment that remained—stripped of every vestige of rights, every shadow of freedom, reduced to a "geographical expression," ticketed like a galley-slave as District No. 1, and placed under absolute military rule, as no other English-speaking community had been for centuries. Judged by what they themselves have admitted, nay, loudly proclaimed, no plea in mitigation is to be found here.

Was she then, lastly, peculiarly responsible for the occurrence of the late war between the States? On the contrary, as is known to all, at every crisis in the country's history her voice had been consistently and earnestly raised for peace. In 1832, when the ground of quarrel was not even nominally slavery, but, as in 1776, purely a question of taxation, she had stood as mediator between the exasperated parties which hung suspended on the verge of strife, and solemnly protested, not then in vain, against an appeal to the bloody arbitrament of arms. In 1850, for the sake of that Union which she had been foremost in founding and preserving, she had acquiesced, though reluctantly and with the gravest misgivings, in measures which were, in her deliberate judgment, not only wrongful, and oppressive in themselves, but in the highest degree injurious to her interests and menacing to her safety. What was her course in 1861? As long as a shadow of hope remained, even indeed, after the last shadow might well have been thought, by an impartial observer, to have vanished, she did not cease, by every means in her power, to "seek peace and ensue it." She inaugurated a "Peace Conference," invoking "the spirit in which the Constitution was originally formed" to settle "the present unhappy controversy;" patiently, unweariedly, she labored to avert the impending conflict. The last great effort of her most distinguished contemporary statesman, speaking, as her ambassador and representative, on the floor of the United States' Senate, was an eloquent and forcible appeal

to those who alone possessed the power, "in the sacred names of humanity and of Christian civilization; in the names of thirty millions of human souls;" — "in the name of the great American experiment" to "give time for the play of reason," and "prevent the effusion of blood." Believing fully in the right of secession, and keenly alive to the cogency of the motives impelling the farther Southern States to exercise it, she, nevertheless, forebore to join them, and still, hoping against hope, persisted in spite of every discouragement, in earnest efforts for peace and reconciliation until President Lincoln's proclamation demanding troops for the invasion of the seceding States appeared, and the choice was abruptly presented to her of fighting either for her convictions or against them. These were the alternatives; other course, middle ground there was none.

Her construction of the Constitution was known of all men; it had been embodied in her ratification of that instrument; it had been solemnly reaffirmed by her General Assembly at a momentous crisis in the early history of the Government; it had been formulated and made the corner-stone of a great political party by some of her most illustrious sons. Moreover, it was sustained, not only by individual statesmen and jurists of the greatest eminence at the North, but by resolutions of Northern Legislatures and Conventions, by decisions of Courts, State and Federal, including the highest of all, and by the recorded judgment of the United States Senate, pronounced in solemn form upon two different occasions. As to the views of the framers of the Constitution and founders of the Government themselves, language could not be stronger or more comprehensive than that of Senator Lodge, of Massachusetts. "When," says he, "the Constitution was adopted by the votes of States at Philadelphia, and accepted by the votes of States in popular conventions, it is safe to say that there was not a man in the country, from Washington and Hamilton, on the one side, to George Clinton and George Mason, on the other, who regarded the new system as anything but an experiment entered upon by the States, and from which each and every State had the right peaceably to withdraw, a right which was very likely to be exercised." Speaking to the same effect, Woodrow Wilson declares that "the men of that time would certainly have laughed at any such idea" as that of "a national government" constituting "an indestructible bond of union for the States." Ex-President Adams, in an address delivered in 1839, said that should alienation of feeling take place, it would be far better "for the people of

the dis-United States to part in friendship from each other than to be held together by constraint." "Then," said he, "will be the time for reverting to the precedents which occurred at the formation and adoption of the Constitution, to form again a more perfect Union, by dissolving that which could no longer bind, and to leave the separate parts to be re-united by the law of political gravitation to the centre."

There must be limits to quotation, or it would be easy to cite utterances of prominent Northern politicians and leading Northern journals down to the very eve of the actual conflict, protesting in the strongest terms against the coercion which Virginia was thus peremptorily called upon to take part in. Coolly and impartially considered, indeed, the doctrine of State-sovereignty will be found, logically speaking, absolutely irrefragable, since sovereignty must of course reside somewhere, and it will be admitted by all that, according to the fundamental principle of American polity, it cannot reside in any government whatsoever, Federal or State, governments, under this system, being viewed as simply the creatures and agents of the people, wholly without original power or authority in themselves. Obviously, then, in the United States, sovereignty resides in the people alone. The sole question remaining is, in what people? This admits of but one answer, since there exists no such body politic as the people of the United States, considered as a single consolidated whole, the conclusive proof being that it has never, as is easy to verify historically, performed one solitary act in that character, and indeed cannot, having no organ through which it could so speak or act. There is no representative body, standing to it in the relation in which a Convention stands to the people of a State, by means of which sovereignty might be exercised, nor is there even any possible mode of taking its sense as a whole. In the United States, therefore, the ultimate seat of sovereignty is to be found in the peoples of the several States, acting as political communities, through such bodies (in the nomenclature of politics called Conventions) as they may empower to act in their name and behalf.

Men are not apt to be cool and logical in a crisis like that which preceded the great conflict of 1861, yet it would seem, whatever their constitutional views, that the dominant party might have better recollected, not only the traditional American doctrine so closely interwoven with the life and history of the country, but the comparatively recent declarations of the man whom they had just placed at the head of the Government. "Any people anywhere," Mr. Lin-

coln had said, "being inclined, and having the power, have the right to rise up and shake off the existing government, and form a new one that suits them better. This is a most valuable, a most sacred right, a right which we hope and believe is to liberate the world. Nor is this right confined to cases in which the whole people of an existing government may choose to exercise it. Any portion of such people that can, may revolutionize and make their own of so much of the territory as they inhabit." Well might the English historian, Goldwin Smith, in spite of his strong partiality for the North, say of this passage, "Southern revolution could not have asked for a clearer sanction."

Not the Constitution alone, but the whole spirit of the American Revolution, and of the institutions founded on it, was palpably violated and set at naught by the war undertaken against the seceding States. If governments were still to be imposed by force upon reluctant peoples, fitted for freedom, and capable of self-rule, the principles of 1776 were abandoned, and their work nullified. The Declaration of Independence might as well follow the Constitution into the political lumber-room. This was too evident to escape the observation of many even among the party in power at the North, but the old despotic theories, while discarded in name, had sunk deeply into the souls of men. The precedents of century on century had so thoroughly associated the idea of unquestioned power with "government," and unquestioning submission with "governed," especially among that large class who,—immigrants themselves or the sons of immigrants,—had not yet shaken off the traditions and influence of the old world, and comprehended very imperfectly, if at all, the complex and highly developed polity under which they lived, that it seemed impossible to disjoin them. Of the one people on earth which possessed a government resting solely upon consent the greater part were so little capable of realizing and acting up to the principles which formed the justification, the very reason for existence, of their institutions, that they blindly destroyed it, and erected on its ruins a successor of the old type, built on the old barbarous foundation of physical force, the "right divine," of the strongest. It was a distinct and long step backward in the evolution of society, and would hardly have been taken, had the decision depended exclusively upon the descendants of the men of 1776. Should it be alleged that the end which sanctified such means, in the eyes of those employing them, was the swift and certain destruction of slavery, the conclusive answer is to be found in their own repeated and emphatic disavowals

of any such design, and in the course which they actually pursued with regard to it.

It is tempting and would be easy, did circumstances allow, to add proof to proof and illustration to illustration, but this is not the place to pursue the subject farther. Strictly speaking, indeed, it is not necessary, for the vindication of Virginia's course, to enter upon the question of right at all. For this purpose it is amply sufficient that the constitutional views which she has consistently supported in the forum and on the field, *semper et ubique*, were honestly entertained. No mind, not blinded by passion and prejudice to such an extent as to be proof against any force of evidence, could doubt this. The strongest motives that can appeal to the lower and more material side of human nature concurred to impel her to their abandonment. Neither states nor men court martyrdom in defence of opinions insincerely professed, or even laxly and superficially held. So patent was this that it has actually been made a subject of reproach to her by Mr. Blaine. "Virginia," says he (Twenty Years of Congress, Vol. I, page 301,) "could not be restrained though she was warned, and ought to have seen that, if she joined the rebellion, she would inevitably become the battle-ground, and would consign her territory to devastation and her property to destruction." Unquestionably, in whatever way the contest on which she was entering might end, it could not but bring to her incalculable loss and suffering. Even if victorious, she must, as a border State, be left in a most exposed and dangerous situation, while a large portion of her property would in any event be lost or rendered utterly insecure.

All this she saw in full prospect before her, yet she "could not be restrained" by any fear of consequences, however certain and terrible, from standing firmly in adversity by the principles she had professed in prosperity. So far Mr. Blaine was right, and he has unconsciously pronounced the highest of eulogies on her conduct. At the "parting of the ways" she did not choose the broad and gently sloping high-road of safety and self-interest, but the narrow and painfully ascending path marked out by duty. She proved herself still the same commonwealth which nearly a century before, in the cause of Massachusetts, had braved the power of Great Britain. When the choice was placed before her, she deliberately elected rather to suffer wrong than to inflict it, to take the incalculably weaker side which she believed to be just rather than the stronger which she believed to be unjust. History records no nobler act of any people. To the latest generation of her children it will descend as a proud

memory, and a source of heroic inspiration. Nor will honest and candid adversaries withhold their tribute of hearty admiration, for they can not doubt that she acted strictly in accordance with her conscientious convictions, however widely these may have differed from their own. Whenever there is a failure to recognize the moral grandeur of her attitude, it is simply an instance of "the eye seeing in all things what it brought with it, the faculty of seeing," and that only. The natural consequence of a complete lack of the heroic element is a lack also of faculty to discern it in others. A more paltry, pitifully ignoble view of a great question than that indicated in the extract from Mr. Blaine given above could hardly be conceived.

The constitutional doctrine supported by Virginia at this crisis had been constantly maintained by her from the date of her accession to the Union downward. To have abandoned it now, the moment her faith was put to a practical test—still more, to have aided in coercing others by force of arms to abandon* it also—would have left an indelible stain upon the brightest of shields.

It was in consequence of her refusal to be guilty of this act of baseness, to "cry craven" and desert her flag, when called upon to sustain with the sword the principle she had so long advocated with tongue and pen that she was subjected to an outrage similar to those which have left the foulest blots on the pages of European history. Alone among the States, she, the oldest of them all, the mother of so many of them, who had labored far more than all the rest to avert the conflict, suffered, in the loss of a large portion of her territory, the last calamity of foreign conquest, a calamity inflicted on no new and half-formed community, scarcely conscious as yet of its separate existence, but on an ancient and renowned Commonwealth whose record, even as presented by her enemies, may challenge comparison with that of any society known to us in proportion to numbers and duration as an organized body politic.

Those who, in the energetic language of Burke, "think there is nothing worth pursuit but that which they can handle, which they can measure with a two-foot rule; which they can tell upon ten fingers," may scoff at the notion of a wound inflicted upon such "airy nothing" as the pride and sensibility of a State, but the narrowest

* The word "abandon" is of course used here only in reference to the immediate practical application of the doctrine in question. To refrain or desist from putting a doctrine in practice on a particular occasion is one thing; to renounce the doctrine itself quite another. Force may indeed restrain from the exercise of a right, but further than this it cannot affect it.

and most stubborn of materialists cannot deny the immense effect produced by her dismemberment upon the financial and industrial prosperity of Virginia, and upon her relative weight and position in the Union. It is easy to bring this to the test of figures.

If the State had remained undivided she would, by the census of 1890, have had 2,418,770 instead of only 1,655,980 inhabitants; \$532,350,328 of assessed property instead of only \$362,422,741; fourteen instead of ten members of the House of Representatives, and sixteen instead of twelve votes in the Electoral College. She would have ranked sixth instead of fifteenth in the list of States; her area would have been 67,230 square miles instead of 42,450, and her resources of all kinds, especially mineral and timber, would have been enormously increased, while the negroes—the most objectionable and embarrassing element of her population—would have formed not much more than 25, instead of, as now, nearly 40 per cent. of the whole.

Nevertheless, great as they are, to those capable of judging by a different and higher standard, the injuries thus specified will not appear the only, or the greatest wrongs she has suffered. These, indeed, are, in their nature, incapable of such specification; cannot be weighed, or measured, or numbered.

It is, as it seems to us, a radically false and deeply injurious view of the subject which, in the supposed interest of harmony, would soften down, and pare away the truth until so little remains that it is virtually suppressed. Deep wounds need not to be covered up and hidden away, but to be fearlessly probed, and thoroughly exposed to light. History weighing with impartial hand the events and characters of the past would but ill discharge the duty of her high office if she shrank from setting the seal of solemn reprobation upon acts like this. Hers is the court of last resort to which the injured, failing of redress in their lives, should be able to appeal with full security of obtaining at least posthumous justice. The innocent may receive no vindication, the guilty no punishment in life, but, as the ages roll onward, her verdict acts with ever-increasing force to deter from similar offences. Her late, but sure retribution should await the crimes which escape all other earthly penalty, and bearing, as she does, no fleshly weapon, but a sword of far keener edge and wider sweep, it deeply concerns the future of mankind that she bear it not in vain.

“None,” says a statesman of the deepest insight into the nature of man and of society, “can aspire to act greatly but those who are of force greatly to suffer,”—a profound and pregnant saying, the truth

of which will be most fully realized by those to whom, as to Virginians, it has come, "borne," in very deed, "with bier and pall."

Yet in spite of an experience so bitter, true sons of the stricken commonwealth will say of her, as was said of Athens, in language the noble simplicity of which touches and thrills us, even now, through the veil of translation, and after the lapse of more than twenty centuries, with something of the feeling it must have inspired in its hearers, "I affirm that if the future had been apparent to us all * * * nevertheless the State ought not to have deviated from her course, if she had regard to her own honor, the traditions of the past, or the judgment of posterity."

WM. BAIRD,
Essex County, Va.

"No heroic sacrifice is ever lost; the characters of men are moulded and inspired by what their fathers have done—treasured up are all the unconscious influences of good deeds. It was such an influence that led a young Greek to exclaim, two thousand years ago, when he heard the news from Marathon: 'The trophies of Miltiades will not let me sleep!'"

FRAGMENTS OF WAR HISTORY

RELATING TO

The Coast Defence of South Carolina, 1861-'65,

AND THE

HASTY PREPARATIONS FOR THE BATTLE OF HONEY HILL,
November 30, 1864.

"In hazardous undertakings there is a necessity for extraordinary vigor of mind, and a degree of fortitude and confidence, which shall raise us above the dread of danger, and dispose us to take risks, which the cold maxims of prudence would forbid."

[The excellences of the original essentials of manliness in one who has so notably exemplified them as has Major Courtenay, as defender and sustainer of right, in the fields of war and journalism, and so continuously in historical research and in municipal government—give earnest of the privilege of reprinting, in these pages, the fol-

lowing contribution to the *Sunday News*, Charleston, S. C., in which it appeared November 6 and 13, 1898. Reference may be made also to another earnest contribution, published in the *News*, and reprinted in this volume, "Charles Colcock Jones"—an excellent biographical sketch. See *ante*, p. 32.—ED.]

On St. Andrew's Day, 1864, near Boyd's Landing, in old Beaufort District, a desperate battle was fought and won by citizen soldiers of Georgia and South Carolina against enormous odds.

Thirty-three years have passed since, many of the actors in the honor and glory of that November day have joined the majority, yet no effort has been made to record this great military achievement at Honey Hill—to garner up even some of the details of this wonderful victory.

I have been requested at this late day to do this work; to correct erroneous official records; to unravel the now tangled and complex personal recollections of that eventful day. Many of the chief actors have "crossed over the river," memories of the events of that day are related differently by gentlemen who have no motive but the truth. Lapse of time has brought these results. I can only promise an impartial pen, and my closest attention and if I satisfy myself as to the truth, and the facts, I will write an account of this battle. It not, such information as may be possible.

Introductory to such battle narrative, it is properly in place here to recall the general military situation on the seacoast of South Carolina during those eventful four years; as well for the information of those at a distance, as for later generations of Georgians and Carolinians, that they may learn of the invincible spirit of their fathers, which, under every disability, kept inviolate the entire coast line from the Ashley to the Savannah, from the opening to the close of the struggle in South Carolina.

On November 7, 1861, a Federal fleet of seventeen ships and two hundred guns captured Port Royal—subsequently General T. W. Sherman took possession of its shores with a large army of occupation. From this commanding base the entire coast region of South Carolina, was from that day, possibly open to the army and navy of the United States; the Stono, North and South Edisto, Ashepoo, Combahee, Coosaw and Broad rivers and their tributaries, gave to the Federal forces short water lines to many vulnerable points in our exposed territory.

It appeared at first that the undisputed control of the ocean, and

access to these bold inland water ways gave to the Federal forces complete dominion in this region, the South having no ships for defensive service; yet despite these recognized advantages and our many disabilities, the enemy was kept at a safe distance all through the four years, by means of rifles and field artillery, and when their armed vessels ventured inland they were uniformly driven off, more than once with loss of ships and heavy casualties.

Against these short and fully protected water advantages, with an unlimited command of men, guns and vessels, operating from a military and naval base close at hand, we had for our base 103 miles of railroad between Charleston and Savannah, with its bridges seriously exposed at half a dozen points. To protect this long line we had practically only mounted riflemen (cavalry) and field pieces.

Our outpost service was maintained under serious difficulties, at every point of observation overlooking the enemy's water lines; from Stono to Broad River, we had to maintain our thin line of videttes, who kept watch through winter cold and rain, and summer heat, sand-flies and malaria.

These outposts were from eight to sixteen miles from the telegraph offices on the railroad line, communicating with headquarters; in case of alarms, these intervening distances, from picket stations to the railroad, were traversed by mounted couriers, so that several hours necessarily passed before news could be wired to the commanding general. From these outposts, not a few, but many incursions were made at great peril within the enemy's lines. These gallant enterprises were frequently rewarded by valuable information for department headquarters; the capture of officers and men proved also very advantageous. In this way we obtained the United States signal code, by Captain Mickler, Company E, 11th South Carolina Infantry, bringing off a signal officer from the station at "Spanish Wells."

As the needs of the armies in Virginia and the West had to be supplemented with fresh forces, the troops in this coast region were reduced to minimum numbers, infantry, cavalry and field artillery being ordered elsewhere; as a matter of fact, during 1863 and 1864, this extended coast line was held by a relatively small force of mounted men and light batteries, distributed at convenient points. Sections of two field pieces each were placed at intervals along this one hundred and odd miles of front, ready for rapid movement in any direction.

The limited infantry supports were stationed at Charleston and its

vicinity, with a restricted railroad transportation service for their movement outward in cases of emergency.

I have no space in this narrative for details of this gallant, self-sacrificing retention of our coast line, but the reader will find in that invaluable history, "Johnson's Defence of Charleston Harbor," page 277, "a calendar of events on the coast, January 9, 1861, to February 18, 1865," which records the numerous attempts to destroy our railway line, the enemy's objective point for four years, uniformly resulting in utter failure and defeat, as shown in this indispensable military record. This invaluable encyclopædia of local military annals, as its title indicates, was intended to record the events of the war in Charleston harbor during a stated period; the author, however, in addition, kept a diary of such other events relating to our coast defence as was possible at the time, and so preserved what now proves to be of great value to the war history of those years; in this thoughtful and painstaking way this "calendar of events" has been preserved to us. * * * * *

An interesting chapter of war history is yet to be written of this unequalled defence of exposed coast territory between the railroad and seashore, below Charleston, marked, as it was, by conspicuous courage, patient endurance and a continuous self-sacrifice on the part of each and all, to say nothing of fighting successfully in numerous engagements against heavy odds. It was an unobserved, daily and nightly routine of arduous and exposed service, and it is due to the heroism and fidelity with which this duty was discharged that the honorable record has been indelibly made, that not a rail on our base line was ever disturbed by the enemy during four long years of frequent attempts and effective resistance.

Germane to the successful defence of this coast territory, and especially to the victory of Honey Hill, the officers and men on duty may well be remarked upon here. The rapid growth of the Confederate army to large dimensions soon exhausted the roster of graduates from West Point, Annapolis, Virginia Military Institute and Citadel Academy, then the only sources from which to secure educated military men. Relative to the whole number of officers in the armies of the Confederacy these were few indeed; their influence for good was felt and recognized during the struggle, but the fact remains that our armies were, necessarily, officered by civilians. From both classes, and especially from the civilians, officers were advanced to high positions, and won great distinction in the war, rising from

minor positions in battalions, squadrons and regiments to be general officers in highest commands, trusted leaders on large occasions.

* * * * * * * *

In the civil war in England, two and a half centuries ago, among the same race of people, this fitness for command and leadership from civil life presented itself, and it is curious to read the great historian's comment on those far-off times.

Macaulay, in his eloquent tribute to Hampden, says: "It is a remarkable circumstance, that the officers who had studied tactics, in what was considered the best schools, under Vere, in the Netherlands, and Gustavus Adolphus, in Germany, displayed less skill as commanders than those who had been bred to peaceful employments, and who never saw even a skirmish until the civil war broke out! An unlearned person might be inclined to think that the military art is no very profound mystery; that its principles are, the quick eye, the cool head and a stout heart will do more to make a general than all the diagrams of Jomini! This, however, is certain, that Hampden, the great leader, who neither sought nor shunned greatness, who found glory only because glory lay in the plain path of duty, showed himself a far better officer than Essex, and Cromwell than Leslie."

I think it may be stated with truth, that the peculiar character of our Southern life led largely to similar results. Every plantation, with its admirable organization and discipline; with its quartermaster and commissary departments, and the daily exercise of authority, trained Southern men unconsciously for leadership—the war developed and enlarged it. * * * * * *

The events of the war on the coast of Carolina, more so in Charleston harbor than elsewhere, presented the happy combination of trained officers with the "quick eye," "cool head" and "stout heart" from civil life, proving ever equal to new conditions in directing the varying fortunes of the unequal contest. A series of military object-lessons is prominently in view, and the recital of a few will suffice to make reply to the general allegations, ignorantly asserted, that Southern men are inert, and wanting in enterprise, energy and inventive genius; certain it is, that in these respects, as well as in skill, courage and endurance, no higher achievements in the military records of any nation have ever been witnessed than theirs.

Heavy odds in men and equipment were uniformly encountered, but the possession of one end of a causeway in our coast region, by

a few riflemen and a field piece, has many times stopped the advance of, and ultimately defeated, large numbers.

The first use in war of iron armor on this side of the Atlantic was Citizen C. H. Stevens's iron battery in the harbor of Charleston, in the early months of 1861, and when this invention was further developed, and in 1863, two years afterwards, was brought against Fort Sumter in a fleet of heavy ironclad ships, J. M. and T. D. Eason had meantime changed smooth-bore ordnance into rifled guns of heaviest calibre, with new projectiles which proved equal to, and had their full share, driving off this ironclad fleet and its heavy armament on April 7, and sinking one of these formidable new vessels; officers from civil life directing the guns for the most part.

The old-fashioned way of moving heavy guns in action with hand-spikes and many men was improved upon by the late Lieutenant-Colonel J. A. Yates's invention of a traverse with crank and cog-wheels (an officer from civil life), which facilitated the easy movement of the heaviest guns, so that, with limited power, the aim could be kept on a moving object, and the fire delivered with accuracy and rapidity.

The application of torpedoes for the defence of harbors and waterways was the invention of Southern men, who actually put it to use in Southern waters as early as July 7, 1861, and from this and other primitive experiments have been developed the improved torpedo boats of the present day.

When the last heavy gun had been dismantled in Fort Sumter, and it was no longer useful as an artillery post, Major John Johnson, an engineer from civil life, utilized the debris of walls and parapets and other available material, and rendered the fort impregnable to the end of the war with an infantry garrison. "Difficulty was opportunity"—Fort Sumter was "kept virgin to the end."

The ironclad Keokuk finally sunk off the southern point of Morris Island, three-quarters of a mile from the beach, after the fight of April 7, 1863. Her two 11-inch Dahlgren guns, thirteen and a half feet long, three feet in diameter at the breech, and weighing eight tons each, were taken from her turrets by the brave and indomitable Adolphus W. Lacoste in night work, with a force of Charleston artisans, almost from under the eyes of the Federal fleet, and both guns subsequently mounted on the harbor defences and used effectively. Details of these and other meritorious achievements will be found in *Johnson's Defence of Charleston Harbor*, a volume which

should be in every home in South Carolina, and throughout the South as well.

Light batteries of the highest efficiency helped to defend the long stretch of our exposed territory east of the railroad, and our cavalry did double duty; as cavalry they were rapid in movement, and, dismounting, proved the best of infantry on every occasion.

The battle of Honey Hill was the epitome, in essential particulars, of the whole four years of coast defence—"the quick eye, the cool head, the stout heart," were surely there displayed, and with these the skill, courage and endurance nurtured in our four years' school of adversity. * * *

The month of November, 1864, was relatively quiet, and without special interest on the coast of Carolina; the thin, grey line of soldiers on duty there had been informed of the great six months' struggle in Virginia, and had been thrilled with the details of the continuous victories in the defence of Richmond. General Grant's campaign, which "took all summer," having entirely failed in its only object, the capture of Richmond. They had, too, looked on for months at the unequal conflict in Georgia; had seen the mistake of removing General Joseph E. Johnston from the command of that devoted army of the West, with its "lofty spirit and enduring heart;" followed by the fall of Atlanta; and, finally, had witnessed the only army possibly available for the defence of three States, inexplicably—most strangely—dispatched in pursuit of a military mirage in Tennessee, where it was practically destroyed.

"All lost! but by the graves
Where martyred heroes rest,
He wins the most who honor saves—
Success is not the test.

All lost! but e'en defeat
Hath triumphs of her own,
Wrong's pæan hath no note so sweet
As trampled Right's proud moan."

It is a singular coincidence that the battle of Franklin was fought on the same day as Honey Hill. The people of Carolina and Georgia clearly realized the great disaster impending over their States; they knew the full significance of General Sherman's overwhelming army on its "march to the sea;" every outward and visible sign was well calculated to depress, but the record of Honey Hill shows

no discouragement, rather a sterner motive and a more spirited fight than usual on that unequal field. * * * *

THE GENESIS OF THE FIGHT AT HONEY HILL.

General Sherman's column was on its "march to the sea," and on November 11th he telegraphed General Halleck: "I would like to have Foster break the Charleston and Savannah Railroad about Pocatigo about the 1st of December."

Later in the month the following detail was made, which was ready on the 28th of November, and some troops did embark on that day.

UNITED STATES FORCES, ARMY AND NAVY.

Gunboats.—Pawnee, Mingoe, Pontiac, Sonoma, Winona and Wis-sahickon.

Naval Brigade.—Composed of 500 sailors and marines, with twelve howitzers for duty ashore; Commander George H. Preble.

Artillery.—Batteries B and F, 3d New York, and Battery A, 3d Rhode Island, under command of Lieutenant-Colonel William Ames.

Infantry.—General E. E. Potter's "1st brigade." New York regiments, 56th, 127th, 144th, 157th; Ohio regiment, 25th; United States colored troops, 32d, 34th, 35th regiments; Colonel A. S. Hartwell's "2d brigade." Massachusetts regiments, 54th and 55th; United States colored troops, 26th and 102d regiments.

Cavalry.—A detachment of the 4th Massachusetts Regiment, under Captain George P. Hurlbut.

RECAPITULATION.

	Men.
Navy—six gunboats, naval brigade, sailors and marines, -	500
Army—three batteries of artillery, - - - - -	300
Twelve regiments of infantry of 400 each, - -	4,800
Total, - - - - -	<hr/> 5,600

The landing was made a secure base for their operations. The double-enders of the fleet lay in line, stern to stern, near the shore, presenting a broadside of nineteen heavy guns and sixteen howitzers.

A cavalry detachment, two squadrons, four companies, 200 men. Total estimated at from 5,500 to 6,000 soldiers for duty—all under command of Major-General J. C. Foster, U. S. A.

Orders were issued that the fleet should start before daybreak on the 29th, but a heavy fog settled over the river, preventing much

progress; at 4 A. M. it was clear overhead but still foggy and it was not until 8 A. M. that the advance naval vessels reached Boyd's Landing. The transports arrived later on account of the thick weather. After noon the creek was crowded with craft. General Foster appeared at 2 P. M. and General Potter at 3.30. He infused new life into affairs, an army of about 6,000 men; eighteen guns, horses and stores were to be landed, and it appears that all of the 29th was consumed in effecting this completely.

Having presented in detail the formidable character of the column of attack, and in view of the certainty of battle next day, we leave the Federals landing and making their preparations for the morrow, in order to report the condition of Confederate affairs on that eventful 29th of November.

* * * * *

CONFEDERATE SITUATION NOVEMBER 29, 1864, A. M.

The military department of South Carolina, Georgia and Florida was that day under the chief command of Lieutenant-General W. J. Hardee, with headquarters at Savannah, Georgia; Major-General Samuel Jones, second in command, had his headquarters at Charleston, South Carolina.

The 3rd military district of South Carolina (extending from the Ashepoo to the Savannah river, and down to the coast), in which the enemy landed, and where the battle of "Honey Hill" was fought, was in command of Colonel C. J. Colcock, 3rd South Carolina cavalry, with headquarters at Grahamville, South Carolina. Lieutenant E. W. Fraser, A. A. G., in charge of district headquarters; Captain Louis D. DeSaussure, inspector of outposts on Colonel Colcock's staff, also on duty at headquarters.

In the temporary absence of Colonel Colcock, his duties devolved on Major John Jenkins, 3rd South Carolina cavalry, with headquarters at Pocataligo, South Carolina.

The old adage: "It is the unexpected that happens," was again experienced on this eventful morning, when six gunboats and a large fleet of transports, bearing a column of 6,000 men, infantry, cavalry and artillery, suddenly came in view of the vedettes on Broad river, on their way to Boyd's Landing. This was about 8 o'clock A. M.

I have already referred to the quiet conditions in November, along our coast front, and to the continuing depletion from this region, of its already limited forces, to meet the needs of the Confederacy elsewhere, and so the actual military conditions at that date may be best

presented by an enumeration of the troops of all arms available in the military district, in which the landing and succeeding battle took place.

The 11th regiment South Carolina infantry, Colonel F. Hay Gantt, Lieutenant-Colonel Allen C. Izard, Major J. J. Gooding, was the last infantry force on duty between Ashley river and the Savannah. In May, 1864, it was ordered to report to General Johnson Hagood in Virginia. Not an infantry soldier was on the coast between Charleston and Savannah after that date, except Company E, 11th S. C. V., Captain John C. Mickler, which was left on outpost duty and scouting up to June, 1864, when this company also joined its regiment in Virginia.

Cavalry—3d South Carolina, C. J. Colcock, colonel; T. H. Johnson, lieutenant-colonel; John Jenkins, major. Of this regiment the following companies and parts of companies proved available for service on November 29 and 30.

Company B—Archibald L. Campbell, captain; Saxby Chaplin, first lieutenant; C. G. Henderson, second lieutenant; Stobo Perry, third lieutenant; (from Colleton county), 51 men—was at John's Island, near Charleston; ordered to Pocataligo to relieve Company K, ordered to Georgia; it arrived at Honey Hill November 30, 8 o'clock A. M.

Company C—James M. Gregorie, captain; Jos. M. Farr, first lieutenant (commanding); T. Heyward Howard, second lieutenant (on other duty); Wm. N. Heyward, third lieutenant; (from Beaufort county), 20 men. A detachment on outpost duty in the vicinity, which assembled and reported for duty—Company E, H. C. Raysor, captain; J. P. Youmans, first lieutenant; H. W. Jaudon, second lieutenant; Isaac Bostick, third lieutenant; (from what is now Hampton county), 80 men—were at Pocataligo and ordered to Bee's Creek on 29th; went there promptly; advanced towards Boyd's until enemy was in sight and remained there until evening, actively skirmishing with head of naval brigade, which had advanced in that direction from the landing—by taking the wrong road.

Company I—John Lawson Seabrook, captain; T. Warren Mikell, first lieutenant; John M. Jenkins, second lieutenant; Benj. Bailey, third lieutenant; (from Charleston and neighboring sea islands), 20 men.

Company I (Rebel Troop) was in camp at Pocataligo, but had detachments permanently assigned at different points—ten men, under Corporal J. M. Seabrook, were at headquarters, "Adams

Run," as guides and scouts; another detachment was on outpost duty at Port Royal Ferry and adjacent posts; only one-half of the company could be ordered to Honey Hill—about 40 men; one-half of these while on the march were ordered to Mackey's Point on news that part of the enemy's fleet was approaching there. This accounts for only twenty men being in action of 30th at Honey Hill.

Company K—W. B. Peeples, captain; W. H. Hewlett, first lieutenant; Richard Johnson, second lieutenant (absent on special service); M. A. Rountree, third lieutenant (from Barnwell county); 75 men. Lieutenant Rountree states that Company K was under orders for Georgia; arrived at Grahamville evening 28th and bivouacked; hearing of landing on 29th, Captain Peeples, without waiting for orders, led his company promptly to the front to observe the enemy on Grahamville side, and, as senior officer present, took command and directed matters until Major Jenkins' arrival on the field later in the day. Total cavalry force, 246 men.

Artillery—Beaufort Volunteer Artillery, Captain H. M. Stuart; Lieutenants John Rhodes, R. M. Fuller, John Baker (from Beaufort, S. C.)—4 guns, 100 men—was at McPhersonville, north of Pocataligo Station.

Furman Light Artillery (Earle's Battery), Major W. E. Earle (recently promoted and on special service); Lieutenant James Furman, commanding; Lieutenant E. H. Graham; Lieutenant S. S. Kirby (sick in hospital); Lieutenant Anderson (absent on leave); Sergeant S. B. Scruggs, acting lieutenant (from Greenville and vicinity)—4 guns, 90 men—was at May River, between Bluffton and New River Bridge; marched thirty-five miles to Honey Hill, and arrived at sunrise of the 30th.

Lafayette Artillery—Captain J. T. Kanapaux; Senior First Lieutenant C. J. Zealy; Junior First Lieutenant A. Victor Kanapaux; Second Lieutenant T. W. Bolger (from Charleston)—4 guns, 135 men—at Bee's Creek field works.

Bachman's Battery, A. N. V. (had been recently ordered back to the State)—Captain W. K. Bachman; First Lieutenant James Simons; Junior First Lieutenant Rudolph Seigling; Second Lieutenant William Scherers—4 guns, 90 men—was at Pocataligo.

SUMMARY.

It thus appears that of troops within reach of Boyd's on the 29th, there were of 3d South Carolina Cavalry, detachments of Companies

C and I, 40 men; Companies E and K, 155 men, arriving early on the morning of the 30th; Company B, 51 men. Total, 246 men.

Artillery—Beaufort, 4 guns, 100 men; Lafayette, 4 guns, 135 men; Bachman's, 4 guns, 90 men—325; and arriving early on morning of 30th, Earle's Battery, 4 guns, 90 men; total, 415 men. Total cavalry and artillery, 661.

With the uncertain movements of the enemy's vessels in Broad river, some of them mistaking Boyd's Landing and even higher up the river opposite "Mackay's Point," it was necessary to leave a garrison at "Old Pocatigo," and Bachman's battery was left there—90 men—Captain W. K. Bachman, commanding.

The works at "Bee's creek" had to be garrisoned, as it was four miles, left-in-front, of our lines at Honey Hill, and protected one of the approaches to the railroad. The following assignments were made at this point: Beaufort Artillery, 25 men, 1 gun; Lafayette Artillery, 40 men, 2 guns; surplus artillerists (Lafayette) 60 men, equipped as infantry. Total 125.

Bolan's Causeway, leading from the "church" on the enemy's left-centre on the Savannah turnpike, to the right and rear of Honey Hill breastworks, was guarded by one gun from the Beaufort Artillery, and 25 men. Total 240 men.

These dispositions of our limited forces left for duty at Honey Hill 246, 3d South Carolina cavalry, and 175 artillerists—421 men.

Two companies of the 3d South Carolina cavalry had only recently been transferred to Georgia to augment the forces in front of General Sherman's march, and a fourth, Company K, was on its way to Georgia when halted at Grahamville, S. C., on the 29th.

* * * * *

Having enumerated the disposition of the limited forces present for duty, my further purpose is simply to narrate events as they occurred on the 29th, and to show in the order of happening what was done that day in preparation for the impending battle on the 30th.

Between 8 and 9 A. M., when the fog lifted, the vedettes at and near Boyd's discovered very unexpectedly the vessels of the enemy moving up Broad river to that deep water landing. Lieutenant T. Heyward Howard, Company C, 3d South Carolina cavalry, was officer of the day, and promptly sent a courier to district headquarters at Grahamville, announcing the presence of the enemy in force.

Lieutenant E. W. Fraser reports receiving the information at 10 A. M., and adds: "As Assistant Adjutant-General of the 3rd military district, I was left in charge of headquarters at Grahamville, by Col-

onel C. J. Colcock, commanding the district, with these special instructions, upon his leaving for Mathewes's Bluff on official duty in relation to General Sherman's march: '(1) In case of the enemy's landing or other unusual occurrence report the same to military authorities at Charleston and Savannah and to Major John Jenkins, at Pocataligo. (2) To inform him by courier, of anything of importance that might occur in his absence.' To make sure of having prompt information, Colonel Colcock established a line of couriers between Grahamville and Mathewes's Bluff. In obedience to these orders, upon receiving the news, telegrams were sent to General Hardee, at Savannah; General Jones, at Charleston, and Major Jenkins, at Pocataligo, announcing the presence of the enemy in large force; also a courier was promptly started to Colonel Colcock, with the information of the enemy's landing at 'Boyd's.'

"The courier was ordered to make all possible speed, and to urge the other couriers en route to like efforts. It was a ride of about fifty miles, and the communication reached Colonel Colcock at 5 P. M. the same day. I also requested Captain Louis D. DeSaussure to proceed to the front, observe the enemy's movements, and keep me informed of all occurrences, to enable me to communicate with department headquarters from time to time, and he rode to the front at once."

Major John Jenkins was in Charleston on official business, and as soon as he learned the news, rode to Grahamville in the cab of a locomotive, specially fired up for his use, with Lieutenant William N. Heyward, attached to the artillery of the 3rd South Carolina cavalry, who was also in Charleston on official business.

Arriving at Grahamville in the afternoon, Major Jenkins at once took command of the district, relieving Captain W. B. Peeples, Company K, 3rd South Carolina cavalry, who, as senior officer, had been acting.

Upon taking command, Major Jenkins at once communicated with department headquarters and received the following order from General Hardee: "That the most determined resistance to check and delay the enemy should be made by the local troops; that General G. W. Smith, with an infantry force, was on the way and would be at Grahamville at sunrise, 30th."

Major Jenkins also received a telegram from General Jones, at Charleston, advising infantry reinforcements, 32d and 47th Georgia regiments, from that city, to arrive soon as possible. To which

Major Jenkins replied: "It is important that I should be reinforced to-night. Please hurry Harrison to Coosawhatchie."

These orders were at once communicated to each command, and were received with enthusiasm.

Colonel Colcock, upon receiving the news, at once mounted his horse and started for Grahamville, stopping at Mr. Bostick's on the way to announce the news, and to explain his necessary absence the next day. Riding all night, he approached Grahamville in the early morning, passed his family in a wagon on the road seeking a place of safety from a battle about to be fought at their doors, and, without stopping, he bade them be of good cheer. He reached Grahamville after sunrise on the 30th and proceeded to the front to observe the situation.

Some idea of the military situation that morning may be formed from this circumstance: It is stated that seven companies of Colonel Colcock's 3d South Carolina cavalry, of about 700 men, were picketing the coast from Stono River to the Savannah, a front of about one hundred miles. Concerning the difficulties of a timely concentration of troops to meet this grave emergency I will give two incidents:

(1) Company B, 3d South Carolina Cavalry, Captain Archibald L. Campbell, was on John's Island, near Charleston. At noon of the 28th, an order came to report at Pocataligo "as soon as possible." The company took the road in fifteen minutes, Lieutenant Henderson being detailed to draw in distant vedettes and follow. The command rode on through the night and all next day, reaching Pocataligo at sunset of the 29th. After a short rest, the command was ordered to report at or near Boyd's Landing, and another night ride brought them to Bee's Creek works before daylight. From there Captain Campbell proceeded to Honey Hill. From John's Island, where Company B was on duty, was seventy miles by the most available roads.

(2) On the other side of Honey Hill, Earle's Battery was on duty on May River, near Bluffton. The battery received orders at 5 P. M. on the 29th to move promptly to Grahamville, and in a few minutes took the upper road and, passing through Hardeeville and Purysburg, arrived at Grahamville railroad depot before daybreak of the 30th; after feeding the horses and breakfasting the men, the battery proceeded to Honey Hill, several miles distant, arriving there at sunrise. After an all-night march of thirty-five miles and without rest, they went into action. In the United States war records and in other

accounts Earle's Battery is not recorded as engaged. It is mentioned here for the first time in print.

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TOPOGRAPHY—CONCENTRATION OF TROOPS.

From Boyd's Landing there was a road towards Coosawhatchie, via Bee's creek, which had been for some time strongly fortified for infantry and field pieces to protect the railroad at that point. A second approach to the railroad was to the left of Bee's creek, via Bolan's Church and Honey Hill; this was a shorter line, and the one General Foster intended taking, as appears by the records since published. He believed it to be an open road. General R. E. Lee, as will be remembered, was in command of this department from November 8, 1861, to March 3, 1862, with headquarters near Coosawhatchie. He became very familiar with the topography of this section, and he located and ordered General T. L. Clingman, with his brigade, 8th, 31st, 51st and 61st regiments, North Carolina infantry, to build this line of field works, and this was done during that winter. The writer served in that neighborhood in 1862 and heard frequent disparaging remarks as to what these defences were ever built for. They eventually proved to be well located and quite useful, although washed by rains and from general neglect not in the best condition on the 30th November, 1864.

It was a perplexing situation. It could not be known with certainty whether the enemy would advance by Bee's creek or Honey Hill. Major Jenkins therefore ordered three guns of Stuart's Beaufort Artillery and two guns of Kanapaux's Lafayette Artillery from Bee's creek towards Grahamville, leaving three guns in the field works at the former point, one of Stuart's and two of Kanapaux's; part of Kanapaux's Battery had equipped as infantry for support; also ordered Bachman's Battery to be ready to move from Pocataligo in "quick time" towards Bee's creek in case of need. It is probable that he did not know at this time of Earle's Battery, four guns, having been ordered to Grahamville by General Hardee. This disposition of our limited forces proved eminently wise in every respect on the 30th.

Captain Raysor states that his company, E, was at Pocataligo when word was received that the enemy were landing at Boyd's; he was ordered to go to Boyd's as soon as possible and "find the enemy." Captain Raysor says: "I proceeded forthwith; when I reached Bee's Creek in the afternoon I met some of Captain Pee-

ple's vedettes falling back, who reported Captain Peeple's command retiring toward's Bolan's Church, on the Savannah turnpike, before the enemy, advancing in heavy force on that point. I dismounted my men, sent forward a skirmish line, which soon met the enemy's skirmishers; we had a sharp fight with them until dark, when I fell back to a breastwork, still keeping out a line of pickets; in doing this the two picket lines came together with some firing and one of the enemy's pickets was captured," etc., etc.

From that excellent publication, "Emilio's History of the 54th Massachusetts Regiment," I find that "The Naval Brigade, Commander Preble, with eight howitzers, moved by hand, landed early and advanced to the road (leading to Bee's Creek) and pushed a small force to the right, which met a few of the enemy," etc. This was the force which Captain Raysor engaged.

It appears to have consumed the entire day, 29th, to land the troops, military stores and supplies, and most of the troops had been moved forward from the landing to the vicinity of Bolan's Church by evening upon the old road leading through this section to Savannah; at that point the road to Grahamville is at right angles to the Savannah road, and Honey Hill is distant about two miles.

When night closed in on the eve of battle Captain Raysor, Company E, was in front of the enemy on the Bee's Creek side, and Captain Peebles, Company K, next to the enemy, on the Honey Hill road. * * * * * * * *

Looking back over these thirty-three years, there is one feature of that day's situation that is prominent in memory. Not only was the handful of soldiers quietly preparing to face fearful odds, but the small community of Grahamville was stirred to resistance! As soon as the news of the presence of the enemy became known, Captain George P. Elliott, commissary of the post, appealed to the citizens, old and young, to organize a company and go to the breastworks; this was promptly responded to, and this small force was there during the day, mostly armed with double-barrel guns; among them was the venerable General John H. Howard. The writer recalls him readily, for he saw much of him in those days. He was a tall, heavy man, of perhaps three score and ten years; a warm-hearted, generous, high-toned citizen. He had raised Company C, of the 3d, and commanded it until he found his physical infirmities interfered with his duties, when he gave place to a younger officer.

During the afternoon of the 29th the monotony was too great at the breastworks, and General Howard mounted his horse and rode

down towards the enemy, armed with his favorite double-barrel gun loaded with buckshot. Joining some of the cavalry in observation, he rode towards the Federal troops and urged a near approach. When within range he opened fire with both barrels, and was in favor of charging down upon them, but the officer in command prudently withdrew his small force. I have heard the General express the regret that Broad River was between the enemy's camp and the mainland, and that we had no ships to go after them! I think his ambition was to sacrifice his life for the State and "the cause." He survived the war a few years, and, riding in his buggy to the "White Hall" Plantation, where President Washington was entertained on his visit to South Carolina in 1791, without an enemy in the world, universally esteemed and respected, he was murdered and robbed by two negroes.

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GEORGIA MILITIA AT HONEY HILL AND THEIR GALLANT LEADER,
GENERAL G. W. SMITH.

Night had closed in; the column of attack, with their guns, stores and supplies, had been landed, and the main body had marched from the landing, and occupied the old Savannah dirt road, near Bolan's Church, as shown on the map, and erected field works to guard against attack from Bee's creek. At this time only a few field pieces and less than two hundred cavalry armed with short Enfield rifles were in their front, divided into two small commands, one on Bee's creek road, under Captain H. C. Raysor, the other on Hill road, under Captain W. B. Peebles. In the early morning of the 30th, as soon as Captain Raysor, Company E, found that the naval brigade had retraced their advance towards Bee's creek, he knew that the attack would be made on the Honey Hill road, and before daylight his company was put in motion for that point.

It was a night of watchfulness and anxiety—unless the expected infantry reinforcements arrived before daylight the fearful odds of more than twenty-five to one would be encountered in the morning. Every one of this small band of Confederate soldiers, in front of the enemy that night, deliberately made up his mind that the Federal army was to be held in check, whatever the odds, whatever the sacrifice—this Captain Peebles did with 120 men for three hours next morning.

That a record be made of the true situation on that eventful night, I introduce here proper mention of the distinguished officer, Gen-

eral Gustavus W. Smith, C. S. A., in command of the Georgia infantry, that a statement of his own, may be permanently recorded with us, in regard to the occurrences of that night, and so correct the unfortunate misstatements made by another writer true in a somewhat jocular way, but doing great injustice to the general commanding, and to the brave soldiers from Georgia, who, by their gallant co-operation, made the victory of Honey Hill possible.

General G. W. Smith was a native of Kentucky, and graduated from West Point in the class of 1842. I append the "order of general merit" at graduation of (subsequently) prominent members of that class, as a fitting introduction to this interesting narrative: 5. William S. Rosecrans; 8. Gustavus W. Smith; 9. Mansfield Lovell; 12. Alex. P. Stewart; 16. *Martin L. Smith; 17. John Pope; 24. Abner Doubleday; 28. D. H. Hill; 40. R. H. Anderson; 41. Geo. W. Lay; 48. Lafayette McLaws; 52. Earl Van Dorn; 54. James Longstreet. He was assigned to the engineer corps and stationed at West Point as assistant professor of engineering until September 24, 1846, when he took the field in General Scott's column in Mexico and served until May 22, 1848; he was breveted for gallantry at Cerro Gordo and for gallant conduct at Contreras and Cherubusco; was promoted captain of engineers. After the Mexican war he served on the coast defences. He resigned December 15, 1854, and with General Quitman, was engaged in preparations for a military expedition in Cuba, but this was abandoned. In 1856 he took charge of the large iron interests of Cooper, Hewitt & Co. at Trenton, N. J.

When Fernando Wood was elected mayor of New York he induced General Smith to accept the position of street commissioner, which he held until May, 1861, when he and his deputy, Mansfield Lovell, of Maryland, resigned and joined the Confederate army at Richmond.

President Davis commissioned him major-general on September 19, 1861, and assigned him to the command of the "1st division, A. N. V.," composed of the brigades of Whiting, Hood, Hampton, Petigrew and Hatton. He did gallant service in the Peninsular campaign, and commanded the army at Fair Oaks for a short time, when General J. E. Johnston was wounded and carried from the field.

About this time he was prostrated by a long and serious illness and was paralyzed. This he mentioned to Major Jenkins on the day of the battle when mounting a horse at Grahamville depot, which

proved too spirited for him, when the gallant major exchanged with him, loaning his own horse, which was easy going and safe-footed. This gave the General great satisfaction on their ride together to the battlefield.

He was appointed Secretary of War by President Davis, but served only a short time. In February, 1863, he took charge of a foundry in Georgia, casting cannon for the Confederate army. When General Sherman initiated his campaign against Atlanta in 1864 General Smith was chosen commander of the Georgia State militia, and was Governor Brown's right-hand man in those stirring times and remained with those troops until the end, proving himself a valuable officer and winning the entire confidence of the people of Georgia and the troops under his command.

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STATE RIGHTS, 2 O'CLOCK A. M., NOVEMBER 30, 1864, AT
SAVANNAH, GA.

I make these extracts from General Smith's official report to General Hardee :

“Upon arriving here, almost broken down with fatigue and want of rest, with officers and men similarly situated, I received, before leaving the cars, a peremptory order, from yourself, requiring me to take the militia of Georgia beyond the limits of the State, which was in direct violation of the statute organizing and calling them into service. I determined not to move either the militia or the (two small regiments of State line troops) beyond the limits of Georgia until satisfied in my own mind that necessity demanded it. In a personal interview with yourself (2 o'clock A. M.) you informed me that the enemy had moved out from Broad River, were encamped within a few miles of the Savannah and Charleston Railroad, threatening Grahamville and Coosawhatchie, and unless vigorously opposed would undoubtedly break the road at one or both of those points soon after daylight, and that the only force that you had in your whole command, which could by any possibility be brought upon the ground in time was two regular Confederate regiments from Charleston, and you believed these would be there too late, and that if I could hold the enemy in check until 2 o'clock P. M., and prevent them cutting the road before that time, several thousand troops from North and South Carolina, intended for Savannah, would arrive. In this interview I showed you my qualified authority from the Governor (Joseph E. Brown) to withdraw the Georgia State forces, under my com-

mand, from Confederate service in case they were ordered beyond the limits of the State. After a full conference with yourself I was perfectly satisfied that for the purpose intended it was right and proper the movement should be made, and I gave orders accordingly. Notwithstanding some objections made by a portion of officers and men the order was willingly obeyed.

"It is shown by the foregoing extracts from my official reports that the movement of troops through Savannah to South Carolina was settled upon between General Hardee and myself; not by General Toombs and General Taylor, as the latter would have it believed. General Toombs was chief of my staff. General Taylor had no command in this military department, and I heard nothing whatever of him during the time in question." * * * *

"On reaching the depot to which I had ordered the trains to be transferred, I called around me about a dozen representative men of the command, briefly explained to them the necessity of our going beyond the limits of the State; told them the substance of what had passed between General Hardee and myself, and directed them to communicate this to the men, who were still in the cars, and let me know quickly what they said about it. The reply came in a very few minutes. Nearly all the officers said they were willing to go anywhere General Smith wanted them to go."

* * * *

"On receiving that message I told the representative men to go back and inform all concerned they were going to South Carolina because it was my order, and they would start in ten minutes, would be engaged in a hot fight before 12 M. that day, must win it, and would be brought back to Georgia within forty-eight hours. In a few minutes I heard laughter from every car, and at once ordered the conductors to put both trains in motion immediately. I stepped on the rear platform of the last car, and before reaching Grahamville Station passed through every car in both trains and let all the men understand that we were to protect the railroad from raiding parties and thus enable the Confederate reinforcements to reach Savannah."

In this critical emergency, involving large consequences in two States, General Smith did what every soldier may at any time have to do—he took the responsibility, regardless of orders. His conduct stands out in honorable mention in our war history, and no Georgian or Carolinian cognizant of this incident will ever be wanting in appreciation of his services living, or in respect to his memory now that he has "crossed over the river."

General Smith brought to the field the following Georgia infantry, mostly skeleton commands of reserve militia, and numbering possibly 1,100 or 1,200 men for duty: Portion of 1st brigade, Georgia militia, Colonel Willis; portion of State Line brigade, Colonel Wilson; the Athens battalion, Major Cook; the Augusta battalion, Major George T. Jackson.

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From Charleston the 47th Georgia (veteran soldiers) arrived, and as a fair example of Confederate management and handling of troops, I let the gallant adjutant explain in his own words—only remarking that the news of the enemy's landing at Boyd's was known at headquarters in Charleston at 10 o'clock A. M., and the brave "47th Georgia" (then on James Island, almost in sight of headquarters) was not ordered to move until 5 P. M.—seven hours' lost time in a great emergency!

"The order to march to railroad station in St. Andrew's came very late in the evening; the march was not begun until dark; I do not recall the distance, but we did not reach the station until 9 o'clock P. M.; there was some delay there, as it was 'ration day,' and our wagons had been sent to commissary department for supplies; we had been assured starting that rations would be issued to us at station; after waiting until midnight, we left, hungry and without rations. The train arrived at Grahamville very early in the morning, just after daylight; here we waited fully two hours, without instructions of any kind whatever in what direction to march. We finally started, passing through Grahamville to the breastworks at Honey Hill. The men marched slowly, sullenly, for everyone was hungry, exhausted from loss of sleep, and vexed at their bad treatment—no rations yet! Not until the firing in our front became rapid and sharp was there any manifestation of the old *esprit du corps*. At Honey Hill we had for duty 300 to 350 men out of 1,000 we carried into Confederate service three years and a half before. Field and staff present: A. C. Edwards, colonel; Joseph S. Cone, lieutenant-colonel; Joseph C. Thompson, major; B. S. Williams, adjutant. Having no record, I cannot say from memory if any others of the staff officers were present. It is impossible to recollect the roster of company officers present that day."

The appearance of the Federal gunboats at Boyd's Landing on November 29, A. M., 1864, was as genuine a surprise as ever happened. The 3rd military district had been depleted of soldiers, to meet the urgent needs elsewhere, and behind the thin line of pickets

that watched the miles of water front between Charleston and Savannah there were few troops in support.

I purpose to record the undaunted courage, the self-sacrificing persistence, and the wonderful achievement of a small band of citizen soldiers, who, at a moment's notice, volunteered to confront odds of forty to one, and did so successfully and with surprising results.

The late Hon. William Henry Trescot, speaking of the young men of South Carolina at the opening of the war, of whom these were worthy representatives, said: "The fathers and mothers who had reared them, the society whose traditions gave both refinement and assurance to their young ambition, the colleges, where the creed of Mr. Calhoun was the text-book of their political studies, the friends with whom they planned their future, the very land they loved, dear to them as thoughtless boys, dearer to them as thoughtful men, were all impersonate, living, speaking, commanding in the State of which they were children."

That was written of the sentiment and feeling of the young men of South Carolina in 1861. Four years of bloodshed, sweeping losses of property, daily personal privations, had not changed the survivors; rather the intervening four years had intensified their earlier motives, and as clearly had not dulled their feelings. But I am only to write briefly of events which marked the twenty-four hours preceding the battle of Honey Hill on November 30, 1864, and must not linger by the way.

There had been a further requisition for a company of cavalry to go to Georgia, to strengthen the outpost service in front of General Sherman, Company K, Captain Peeples, was ordered there from Pocataligo, and Company B, Captain A. L. Campbell, both of the 3rd South Carolina cavalry, was ordered from John's Island to take their place. While both commands were in motion the enemy appeared at Boyd's Landing. Captain Peeples had arrived at Grahamville on the evening of November 28, and bivouacked for the night. On the morning of the 29th, while horses were being shod and the many details attended to, preparatory to active outpost duty in front of a large invading force, a courier on his way to district headquarters reported the enemy landing at Boyd's. Then came swiftly the ready order, in Captain Peeples's clarion voice, that could be heard a mile. "There was mounting in hot haste," and in a few minutes Company K, 75 men strong, were in a gallop down the Honey Hill road. There was no hesitancy, no waiting for orders;

straight to the front, to find the enemy, was every man's purpose. Arriving in view of the landing, this handful of soldiers deployed to observe the Federal troops, and every hour a courier rode to district headquarters at Grahamville, with information of the enemy's movements. This was telegraphed to the department headquarters at Charleston and Savannah by Lieutenant Fraser, assistant adjutant-general, 3d military district. This landing of the Federal army, it should be noted, was known at department headquarters in Charleston and Savannah at 10 o'clock A. M. on the 29th.

The Federal army passed the entire day of the 29th in landing horses for their cavalry and field pieces, guns, military stores, etc., and their large infantry force, a total of 5,500 to 6,000 men. Their several commands began advancing in the afternoon, some, by mistake, as it appears, towards the Bee's Creek battery, covering the railroad at Coosawhatchie, but the main body took the old Savannah stage road, and occupied the ground for more than a mile and up to Bolan's Church. Captain Raysor, a meritorious and gallant officer, commanding Company E, of the 3d, met and checked this movement on the Bee's creek side; Captain Peeples and Company K retired slowly before the larger force, and bivouacked between Bolan's Church and the Honey Hill breastworks, passing the night in close observation of the enemy.

With the early dawn of the ever memorable 30th of November it was clearly ascertained that the whole Federal force would move on Grahamville; it was as clearly realized that a grave responsibility had to be met by Captain Peeples. His 75 men had increased during the afternoon and night to about 100; vedettes from various posts in the neighborhood, headquarters' details, men on furlough, did not wait for orders, but started for Boyd's as soon as they heard that the enemy was landing.

If there is anything higher in military character and conduct than these individual soldiers, instinctively riding from separate points toward the enemy, during the afternoon, night and early morning of November 29 and 30, I have never heard of it. Captain Peeples and Company K had done the same thing in a body in the morning.

Captain Peeples was reinforced, first with a gun from Kanapaux's Lafayette Artillery, under Lieutenant C. J. Zealey, and later a gun from Earle's battery, under Lieutenant Graham, both brave and skillful officers, with detachments of undaunted artillerists, ready like the dismounted cavalry, with their rifles, to make the last sacrifice, if necessary, but the enemy was to be held in check till the

latest moment. Every man was there in the spirit of Timrod's "Cry to Arms."

Come with the weapons at your call—
With musket, pike or knife;
He wields the deadliest blade of all
Who lightest holds his life!

From Captain Louis F. Emilio's (U. S. A.) narrative of the battle the Federal advance under General Hatch began at 7:30 A. M., the 127th New York in advance, skirmishing. Bolan's Church was two miles from Boyd's Landing, and the Honey Hill breastworks were two and a half miles from Bolan's Church. The objective point of Captain Peeples's small force was to delay the enemy's advance until the expected reinforcements could arrive at Grahamville depot, march from the railroad down to the breastworks at Honey Hill, and get into position there. Besides the two guns of Kanapaux and Earle and the 100 dismounted cavalry of Captain Peeples, there were in the vicinity of Honey Hill at 7:30 A. M., when the Federal advance began, six other field pieces of the "Beaufort" Artillery, and "Kanapaux" and "Earle's" batteries, also the 47th Georgia infantry, Colonel Edwards, 350 veteran troops, which had arrived at sunrise, as promised by wire from Charleston, and about 140 3d South Carolina cavalry of Company B, Captain Campbell, Company E, Captain Raysor, and detachments from Companies C and I. Adjutant Williams writes that the "47th Georgia" waited hours at the railroad, with no one to tell them where to go—this fine infantry force certainly did not reach the breastworks until about 10:30, four hours after their arrival at the station. I mention these facts to show that more guns and infantry could have been put in front of the advancing Federal column, but Captain Peeples and his small force of men and two guns actually bore the brunt of this all-important resistance down the road; when towards the end of the unequal struggle some of the 3d South Carolina cavalry came to his assistance.

The guns of Lieutenants Zealey and Graham were the real weapons used, and the dismounted cavalry protected these pieces, and in many other ways retarded the advance. The enemy had to keep the road for some distance on account of the low grounds on either side, and here it was that the Federal advance was so seriously delayed. Lieutenant "Kit" Zealey, of the Lafayettes, as he was familiarly called, was, it appears, quite an expert in estimating distances and cutting fuses to suit, and the bursting of shells in the crowded ranks on the causeway proved to be very damaging and

demoralizing. When Lieutenant Graham's gun, from Earle's Battery, came thundering down the road, unlimbered and went quickly into action, the confusion in the long lines of soldiers in blue, as the two guns distributed their favors along the causeway, was plainly visible. But there was all the while a slow yet steady forward movement of the columns in blue; finally solid ground was reached, and a deployment began, which, of course, would have in a short time enveloped the guns and the small infantry support unless checked. Colonel Colcock appeared at this point, and led his personal staff and force of couriers up to the front line in support of Captain Peeples. The enemy were rapidly closing in—some effective measure was imperative. The field through which the enemy was approaching was overgrown with tall broom grass; this was set on fire, and the wind being favorable, carried flames and smoke in a dense, stifling cloud into the faces of the enemy, who retreated precipitately in some confusion. I have evidence claiming that Captain Peeples directed the firing of the grass, and I have just as positive statements that Colonel Colcock ordered it done; the fact remains that it certainly secured an important delay, and saved two guns and the infantry supports. Colonel Colcock and Captain Peeples have both "crossed over the river" since, but if both had been spared until now, I think the Colonel would have waived this honor in favor of his gallant captain and his brave comrades, who certainly were faithful and true those two days. The half hour gained enabled Captain Peeples' entire command to retire to the breastworks at Honey Hill, and take their positions where the line of battle had just then been formed, guns in place and every arrangement made to repel the enemy.

Quoting from a very fair and interesting account of the battle by Captain C. C. Soule, U. S. A., and originally published in the *Philadelphia Times*, he says:

"During the action there seems to have been very bad management—the irresolution which allowed one piece (2) of artillery and one company of dismounted cavalry to hold in check for three hours an entire brigade—these faults cannot be overlooked."

I served with Captain Peeples on the coast and knew him well. He rode a handsome horse, which he loved as well as he did himself, and his saddle, bridle, bit and housings were very fine for those hard times in horse trappings, and were always kept bright and in order. At every point, in the bivouac, or on the march, he showed his fondness for the mounted service; even so far as to be thought

by some disposed to be "showy," but when "the tug of war" came, and he led one against forty and held the line for three hours, Captain Peeples was on that front line, and his cool courage and untiring ceaseless energy accomplished wonderful results.

Captain Peeples survived the war, and lived for many years an honored and highly esteemed citizen of Barnwell county, holding offices of responsibility and trust to the satisfaction of his constituents. His death was universally regretted. It is a privilege, which I highly appreciate, that has enabled me, even at this late period, to write a line in memory of so gallant and loyal a Carolinian.

WM. A. COURTENAY.

Innisfallen, August, 1898.

GENERAL J. E. B. STUART.

CAPTAIN R. E. FRAYSER'S TRIBUTE TO HIS MEMORY.

Address Prepared to be Delivered at the Dedication of the Stuart Monument at Yellow Tavern—Authentic Biography of the Great Cavalry Leader.

On the 18th day of June, 1888, the monument erected to the memory of the late General J. E. B. Stuart was dedicated at Yellow Tavern, the spot where he fell. Among those who were to have delivered addresses on that occasion was Captain R. E. Frayser, of Stuart's staff, a highly esteemed citizen of Richmond; but owing to the lengthened proceedings and the lateness of the hour, he was prevented from speaking. His address, however, was really an authentic sketch of the career of the gallant cavalry leader, and because of its interest and value it is preserved here.

Mr. President, my Comrades and Countrymen:

We are here to-day to honor the boy of Laurel Hill and the hero of more than a hundred battles, by dedicating to his memory an unostentatious granite shaft, to mark the spot upon which he fell, mortally wounded, a little more than twenty-four years ago, while defending the city of Richmond.

The name of James Ewell Brown Stuart has already been inscribed indelibly upon the pages of history, and his illustrious deeds are

known to all civilized nations. His career was brief, but brilliant as the meteor that flashes athwart the heavens and leaves in its track refulgent light. Our hero was born at Laurel Hill, Patrick county, Virginia, on the 6th day of February, 1833, and fell on this field the 11th day of May, 1864. In this short period of thirty-one years, four months and twelve days, he won a glorious and imperishable name, and one that posterity will delight to cherish and honor for his noble attributes and his transcendent military achievements. It would be supererogation in me to follow this sublime man from his birth-place, through the school-room at Wytheville, Emory and Henry, at West Point, and the trackless forest in pursuit of the red-man for the protection of the early settlers on the frontiers in the great Western wilds, or the conspicuous part he took in all the campaigns in our late civil war, until he fell on this field, and now known to every intelligent school-boy.

In the spring of 1855 he was transferred to the 1st Regiment United States Cavalry with the rank of second lieutenant. In December of the same year he was promoted to be first lieutenant in his regiment. With this rank and in this regiment, on the 29th day of July, 1857, upon the north fork of Solomon's river, he was engaged in a very severe battle with 300 Cheyenne warriors, in which he was shot in the breast, and the ball was never extracted. There was the same valor exhibited in this engagement that he evinced in all subsequent ones. He acted as volunteer aid to Lieutenant-Colonel Robert E. Lee in the suppression of the John Brown insurrection at Harper's Ferry and in a parley with old "Ossawatomie," at the engine house where he and his followers had taken shelter, Stuart says: "I approached the door in the presence of perhaps 2,000 spectators, and told Mr. Smith that I had a communication for him from Colonel Lee. He opened the door about four inches, and placed his body against the crack, with a carbine in his hand. Hence his remark after his capture that he could have wiped me out like a mosquito. When Smith first came to the door I recognized old Ossawatomie Brown, who had given us so much trouble in Kansas. No one present but myself could have performed that service."

In March, 1861, Lieutenant Stuart obtained a two month's furlough, in order that he might be able to direct his own course in the event of his State seceding and with the view of returning to Virginia or removing with his family to Fort Lyon as soon as there was some decided action of his State. He first learned of the ordinance

of secession at Fort Riley, but his leave of absence had not at that time expired. But he at once removed with his family to St. Louis, and started down the river on a steamboat for Memphis. At Cairo he forwarded his resignation to the War Department. Immediately thereafter he was informed that he had been promoted to a captaincy in his regiment. On the 7th day of May he reached Wytheville, Va., and on that day his resignation was accepted by the War Department.

His first commission in the Lost Cause was that of lieutenant-colonel of infantry, dated May the 10th, 1861, with orders to report to Colonel Thomas J. Jackson, then at Harper's Ferry. He rose rapidly in his new field of operations, for he possessed all the qualities that usually insure success in life, intelligence, sobriety, integrity, energy, vigilance, firmness, and unerring judgment. Stuart's mental faculties were excellent, even in the very heat of battle, and to this is greatly due his great victories in the field. I have seen him in some hot and perilous places, but I never saw him unduly excited. Always calm in the face of danger with a presence of mind that could not be surpassed, thus verifying the couplet:

"Errors not to be recalled do find
Their best redress from presence of mind."

He received a thorough military education at West Point, graduating thirteen in a class of forty-six members. He hesitated when about to leave his alma mater, whether he would pursue the law or arms as a profession. He finally chose the latter, and received a commission as brevet second-lieutenant in the regiment of mounted riflemen, then serving in Texas, dated July 1st, 1854, and he first rendered active service in an expedition against the Apache Indians in a portion of the country that was little known at the time. In this march the Muscalero Apaches were forced to flee across the Rio Grande into Mexico. It would consume too much time for me to give an account of the skirmishes, scouts and hardships of this expedition. That you may know how well this great leader we are honoring to-day acquitted himself, we will mention here what General J. S. Simonson, his commanding officer at the time, says about him: "Lieutenant Stuart was brave and gallant, always prompt in the execution of orders, and reckless of danger and exposure. I considered him at that time one of the most promising young officers in the United States Army." This is indeed, a high compliment when taken in connection with the large number of young officers serving

at that time in the army. I believe the first fight in which Stuart was engaged was with a band of Comanche Indians while crossing Peacus river.

Yes, this presence of mind was of incalculable value to him. It enabled him to overcome obstacles and to meet all emergencies, by which at times he extricated himself and command from the powerful grasp of the enemy. This I witnessed in June, 1862, in his memorable raid around McClellan's army, which was applauded by the civilized world at the time as a brilliant achievement, and pronounced by Napoleon III, then on the throne of France, as a grand piece of strategy, and one that could not be excelled by any officer. Under orders of his chief he was required to make a reconnoissance on the right of the Federal army while it lay on the Chickahominy menacing Richmond. Stuart, by his boldness and hard fighting, had penetrated to the rear of the Federals, and had reached a point that was alarmingly perilous. He had cut through the enemy's lines and destroyed transports, commissary, and quartermaster trains, by which means he had stirred up the whole Federal army, as a mischievous boy does sometimes a colony of hornets, and there was no way he could possibly retrace his steps, the road over which he had come was filled with the enemy; 'for the Federals fully expected he would endeavor to return by it to the Confederate lines, and they had taken steps to crush him.

Here he was being hotly pursued, and could in no way receive any succor from the Confederates, for he was wholly cut off from them by the Federals on the Chickahominy. There was but one remedy in this trying dilemma, and that was to go forward and pass around McClellan's whole army. But how was this to be done when a river confronted him which was swollen by heavy rains and was no longer fordable, and the danger was thickening every moment by an enraged and powerful foe gathering around him and his command and threatening them with annihilation and capture. But Stuart was equal to the emergency. I saw him as he approached the river and made observations up and down the stream, but he did not show any signs of fear or anxiety as he sat on his horse stroking his luxuriant beard as he pondered over the situation. He had, in the meantime, dispatched a courier to General Lee apprising him of his perilous position. After doing this, he learned that at a point below the ford there were the remains of an old bridge, to which he hastened with his command. Upon his arrival there he discovered scarcely a skeleton of a bridge, for the Confederates in their retreat up

the Peninsular had destroyed it. But it occurred to Stuart that he would, under such trying circumstances, make an effort to rebuild it. He placed a strong picket in his rear, and dismounted a portion of his command, and under his eye commenced earnest and unremitting work. Timbers were taken from an old warehouse in the neighboring field and carried hurriedly to the spot where nothing remained but the debris of the bridge. There were men to receive and to put them together as they were delivered upon the banks of the river. The rapidity with which those timbers were united by unskilled hands was a surprise even to they who performed the work. The bridge possessed little or no architectural beauty after being completed, but it possessed great strength, which was more desirable than an attractive appearance, and the amateur bridge builders received the hearty thanks of the whole command. While this work was going on Stuart had in his rear a threatening and formidable force gathering to strike him, and this was the only means of escape.

He lost no time after crossing the same for he was still in the enemy's country and could only check his pursuers for a time by the destruction of the bridge, which he burnt, immediately after crossing with his command. He was now in Charles City county, but still separated from the Confederate army, and there was but one road by which he could escape and that is known as the James river road which was occupied at that time by General Hooker with a large Federal force. Stuart passed rapidly through treacherous bogs and estuaries on the north side of the Chickahominy until he reached a point known as Green Oak, here he left the Chickahominy and marched with great rapidity to Brukland on James river, halting an hour or more to snatch some repose at Judge Isaac H. Christian's in this neighborhood. He resumed his march for the Confederate lines, but without his command, for this was left here with orders to move at a later hour. Taking a courier and myself as guide he started at night for the headquarters of General Lee, at that time at Dobb's farm, near Richmond, a distance of thirty miles. Pause for a moment and think of a general officer separating himself from his whole command and riding the distance already mentioned, with only two men, a whole night through a country occupied at the time by hostile forces actually engaged in scouting and picketing all the roads, placing his life in great peril every moment of the time. Stuart was a splendid rider, going at a gallop nearly the whole way, and frequently in the advance of both courier and guide. There was one point in this all-night ride that was thrillingly perilous, and that was

when he approached the locality of White Oak Swamp, for this was occupied by General Hooker, who held a position on the extreme left of the Federal army, extending within a very short distance of James river, and there was but one public highway between Hooker and the river, and this was the road this fearless cavalryman was upon and the only one by which he could reach the Confederate lines. Hooker could have closed this avenue easily had he been aware of his approach; but there was no demonstration whatever as this bold raider dashed into the lines of his friends with laughter and a merry twinkle in his eye. This feat has now placed him in a friendly and genial atmosphere; but he still has fifteen more miles to ride before he can reach the headquarters of his chief, and he hurries on to Fulton, at which point he gave orders to his guide to inform Governor John Letcher of his safe arrival and also that of his wife. He then went immediately to inform General Lee of all he had done. This is an inexhaustible theme, and it is impossible for me in these remarks to follow this chivalrous knight through all of his campaigns and to give you the faintest record of his great deeds. I followed him from the Peninsula through nearly all of his battles in Virginia and Maryland. I was with him on his advance into Pennsylvania, and in that stubbornly contested battle of Gettysburg, with him while covering the retreat from that bloody and ill-fated field, and I could give you some interesting incidents of it all if I had the time. There was continuous fighting from the time Stuart crossed the Potomac until his return to Virginia.

In manœuvering cavalry there has never been his equal in this country. He could always handle his command in such manner as to win a victory with anything like equal numbers of men opposed to him. He was a man who possessed a heart that was warm and generous, and one that could be easily touched. In proof of this, I will mention an incident which occurred on the Rappahannock, while the army was at rest. I had a young man in my signal corps who applied to me for a furlough. But I declined approving it, on the ground of his having just returned to camp from a leave of absence of ten days, and there were others who had not been to their homes for a year, and who were anxious to do so. Finding he could not get my approval, he sent his application through an irregular channel, setting forth the fact that his object in going home was to get married. Stuart, without knowing he had just returned to duty from home (for the applicant was careful in concealing this fact), returned the application to me with this indorsement: "Why

not let the applicant go home? Such good intentions should not be thwarted." He did go, and the nuptials were consummated. I have known him to lie on the ground, and exposed to all kinds of weather, giving as a reason that he did not wish to fare more comfortably than his men. Time, that great destroyer of all mankind, has greatly depleted the squadrons he put in the field; still those that survive revere his memory, and will ever honor his name, for the ties that bind old soldiers cannot for light and trivial causes be destroyed. Men who have espoused a common cause and who have experienced hardships together, who have touched elbows and fought under the same banner, always have mutual regard and esteem one for the other. We have an illustration of this in those brave men who followed Napoleon in his victories at Jena, Marengo and Austerlitz, and in his reverses at Leipsic and Waterloo, in his marches over treacherous and rugged roads, in the midst of ice and snow storms, in his disastrous campaigns in Russia. In 1840, long years after Napoleon's army had been disbanded, and the rattle of musketry and the roar of artillery had been silenced, by the consent of the English government, a small French squadron went out from the French waters to convey the remains of the mighty conqueror to his beloved France from that lonely isle to which he had been banished by a cruel foe. On their arrival at Havre, they were received with the greatest veneration; also at Paris, where they were interred in the Church of the Invalides on the 18th of December, 1840.

The most interesting feature in the proceedings on their arrival in France was the gathering of surviving veterans, who gave expression to their deep grief by weeping like children over his dust. It was this love and admiration of his soldiery that made him one of the greatest monarchs that ever reigned in Europe.

I have already said Stuart chose arms as a profession, in which he made his mark. But I feel satisfied he would have been a grand success in any sphere of life. I am pleased to see here to-day, witnessing and participating in these ceremonies, a magnificent military organization, named in honor of our ideal cavalryman, and commanded, too, by an old soldier who followed him. His great worth and brilliant record has not been forgotten in Richmond or his native county. For there nestles an enterprising and prosperous town, not very remote from the North Carolina border, that bears his name, which has become so illustrious. And as time rolls on his fame will spread in song and story.

I believe the day will come, and I trust it is in the near future,

when a grand monument will be erected by that lovely city he lost his life defending. In the hurry of business pursuits and other causes, meritorious acts of public men are sometimes overlooked for a time. It was only on the 14th of this month, in the historic village of Brooklyn, Conn., there was dedicated an equestrian statue to General Israel Putnam for great military deeds performed more than a century ago, which consumed long years in memorializing the Connecticut Legislature for funds sufficient to pay for it. The statue stands near the den where he shot the wolf, and from which he dragged him feet foremost in the presence of his alarmed neighbors.

I was not on this ill-starred field; but it is well known to the world the formidable and fearless force of cavalry and artillery with which Stuart had to contend. It has been estimated at more than twelve thousand, commanded by a skilled and intrepid leader, that had for his object the capture and sack of Richmond, and was rapidly approaching that city, when Stuart intercepted him at this point, and had his first tilt with him on the Telegraph Road. About 4 o'clock a brigade of mounted cavalry was thrown suddenly on the extreme left of the Confederate line, to which Stuart hastened, for he knew it was a weak point to which the enemy had directed this mounted charge. In this charge the enemy captured a battery on the left and repulsed nearly the entire left line. Immediately on the Telegraph Road, at a point Captain Dorsey occupied, about eighty men had collected. In the midst of these Stuart threw himself, and by his directions inspired and held them firm, while the enemy, with the quickness and violence of a cyclone, swept by them. With these valorous men he fired in their flank and rear as they passed. These brave men were met by the 1st Virginia Cavalry and driven back. As they retreated, one of their number, who had been dismounted, inflicted the fatal wound by pistol, from which Stuart died the next day. But before this sad catastrophe occurred he had struck the enemy, hip and thigh, with that violence with which Samson smote the Philistines, that caused him to recoil and to abandon the capture of Richmond. As Stuart was conveyed by loving hands from the field, he observed some of his men leaving the scene of action. He called out to them: "Go back! go back! and do your duty as I have done mine, and our country will be safe. Go back! go back! I had rather die than be whipped."

These were his last orders on the battlefield. While dying in yon city the next day, he heard the roar of artillery, and turned to Major

McClellan, who was by his bedside, and asked him what it meant. He was told that Gracie's brigade and other troops had moved out against the enemy's rear on Brook turnpike. He turned his eyes upward and exclaimed: "God grant they may be successful, but," said he "I must be prepared for another world."

I have already alluded to the vigilance of this officer while on the out-post and elsewhere. In support of what I have already said, I exhibit here to-day a field telegram sent by him to me. It is dated at Orange Courthouse, March 10th, 1864. The envelope is the original and the grime of war is upon its face, but it is none the less interesting on this account. It was sent by telegraph to me at Hamilton's Crossing, and it reads as follows:

CAPT. R. E. FRAYSER,

Watch the Potomac closely, to see if Kilpatrick's command passes.

J. E. B. STUART,
Major-General.

It will be remembered that in the early part of March, 1864, Kilpatrick made a raid on Richmond with nearly thirty-six hundred cavalry, with the intention of liberating the Federal prisoners, and capturing Richmond. The disasters of this expedition are too well known for me to narrate them here.

An affectionate brother has erected to Stuart a massive granite shaft on a beautiful knoll in Hollywood, near the rippling waters of the majestic James, and in the shade of that thriving and picturesque city for which he lost his life while the Mede was thundering at its gates, and when the Persian was almost on the throne.

In closing I will give you a pen picture of this conspicuous cavalryman. Some of his old soldiers may recognize it: A young man with florid complexion, five feet ten inches in height, perfectly erect, with broad shoulders and a flowing auburn beard, blue eyes, prominent nose, lofty and expanded brow, a well developed head, and a veritable athlete in physique. But still this picture would be incomplete if I omitted the felt hat with black plume and elaborate yellow silk sash, heavy jack boots and spurs. All of these were ever kept scrupulously neat. Thus I may present you the typical cavalryman—"Jeb" Stuart.

[From the Richmond, Va., *Times*, July 2, 1896.]

RETREAT OF THE CABINET.

Described by President Davis' Confederate Secretary.

THE GREAT CHIEF'S NOBLE CONDUCT.

**He Cheered His Faithful Adherents With Words of Encouragement—
Little Children Blessed Him and Brought Him Flowers.**

[This deeply interesting narrative was published on the date of the laying of the corner-stone of the monument to President Jefferson Davis, in Monroe Park, at Richmond, Va., July 2, 1896. Captain Clark has been a constant supporter, and is a life member of the Southern Historical Society, and has been meritedly highly successful in his progressive business enterprises.—ED.]

A notable personage who comes into considerable prominence at this time is Micajah H. Clark, of Clarksville, Tenn., who served for a period as acting treasurer of the Confederate States of America, and again as confidential secretary to President Jefferson Davis. At the time of the evacuation of Richmond Mr. Clark was acting in the capacity of chief and confidential clerk of the Executive Office. Under the orders of the Confederate President, he packed up all the papers of the office, and left with Mr. Davis and his Cabinet. At Danville the departments were reopened and a temporary capitol was established there. Upon receipt of dispatches, April 10th, conveying the news of the surrender of General Lee's army, the President and Cabinet retired to Greensboro, N. C., where General Beauregard had his headquarters. The party afterwards returned to Charlotte, remaining there during the truce declared between Johnston and Sherman. At Charlotte the President gave Mr. Clark a staff appointment with military rank.

While in Richmond Mr. Clark was, like all clerks, in the Local Defence Troops. Beginning as a private in the company, he was assigned to duty in the Medical Purveyor's office. From Charlotte he went with President Davis and his party to Abbeville, S. C., where the last Cabinet meeting was held. From that place the party repaired to Washington, Ga., where the Confederate Cabinet dispersed, Hon. John H. Reagan alone remaining with the President.

MR. CLARK MADE TREASURER.

The treasury train caught up with the party of which Mr. Clark was a member at Washington, Ga., and the President appointed Hon. Mr. Reagan, the Postmaster-General, Acting Secretary of the Treasury, and Mr. Clark Acting Treasurer

An interesting account of the winding-up of the Treasury Department is published in *Southern Historical Society Papers* (vol. ix, p. 542, *et seq.*, by Ex-Acting Treasurer C. S. A., and Confidential Clerk Executive Office, C. S. A.)

Mr. Clark's record as a Confederate is unique in some particulars. As he was on duty watching papers of the Confederate Government until December, 1865, he never gave his parole.

His commission as Acting Treasurer of the Confederacy bore the last official signature of the President of the Confederate States. The commission is now on deposit at the Confederate Museum here. All the gold and silver bonds and contents of the Treasury were turned over to the Acting Treasurer, without bond being required of him. President Davis honored Mr. Clark with two personal visits to his home at Clarksville, and on one occasion declared his high admiration for him, saying that Mr. Clark was the last man on duty and was faithful to the end.

MR. CLARK A RICHMOND BOY.

Micajah H. Clark was a Richmond boy and was born here, as his mother was before him, who was *nee* Miss Caroline Virginia Harris.

His father was Dr. Micajah Clark, a distinguished physician of his generation, born in Albemarle county, the son of William Clark, who saw service in the Revolution. William Clark was the son of Micajah Clark, the son of Captain Christopher Clark, who patented many thousand acres of Crown lands, and located some of the tracts in what is now Albemarle county, near Charlottesville, in 1702-'4, and was said to have been the pioneer settler of that county. This is one of the historical Clark families of Virginia, which furnished many legislators, generals and governors of States.

Micajah H. Clark was a "Hill-cat" (as the uptown boys of the city were then known), and his first taste of war was in the battles between the "Hill-cats" and the "Butcher-cats" and "Basin-cats"—a distinctive Richmond war waged with varying fortunes for more

than one hundred years, the "cats" of all three armies finally fighting side by side in the war between the States.

NEW PAGES OF HISTORY.

In response to a request made of him, that he would write some personal reminiscences of the late Chief of the Southern Cause, with whom he was so closely identified, and whose most implicit confidence he enjoyed during the last days of the Confederacy, Mr. Clark has edited, for the perusal of readers of *The Times*, the following absorbing story:

Partial histories of the evacuation of the Confederate Capitol have been written by many, but few sketches have been given by those who followed the civil government in its retreat South until by surrender of its chief armies it lost the power to defend the country and protect itself from capture, when natural disintegration took place, executive power ceased, and all hope of the cause was lost, except by the most sanguine.

It was my privilege to be with the President and Cabinet from the evacuation of Richmond until within a few days of the capture of himself and family, a portion of his staff, and the sole Cabinet officer remaining with him.

As the government slowly fell to pieces, as quartermaster and commissary of the party, and member of his military family, I was naturally thrown nearer and nearer to his person, until below Sandersville, Georgia, on the 6th or 7th of May, 1865, giving me my final orders, he sent me on with my train of supplies to Florida, he said: "abandoning for the present everything on wheels," and left to temporarily join and protect his family.

The history of the capture of his party and family has been written.

DANVILLE TO GREENSBORO.

The government was established for a week at Danville, Virginia, where the various departments were opened, and routine business taken up.

The surrender of the Army of Northern Virginia necessitated retirement to Greensboro, North Carolina. The surrender of this hitherto invincible army came with the paralyzing shock of a sudden earthquake, stoutly denied by many as a thing impossible, but

repeated dispatches at last left no room for doubt of the awful disaster.

Then came the breaking of some of the bonds which held the government together, and some who had followed to this point, seeing that they could be of no real service, and might be an incumbrance, sought the President to express their profound grief, and seek his advice for their own actions. These he received with his quiet dignity, advised them with warm friendship, and set them free to private life and duties.

Then I saw for the first time the man. His record as soldier, legislator, and ruler of what was for four years a powerful nation, is a part of the history of the country, North and South, and need not be touched on here.

At Greensboro, under his orders through Colonel William Preston Johnston, A. D. C., I made up a team of wagons, with supplies and ambulances for baggage, and after a short stay, took the road for Charlotte, N. C., where Cabinet meetings were held, and communication kept up with Johnston's army and others, still in the field.

When the truce between Johnston and Sherman expired, the line of march was taken up for Abbeville, S. C., and finally to Washington, Ga., where the closing scenes of the Confederate Government came on 4th May, 1865, with the winding up of the last remaining department—that of the Treasury.

Courage, fortitude, and all hope had not, however, left the head of the government, for the intention was to reach the Trans-Mississippi Department, *via* Florida and Cuba, and carry on the war for independence until the great river could be crossed again.

BUREAUS ABANDONED.

All along the route the various bureaus of the departments had been abandoned, and the President left Washington, Ga., with a portion of his staff. Colonel F. R. Lubbock, A. D. C., ex-Governor of Texas; Colonel John Taylor Wood, A. D. C.; Colonel William Preston Johnston, A. D. C.; also Colonel Thorburn, a naval adjutant, Captain Given Campbell and eight scouts, my train, with its quartermaster and a small following. Hon. John H. Reagan, Postmaster-General and Acting Secretary of the Treasury, and myself caught up with the party next morning at sunrise, after traveling all night.

Up to Washington, Ga., the march had no sign of a retreat, and was made leisurely day by day. An escort of cavalry was furnished

at Greensboro, but it was kept generally on parallel roads. From Washington, Ga., the idea was to reach the Trans-Mississippi Department with safety, and by steady traveling, as no speed could be made.

From Danville on I saw the government, with its personnel, slowly but surely falling to pieces. Grief, sorrow, and often indignation was felt and expressed by the immediate party among themselves, but the face of the Great Chief was serene, courteous and kind always, beguiling the tedium of the weary miles with cheerful conversation, reminiscences and anecdotes—as a gracious host entertaining his guests—reviving the spirits, strengthening the hearts and courage of all who were with him.

A horseback ride from Greensboro, N. C., to far Southern Georgia was no holiday excursion, with the dusty roads, weary riding, and generally coarse fare, yet he made it one, in part, in many pleasant ways to those who rode with him, and it will never leave their living memories.

I never heard one hasty or petulant expression escape his lips, yet all knew how his proud heart was suffering, so weighted with anxieties for his beloved people, who had given the pick and flower of their families for the cause.

Admiration, love and intense personal devotion to him grew day by day, until laying down life for him would have been a willing tribute.

With all the weariness of the month's retreat, on the road were found many passing compensations. The people, though they felt and knew that the end of all their hopes was near, were true and hospitable always. Houses flew open to give what meagre cheer they held.

TOUCHING DEMONSTRATIONS.

Through the little towns we passed, the ladies (who never gave up) and the children flocked around us with flowers, eager to see, grasp the hand, and bless their President, God-speeding him on his way.

In every house which sheltered him at night he left a blessing, with cheerful words of faith that God would not desert his people, and left with his entertainers renewed fortitude and strength to meet, endure, and try to overcome the trials soon to come upon them, and with fatherly advice as to their action.

And so it was all the way to Abbeville, S. C., where the whole

town was thrown open to the party. And at Washington, Ga., where the bitter end was known to be reached, the welcome, though tearful, was full of love, warmth, and tenderness.

Dr. and Mrs. Robertson, who received in their hospitable home, the President and his immediate following, lavished every attention that thoughtful, loving, patriotic hearts could furnish, uncaring the consequences that might follow from an incoming Federal garrison, and speeded the going guest with prayer for his safety. This family proved the traditional elasticity of Southern homes in caring for guests.

AND THE END CAME.

And so the end came. History records the achievements of Jefferson Davis as soldier, statesman, and Chief Magistrate, but to those who saw him and knew him, in those gloomy days when the Southern Confederacy was dying the death, will say that his grand spirit rose the highest and shone the brightest, and his Christian character was more fully exemplified during hours of adversity and defeat.

And those he blessed with his presence will hand down to their children's children in unrecorded traditions, the precious and tender memories he left with them. It is my great good fortune to share this gracious legacy.

MICAJAH H. CLARK.

Clarksville, Tenn., June 22, 1896.

[From the *Sunday News*, Charleston, S. C., April 17, 1898.]

FORT SUMTER.

**Report of the Bombardment of, as Given in the Charleston Courier,
April 13, 1861, With Some Account of the Beginning of the
News Association in the United States.**

The first News Association formed in the United States grew out of the demand for news from the war in Mexico, in advance of the regular mails. Never had there been a finer opportunity for the display of newspaper enterprise. It consumed seven days to transmit the mails from New Orleans to New York at the that time (near the close of the year 1846), and Moses Y. Beach, of the New York *Sun*, conceived the idea of outstripping it and supplying his readers with

the latest intelligence from the front a full day in advance of his competitors.

The *Charleston Courier* was then published by Wm. S. King, a man of rare judgment and journalistic enterprise, and to him Mr. Beach proposed a co-partnership in a "pony express" that would accomplish what they desired. Mr. King was delighted with the idea, and accepted the proposition at once. Without delay the necessary arrangements were perfected and the line went into effect at once. The first intelligence received in this way was published in Charleston, exclusively, on the 27th of March, 1847. This news, full twenty-four hours in advance of the United States mail, was printed in thousands of extra copies and distributed gratuitously to an eager crowd. From that time until the end of the war the express was operated exclusively by these papers to the great pecuniary advantage of their owners.

The route covered by the pony express was from Mobile to Montgomery, a distance of one hundred and fifty miles, over which the regular mail was carried by stage in thirty-six hours. This ground was covered by contract with J. C. Riddle in twelve hours. A regular system of relays was established, and the riders carrying not less than three or more than five pounds of mail matter rarely ever failed to overtake the previous day's mail. The system was an expensive one, as \$750 was paid for every successful trip. Numbers of horses were killed, and one rider lost his life in a manner that has forever remained a mystery.

Leaving Charleston the news was carried to Richmond by the regular route and was sent from that point—then the Southern limit of telegraphic communication—to the *Sun* in New York by "magnetic Telegraph."

THE BOMBARDMENT OF SUMTER.

It is interesting in this connection to note the comparison between the way news is handled now and the way it was handled in the sixties. Now no big daily paper would deign to give less than from two to ten pages to the news of a great battle. This would be fully illustrated and embellished with half and quarter page cuts unlimited. When the war broke out the *New York Tribune*, then the leading "hustler" in America, had a man ready in Charleston to send the first intelligence, and when Fort Sumter was attacked he spread himself to the extent of three columns. This was printed in the third page, under a single column "scare head," containing twenty-two

black lines. While the bombardment was in progress on the 12th of April, he sent seven bulletins of 100 words each by the "magnetic telegraph," but the *Tribune* was perfectly satisfied that it had done its best, and the best that could possibly be done, and the public didn't know any better, and was satisfied, too.

But when the battle of Bull Run was fought the *Tribune* devoted a page to it, and announced it as a "Splendid Union Victory!" which would show that if there was not the enterprise there was at least the talent there to be developed on a later day.

In this connection the account of the attack on Fort Sumter, as reported in the *Charleston Courier* of the following day, makes interesting reading now, as showing the change that has been wrought both in the ways of newspaperdom and the ways of warfare.

The *Courier* did not give the story a "scare head" even. A two-line head of comparatively small type was thought sufficient, and no paper was published on Sunday (the day following) to relate the occurrences of Saturday.

Here is the story, word for word, as published Saturday, April 13, 1861, on the second page, next to the editorials:

"HOSTILITIES COMMENCED."

"BOMBARDMENT OF FORT SUMTER."

"About 2 o'clock on the afternoon of Thursday, General Beauregard made a demand on Major Anderson for the immediate surrender of Fort Sumter, through his aides, Colonel James Chestnut, Jr., Colonel Chisholm and Captain Lee. Major Anderson replied that such a course would be inconsistent with the duty he owed to his government to perform. The answer was communicated by the general-in-chief to President Davis.

"This visit and the refusal of Major Anderson to accede to the demand made by General Beauregard passed from tongue to tongue, and soon the whole city was in possession of the startling intelligence. Rumor, as she is wont to do, shaped the facts to suit her purposes, enlarged their dimensions, and gave them a complexion which they had not worn when fresh from the pure and artless hands of truth.

"A half an hour after the return of the orderlies, it was confidently believed that the batteries would open fire at 8 o'clock P. M., and in expectation of seeing the beginning of the conflict, hundreds congregated upon the Battery and the wharves, looking out upon the

bay. There they stood, straining their eyes over the dark expanse of water, waiting to see the flash and hear the boom of the first gun. The clock told the hour of 11, and still they gazed and listened; but the eyelids grew weary, and at the noon of the night the larger portion of the disappointed spectators were plodding their way homeward.

“About 9 o’clock General Beauregard received a reply from President Davis to the telegram in relation to the surrender of Sumter, by which he was instructed to inform Major Anderson that if he would evacuate the fort he held when his present supply of provisions was exhausted, there would be no appeal to arms. This proposition was borne to Major Anderson by the aides who had delivered the first message, and he refused to accept the condition. The general-in-chief forthwith gave the order that the batteries be opened at half-past 4 o’clock on Friday morning. Major Anderson’s reply was decisive of the momentous question, and General Beauregard determined to apply the last argument.

“The stout soldier had resolved to make a desperate defence, and the bloody trial of strength must be essayed. The sword must cut asunder the last tie that bound us to a people whom, in spite of wrongs and injustices wantonly inflicted through long years, we have not yet utterly hated and despised. The last expiring spark of affection must be quenched in blood. Some of the most splendid pages in our glorious history must be blurred. A blow must be struck that would make the ears of every Republican fanatic tingle, and whose dreadful effects will be felt by generations yet to come. We must transmit a heritage of rankling and undying hate to our children.

* * * * *

“The crisis had arrived and we were fully prepared to meet it. The work that awaited the morrow was of a momentous character, but we had counted the cost, and had resolved to do it or die in the attempt.

“At the gray of the morning of Friday the roar of cannon broke upon the ear. The expected sound was answered by thousands. The houses were in a few minutes emptied of their excited occupants, and the living stream poured through all the streets leading to the wharves and battery. On reaching our beautiful promenade we found it lined with ranks of eager spectators, and all the wharves commanding a view of the battle were crowded thickly with human forms. On no gala occasion had we ever seen nearly so large a num-

ber of ladies on our battery as graced the breezy walk on this eventful morning. Here they stood with palpitating hearts and palid faces watching the white smoke as it rose in wreaths upon the soft twilight air, and breathing out fervent prayers for their gallant kin-folks at the guns. O! what a conflict raged in these heaving bosoms between love for husbands and sons and love for one common mother whose insulted honor and imperilled safety had called her faithful children to the ensanguined field.

“At thirty minutes past 4 o’clock the conflict was opened by the discharge of a shell from the Howitzer Battery on James Island, under the command of Captain Geo. S. James, who followed the riddled palmetto banner on the bloody battlefields of Mexico.

“The sending of this harmful message to Major Anderson was followed by a deafening explosion, which was caused by the blowing up of a building which stood in front of the battery.

“While the white smoke was melting away into the air another shell, which Lieutenant W. Hampten (Hampton) Gibbes has the honor of having fired, pursued its noiseless way toward the hostile fortification.

“The honored missive described its beautiful curve through the balmy air, and, falling within the hostile fortress, scattered its deadly contents in all directions. Fort Moultrie then took up the tale of death, and in a moment the guns from the redoubtable gun battery on Cummings Point, from Captain (John) McCrady’s Battery, from Captain James Hamilton’s Floating Battery, the enfilade battery and other fortifications spit forth their wrath at the grim fortress, rising so defiantly out of the sea.

“Major Anderson received the shot and shell in silence, and some excited lookers on, ignorant of the character of the foe, were fluent with conjectures and predictions that revived the hope fast dying out of their hopeful and tender hearts. But the short lived hope was utterly extinguished when the deepening twilight revealed the Stars and Stripes floating proudly in the breeze. The batteries continued at intervals to belch iron vengeance and still no answer was returned by the foe. About an hour after the booming began, two balls rushed hissing through the air and glanced harmlessly from the stuccoed bricks of Fort Moultrie. The embrasures of the hostile fortress gave forth no sound again till between 6 and 7 o’clock, when, as if wrathful from enforced delay, from casemate and parapet the United States officer poured a storm of iron hail upon Fort Moultrie, Steven’s Iron Battery and the Floating Battery. The broad-

side was returned with spirit by the gallant gunners at the important posts.

“The firing now began in good earnest. The curling, white smoke hung above the angry pieces of friend and foe, and the jarring boom rolled at regular intervals upon the anxious ear. The atmosphere was charged with the smell of villanous saltpetre, and, as if in sympathy with the melancholy scene, the sky was covered with heavy clouds and everything wore a sober aspect.

“A boat bearing dispatches to General Beauregard from Morris Island reached the city about 9 o’clock, reported that all the batteries were working admirably, that no one was injured and that the men were wild with enthusiasm.

“A short time after that happy news was received the schooner *Petrel* from the Hog Island Channel, reported that the shot from Steven’s Iron Battery had told upon the walls of Fort Sumter, and also that Fort Moultrie had sustained no damage.

“About half-past 9 o’clock Captain R. S. Parker reported from Sullivan’s Island to Mount Pleasant that everything was in fine condition at Fort Moultrie and that the soldiers had escaped unhurt.

“The same dispatch stated that the embrasures of the Floating Battery were undamaged by the shock of the shot, and though that formidable structure had been struck eleven times, the balls had not started a single bolt. Anderson had concentrated his fire upon the Floating Battery and the Dahlgren Battery under command of Lieutenant Hamilton.

“The following cheering tidings were brought to the city by Colonel Edmund Yates, acting lieutenant to Dozier, of the Confederate States Navy, from Fort Johnson: Stevens’s Battery and the Floating Battery are doing important service. Stevens’s Battery has made considerable progress in breaching the south and southwest walls of Fort Sumter. The northwest wall is suffering from the well aimed fire of the Floating Battery, whose shot have dismantled several of the guns on the parapet and made it impossible to use the remaining ones. The Howitzer Battery, connected with the impregnable gun battery at Cummings Point, is managed with consummate skill and terrible effect.

“Eleven O’clock.—A messenger from Morris Island brings the glorious news that the shot glance from the iron covered battery at Cummings Point like marbles thrown by a child on the back of a turtle. The upper portion of the southwest wall of Fort Sumter

shows plainly the effect of the terrible cannonade from the formidable product of the C. H. Stevens's patriotism and ingenuity.

"A half hour later the gladsome tidings came that Stevens's Battery was fast damaging the southwest wall of Sumter.

"Henry Buist is doing gallant service with the Palmetto Guards, delighting all hearts by assuring us in the city that everything was going on well at the Iron Battery, which is still proof against 68-pounders, and the men in good spirits.

"A boat reached the city from the Floating Battery about half-past 12 o'clock and reported that a shot from Fort Sumter penetrated the top, or shed, of the structure, and three shots struck the sand bags in the rear of the battery.

"Another messenger, who arrived a short time after the above was bulletined, confirms the cheerful news.

"Twelve o'clock.—We have just learned by an arrival from Cummings Point that the batteries there are doing good service—Stevens's Battery very successful. Not a single casualty has happened. The troops are in the best spirits. Two of the guns at Fort Sumter appear to be disabled. Considerable damage has been done to the roofs of the officers' quarters.

"At 1 o'clock the following was received from Morris Island: Two guns in Stevens's Battery temporarily disabled; Anderson's fire having injured the doors of the embrasures. The damage will be repaired speedily. It is thought that Fort Sumter will be breached in two hours. Three steam vessels of war are seen off the Bar, one of them supposed to be the Harriet Lane.

"Captain R. S. Parker reached the city from Fort Moultrie at half-past 2 o'clock and makes the following report: 'Captain Parker visited Fort Moultrie and the Enfilading Battery nearby, and found all well and in high spirits. He left the Mortar Battery, Lieutenant Hollinquist, at ten minutes past 2. The soldiers stationed there are giving a good account of themselves. The Floating Battery has been struck eighteen times and received no material injury.

"The venerable Edmund Ruffin, who, as soon as it was known a battle was inevitable, hastened over to Morris Island, and was elected a member of the Palmetto Guards, fired the first gun from Stevens's Battery. All honor to the chivalric Virginian! May he live many years to wear the fadeless wreath that honor placed upon his brow on our glorious Friday.

"Another noble son of the Old Dominion, who rebukingly re-

minds her of her past glory, was appointed on General Beauregard's staff on Thursday, bore dispatches to the general in command from Brigadier-General James Simons, in command of Morris Island, during the thickest of the fight, and in the face of a murderous fire from Fort Sumter. Colonel Roger A. Pryor, the eloquent young Virginian, in the execution of that dangerous commission, passed within speaking distance of the angry and hostile fortress.

“Despite the fierce and concentrated fire from Fort Sumter, the rival fortification on Sullivan's Island received but slight damage. Its merlons stood unmoved, and all this morning in as good a condition as they were before their strength was tested by the rude shocks of the shot.

“The Floating Battery came out of the iron storm without losing a plate of its iron cover, or a splinter of its pine.

“A brisk fire was kept up by all the batteries until about 7 o'clock in the evening, after which hour the guns boomed at regular intervals of twenty minutes.

“All the batteries on Morris Island, bearing upon the channel, kept up a steady fire for some time at the dawn of day. It is reported that they threw their shot into the Harriet Lane, and that steamer, having advanced as far as the renowned Star of the West Battery, was crippled by a well-aimed shot, after which she deemed it prudent to give up the attempt, and turned her sharp bow to the sea.

“Stevens' Iron Battery played a conspicuous and important part in the brilliant and, as far as our men are concerned, bloodless conflict, which has placed the 12th of April, 1861, among the memorable days. The calibre of its guns, its nearness to Fort Sumter, its perfect impenetrability, the coolness and skill of its gallant gunners, made this fortification one of the most formidable of Major Anderson's terrible opponents. The effect of its Dahlgrens and sixty-four-pounders was distinctly visible at an early stage of the conflict. Clouds of mortar and brick dust rose from the southwestern walls of the fort, as the shot hissed on their errands of death. Shot after shot told with terrible effect upon the strong wall, and at about 3 o'clock Major Anderson ceased to return this murderous fire. In the course of the afternoon the joyful tidings that a breach had been effected in that portion of the fortifications was borne to the city.

“We dare not close this brief and hurried narrative of the first engagement between the United States and the Confederate States,

without returning thanks to Almighty God for the great success that has thus far crowned our arms, and for the extraordinary preservation of our soldiers from casualty and death. In the fifteen hours of almost incessant firing, our enemy one of the most experienced and skilful of artillerists, no injury has been sustained by a single one of our gallant soldiers.

“The result of the conflict strengthens and confirms our faith in the justness of the cause for whose achievement we have suffered obloquy and dared perils of vast magnitude. At the outset of the struggle we invoked the sanction and aid of that God whom we serve, and his hand has guided and defended us all through the momentous conflict. His favor was most signally, we almost said miraculously, manifested on this eventful day. We call the roll of those engaged in the battle, and each soldier is here to answer to his name. No tombstone will throw its shadow upon that bright, triumphant day. If so it seemeth good in the eyes of Him in whose hands are the issues of life, we fervently pray that our brave sons may pass unharmed through the perils of the day now dawning.”

The Charleston “Mercury” of the same day published an account of about the same length. But on the following Monday both papers published an exhaustive review of the affair from start to finish, with accounts of the bombardment from different points of view and a superfluity of personal mention. It is interesting to note that the editorial “we” was used throughout the reports in both papers, and that both interjected editorial opinions, as in the last paragraph of the Courier’s report. To-day a reporter who would be guilty of writing “we” would be advised to enlist.

But short as it was the Courier’s report told the story to thousands waiting anxiously throughout the State, and had about the same effect that a lighted torch would have on a powder magazine.

W. R. DAVIE, Jr.

THE BATTLE OF MILFORD STATION.

**An Address by Serg't Chas. T Loehr, before Pickett Camp, U. C. V.,
August 31, 1896.**

[Sergeant Charles Theodore Loehr, of German birth, has proven himself as good a citizen of Richmond as he was valiant as a soldier, as his comrades, to a man, attest. At the organization of George E. Pickett Camp Confederate Veterans, he was elected its Commander, and his zeal in its objects and benefactions, is still as animating and effective in good works as at the beginning of his inspiring connection with it. He is held widely in warm regard, not only in Richmond, but in many States of our re-united country. Who does not know "Charley Loehr" ?

Soon after the conclusion of the war Mr. Loehr became connected with the Virginia Fire and Marine Insurance Company, of Richmond, in a highly responsible position, which he still holds.]

On Friday, May 20, 1864, Kemper's old brigade, with the exception of the 3rd Virginia Regiment, marched through the streets of Richmond. There was nothing extraordinary in this for the movement of troops during those days was constant, and the veterans of Pickett's Division would hardly have been distinguished from other commands that preceded or followed them to join the army of Lee in its struggles with Grant. Yet, there was one thing that might have attracted the spectator's attention in viewing the brigade as it passed. Each one of the regiments carried colors that were certainly not intended for Confederate soldiers. These were flags from Massachusetts and New Jersey, besides the Stars and Stripes in all its glory, the spoils of the battle of Drewry's Bluff where Kemper's men gobbled up nearly the whole of Heckman's Star Brigade, brigadier and staff inclusive. We marched over Mayo's Bridge, up 14th, Main and Ninth streets to Broad street, where the brigade came to a halt. Here we found a long train of flat cars ready to take a part of the brigade northward on the Richmond and Fredericksburg Railroad.

Most of the men of my regiment, the "Old First," had urgent business on hand just then. They were bound to see their friends and relations, and thus, it did not take long to reduce the small regi-

ment to a good size company. I think not more than fifty men boarded that train when it started. Besides these, there were seven companies of the 11th, and nearly the whole of the 7th Regiment; also a company of unarmed artillery from Georgia, altogether about 450 men.

The train started about 2 o'clock P. M., and with a farewell shout to our remaining comrades we left the city to face again the enemy. Just before leaving, Captain E. Payson Reeve, of my company, came up and entrusted to my care his sword and blankets, requesting me to be very particular so as not to lose them.

The company of about ten men were also turned over to my charge. About 9 P. M. we reached Milford Station, the furthest point to which the train ran, and this was the last train that reached there that season. We marched and halted near the bridge over the Mattaponi river, some 300 yards west of the depot. Here we got our supper and made our beds upon the ground. The next morning, Saturday May 21st, opened with beautiful weather, and on looking around we found ourselves organized as a separate command under the charge and subject to the orders of the Major, George F. Norton, of the Old First, as Commander-in-Chief (being the only field officer of the brigade), and our Sergeant-Major, J. R. Pollak, was duly installed as Adjutant-General and Chief-of-Staff. Our command was further reinforced by about twenty-five cavalrymen who happened to be around; these formed on Major Norton's staff. The regiment was in charge of Captain Herbert Davis, of Company B. Our cavalry reported that the enemy's cavalry was close to Bowling Green, and were raiding the country; that we might expect a visit from them at almost any time. This put us on our guard, but led us to believe that it was only a cavalry raid we had to deal with. We were under this impression for sometime after the fight had commenced. After finishing our morning meal, which did not take much time, Major Norton ordered the 1st Regiment to the station to deploy around the houses and along the railroad track. I had my company together in an old log blacksmith shop a short distance east of the depot. The door faced the depot and a wooden shutter opened on the back from which there was an excellent position to fire on the advancing enemy with comparative safety.

From Milford Station the road to Bowling Green, about three miles distant, runs in a northern direction. Milford Station consisted of a depot, engine-house, a few scattered dwelling-houses, out-houses and shops.

About 10 o'clock A. M. it was reported that the enemy's cavalry were coming down the Bowling Green Road, and I walked over to one of the dwelling-houses to verify the report. Seeing the lady of the house, I asked permission to deposit the articles entrusted to my care by my captain, which was granted, and I thought I was making a satisfactory arrangement when I placed the sword and blankets in the parlor of that dwelling. Having got rid of my charge, I climbed upon the roof of the front porch, on the lookout for Yankees. I soon saw them coming, tearing down the road, and got ready to leave my elevated position, when the lady above referred to called out to "be careful or you will damage my shutters." I advised her to move herself to safety, or the enemy would soon make it uncomfortable for her. I believe that she took my advice, and finding that time for me was short, I jumped down to the ground, perhaps twelve feet, without hurting myself. Then seeing one of the enemy's riders, who had stopped under a tree about 800 yards off, getting on his horse and taking a survey of our position, I took a good aim at him and blazed away, with the result of seeing him change base at double quick time. Thus the first shot was fired, and the ball was opened in due form. Our little squad prepared itself for the coming struggle, and we did not have long to wait before a whole squadron of the blue riders charged towards the depot, firing as they came. But a volley from our rifles sent them back in confusion, leaving several of their comrades and horses bleeding behind. Twice more they charged, but our fire was too much for them; then they saw that they must change their tactics, in order to drive us from our position.

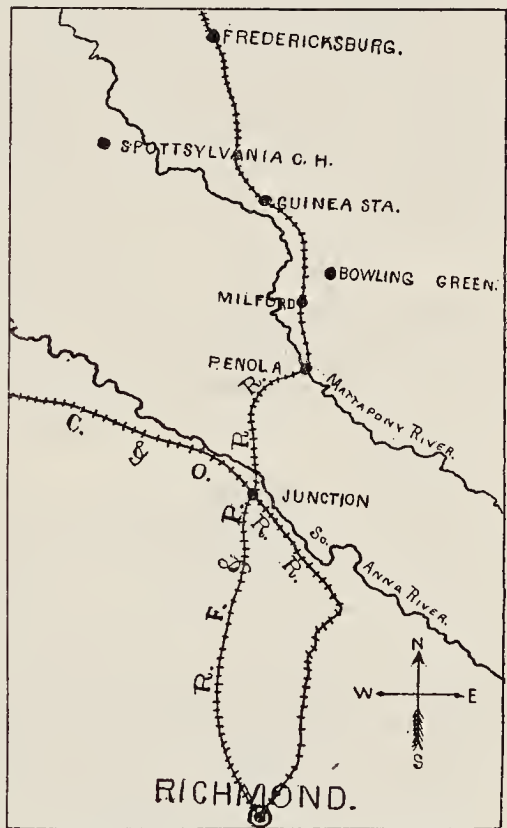
A GALLANT CHARGE.

The whole of Torbert's Cavalry Division was now before us. Dismounting and forming into a semi-circle, the enemy surrounded us, coming closer and closer, and while the firing was kept up at a lively rate. To relieve us, Major Norton now ordered the 11th Virginia to charge, and right gallantly these men did their duty. Sweeping up the enemy's skirmish line like a lot of grass-hoppers, they drove them some distance, and took position in our front near the hill east of the Bowling Green Road. Here they opened fire. The enemy now brought out their artillery, and the first shot killed a stray horse near the depot. Then we could see the enemy's infantry advancing in heavy columns, and resistance was no longer prudent. Therefore Major Norton ordered the withdrawal of his army. His cavalry was ordered to notify the 11th regiment, which was

holding its isolated advance position; but it appears that the orders did not reach them in time, and over sixty of the 11th were captured by the enemy. After a stubborn fight of nearly two hours, in which we expended nearly all of our ammunition, we withdrew slowly, in single file. The men moved towards the bridge, nearly surrounded by the enemy's skirmishers, the firing being kept up on both sides. Near the bridge some of the companies of the 7th Virginia were posted, who covered our retreat as we passed the bridge. Soon after we crossed the bridge, the enemy charged up, but some of the planks having been removed and a close volley from our rifles brought them to a halt, and thus the battle to a close. We then marched to a high ridge about three miles west of Milford, where we formed a line of battle, expecting a flank movement of the enemy; but no enemy appeared, and we took up our line of march, stopping on the road leading from Spottsylvania Courthouse. Here we halted for the night. Early the next morning we found that Ewell's Corps was passing on the road going to Hanover Junction, and we fell into line with them, reaching the Junction sometime about 2 o'clock that afternoon, where we were welcomed by the rest of our division.

The first one to meet me was my captain, and his first inquiry naturally enough was, "Where are my sword and blankets?" I could only reply, "At Milford." Such is the fate of war. The loss of such articles was no trifling matter in those days. There was no money, and little chance to replace them, except when we could lay under tribute our friends in blue. These used to supply us with all we needed, but they were getting too many for us now.

The stubborn resistance of our small force had far greater results



MILFORD AND SURROUNDINGS.

than we had any idea of. To make this clearly understood, let us take a look on the map.

Lec and Grant were confronting each other at or near Spotsylvania Courthouse, which is about thirty miles north of Hanover Junction. Hancock's Corps, the advance of Grant's army, was ordered, on the 19th of May, to move by the left flank towards Bowling Green. He reached Guinea Station, about ten miles from Spotsylvania Courthouse, on the night of the 20th, and on the morning of the 21st, at 10 o'clock, Torbert's Division of cavalry, of Hancock's Corps, struck Kemper's men at Milford Station, the infantry being close in its rear.

Hancock's report of that day says Torbert's Division of cavalry succeeded, after a stubborn fight, in driving a part of Kemper's Brigade from the station where they were heavily entrenched. The statement as to being entrenched is not true. We had no time to entrench ourselves, nor had we any idea of having to fight Hancock's Corps when the action began.

A FORTUNATE HALT.

After driving us from Milford Station Hancock halted.

This halt was fortunate for General Lec, for had Hancock pushed on, there can be but little doubt that he would have reached the Junction first and thus been enabled to select advantageously choice of position.

The causes which brought about this halt of the enemy's advance, may be more fully explained when we learn the fact, that Corse's brigade which had been left at Penola Station, marched up from there and reached a point called the Poorhouse Field, which was about a mile south of the position occupied by us, on the range of hills west of the Mattaponi river on which we formed in line after crossing the river. General Corse also formed his brigade into line of battle and seeing the enemy in his front was about to charge them when he was informed that the whole of Hancock's corps were in his front. After holding this position until sundown, Corse marched his men to the rear, where they fell into line with Ewell's corps early the next morning. We were at that time entirely ignorant of Corse's men being so near to us, otherwise we should have joined in with them, near where they fell back. As it was, each command acted independently of each other, but obtained an object undreamed by them at that time bringing Grant's army to a halt.

The enemy after crossing the river, seeing the hills in their front

lined with our infantry; one brigade on the heights northward, and Corse's on the south, no doubt came to the conclusion that a formidable army was in their front. Hancock may have thought that he had to deal with the right flank of Lee's army, anyhow it brought him to a halt and it appears that at night when he took possession of the hills, he at once proceeded to entrench his line, which to-day may be seen and traced for miles on those hills, there are two lines of trenches.

The rear one, or main line, was very strong and must have required several days of incessant labor for its erection. During a recent trip to Milford by the writer he, together with Captain J. M. Hudgin, of the 30th Virginia infantry, visited the fields of action and drove over to the hills west of the Mattaponi river, along the formidable works erected by Hancock's men after the engagement on May 21, 1864. The position occupied by Corse's brigade was pointed out, and after looking from these hills and the hill occupied by Norton's men, the circumstances of the occasion seemed to be to us explained; certainly if we could have held these formidable heights, Hancock would not have had an easy task to drive us from them.

Lee arrived at the junction with the head of Ewell's Corps at 9:30 A. M., on the 22nd, having marched all night, a distance of over thirty miles, from Spotsylvania Courthouse. The following is his report to the War Department in Richmond:

“HANOVER JUNCTION.

“I arrived here with the head of Ewell's Corps at 9:30 A. M. Longstreet is close behind. I expect A. P. Hill to-night. I have as yet seen nothing of the enemy east of the Mattaponi.”

Thus it will be seen that on the morning of the 21st, Lee was at Spotsylvania Courthouse, thirty miles off, while Hancock was at Milford, only sixteen miles from the junction. Lee lost no time in reaching the junction to select his ground, and how well he shaped his line when his opponents came up is a matter of history.

AN IMPORTANT BEARING.

These facts will show that the action of Milford Station had a very important bearing on General Lee's movements, and we were told that General Lee expressed in person to Major George F. Norton, his high appreciation of the services rendered him by the men of Kemper's Brigade in their gallant fight at Milford Station.

THE BATTLE AND CAMPAIGN OF GETTYSBURG.

From the original MS. Furnished by Major Graham Daves, of North Carolina.

BY MAJOR-GENERAL ISAAC R. TRIMBLE, C. S. A.

[“The Battle of Gettysburg” is of trite discussion—nevertheless this paper, in its perspicuous candor and fidelity, has its value.

It was, as Major Daves, (a student and valiant veteran, with due share of reverence, as his connection with the Roanoke Island Memorial Association may attest), states, “originally written for one of the Veteran Associations and has never been in print.” He adds, as of significance, that after leaving the army “General Trimble was for many years prominent as a civil engineer, and was familiar with all the region about Gettysburg,” and as is well known “in the third day’s fight at Gettysburg, he commanded Lane’s and Scale’s brigades, of Pender’s division (Pender had been mortally wounded), both brigades of North Carolina.”]

Much has been said and written about the Battle of Gettysburg, but many errors are yet entertained concerning it. Many of the transactions of that great event are either unknown, misrepresented, or put down at a wrong hour—and as yet have not been precisely stated and joined together in regular chronological order; so as to display all the features of the great battle.

The proper conception of General Lee’s design in entering Pennsylvania, and correct apprehension of the causes which led to the conflict at Gettysburg, and the reasons which compelled General Lee to carry it on when once accidentally begun, are alike erroneous or distorted by ignorance and prejudice.

We can easily comprehend the difficulty of understanding the successive movements of any battle, which was begun without the intent or knowledge of either commander of the adverse forces; and we can as easily see that after such a battle had commenced, how much confusion, uncertainty, and absence of well combined action would mark its progress on both sides. All this was true of the battle of Gettysburg; but the difficulty is greatly enhanced when we know that the extent of ground from flank to flank covered by the opposing forces, was about six miles; rendering concert of action extremely

difficult, and that the battle was fiercely maintained at various points for three days.

There is no doubt that the first aim of General Lee in his movement from Fredericksburg to the valley of Virginia and thence across the Potomac, was to thwart the plan of the Union commander against Richmond, and to draw the Federal army from Virginia. For General Lee states this expressly in his report. But it is certain that the Confederate commander never for a moment supposed that he could take a large army into Pennsylvania and continue there many weeks without fighting a great battle *somewhere*. This, General Lee hoped to do on ground of his own choice; with deliberate plan, and under circumstances entirely favorable to success.

We are to see how these reasonable expectations were defeated by adverse circumstances; disobedience of orders by his commander of cavalry, and want of concerted action and vigorous onset among his corps commanders at critical moments in the assaults of each of the three days.

But my object is not now to give a history of the battle of Gettysburg, but to relate the movements which came under my own notice, and which may help to throw light on what is now obscure, and I propose, comrades, in what I have to say, to make it principally the relation of a simple narrative of events in which I was an humble actor. I shall not make any effort whatever to throw around the events related, any attractions beyond that grave, and to us always intensified interest, with which the plain facts invest them.

Next to the general results of a battle or of a campaign, and scarcely less important and interesting, has it this day become the occurrences, details and *true* facts, if I may so speak, mingling with, effecting, and in part *producing* the final result. In a word, we want to know how and why a battle was lost or won, and why a campaign failed. "Truth and facts," says Carlyle, "are inexorable things, and whether recognized or not, they decide the fate of battles, and mould the destiny of kingdoms and of men."

It is on account of the numerous misrepresentations, errors and omissions which I see contained in reports of commanders, and description of battles in historical works of the late war, which from personal knowledge I know to be in circulation, that I have often expressed a wish that each actor, however humble, in a battle or march, should put in writing what has come under his *own* notice, a relation of facts, about which there could be no mistake, because actually witnessed. If we had a collection of such data from generals

down to privates, carefully recorded and preserved, how precious and invaluable would they be to the future historian. What would the history of our Revolutionary war have been without the aid of Thatcher's Journal, a plain, unpretending private narrative of events, noted down at the time they occurred. This journal helped to clear up many doubtful points, and to fix indisputably many important facts, in the history of the Revolution.

NARRATIVE.

May 18, 1863. Left Richmond from Shocco Springs, N. C., to hasten recovery from a wounded leg and a desperate attack of camp erysipelas.

June 18th. Feeling sufficiently restored to return to duty, I wrote to General Lee with the freedom of an old acquaintance, requesting to be placed on service with him in the Army of Northern Virginia. In reply General Lee said in his letter: "I have other and more agreeable service for you. I wish you to take command in the Valley of Virginia and of all the troops now in it, your headquarters at Staunton, and that you should undertake what I have long desired, to brigade all the Marylanders and form them into one corps, and I will have issued what orders you desire to effect this object."

He jocosely concluded his letter by saying in his peculiar and pleasant way, which however regarded as mere badinage by many, always contained some point by hinting at an object to be attained, or suggesting some effort which might be made to promote the success of a campaign; "you shall have full permission to capture Milroy and all his stores which we very much need at this time."

June 19th. Received orders to take command of the valley and repair to Staunton. On reaching that place the 22nd, on horseback, I found that all the forces in the valley had moved, or were under orders for Maryland. I continued down the valley to overtake General Lee and report to him, which I did the afternoon of the 24th June, near Berryville. As soon as the courtesies of meeting had passed, he said: "You are tired and hungry, if you will step down to the mess you may find some remains of a fine mutton which kind friends have sent us, and after eating come up and we will talk (General Lee had dined, but finished before his staff, as was his custom).

On returning I found him alone by his tent, and said: "Well, General, you have taken away all my troops what am I to do?" He

kindly replied, "Yes; we had no time to wait for you, but you must go with us and help to conquer Pennsylvania." He continued to speak and said: "We have again out-manœuvred the enemy, who even now don't know where we are or what are our designs. Our whole army will be in Pennsylvania the day after to-morrow, leaving the enemy far behind, and obliged to follow us by forced marches. I hope with these advantages to accomplish some signal result, and to end the war if Providence favours us."

He then alluded to the conduct of our army in Pennsylvania, said he "had received letters from many prominent men in the South urging retaliatory acts while in the enemy's country, on property, &c., for ravages and destruction on Southern homes." He said: "What do you think should be our treatment of people in Pennsylvania?" I replied "General, I have never thought a wanton destruction of property of non-combatants in an enemy's country advanced any cause. That our aims were higher than to make war on the defenceless citizens or women and children."

General Lee at once rejoined with that solemnity and grandeur so characteristic of the man. "These are my own views, I cannot hope that heaven will prosper our cause when we are violating its laws. I shall, therefore, carry on the war in Pennsylvania without offending the sanction of a high civilization and of Christianity."

A few days after was issued that humane order, one of the noblest records of the war, the recollection of which should cause the cheeks of Northern generals and people to kindle with shame, when in contrast with their orders and their conduct in the South—before and after the day at Gettysburg—I was never so much impressed with the exalted moral worth and true greatness of Robert E. Lee, as when I heard him utter with serene earnestness the words I have quoted, and beheld the noble expression of magnanimity and justice which beamed from his countenance.

General Lee did not finally conquer by arms in the just cause which he espoused; but his more glorious victories in favour of mercy and justice, over mad ambition, lust, rapine and wrong, lift his character to a sublimer height than any ever attained by a military chieftain. Already the verdict of the world has pronounced him the hero of humanity.

Yes comrades, "He was not only famous, but of that good fame, without which Glory's but a tavern song."

CHAMBERSBURG, *June 27th, 1863.*

"The commanding general has observed with marked satisfaction the conduct of the troops on the march, and confidently anticipates results commensurate with the high spirit they have manifested. No troops could have displayed greater fortitude, or better performed the arduous duties of the past ten days. Their conduct in other respects has, with few exceptions, been in keeping with their character as soldiers, and entitles them to approbation and praise. There have, however, been instances of forgetfulness on the part of some, that they have in keeping the yet unsullied reputation of the army, and that the duties exacted of us by civilization and Christianity, are not less obligatory in the country of the enemy than in our own. The commanding general considers that no greater disgrace could befall the army, and through it our whole people, than the perpetration of the barbarous outrages upon the innocent and defenceless, and the wanton destruction of private property that have marked the course of the enemy in our own country. Such proceedings not only disgrace the perpetrators and all connected with them, but are subversive of the discipline and efficiency of the army, and destructive of the ends of our present movements.

"It must be remembered that we make war only upon armed men, and that we cannot take vengeance for the wrongs our people have suffered, without lowering ourselves in the eyes of all whose abhorrence has been excited by the atrocities of our enemy, and offending against Him to whom vengeance belongeth, and without whose favor and support, our efforts must all prove in vain.

"The commanding general, therefore, earnestly exhorts the troops to abstain with most scrupulous care from unnecessary or wanton injury to private property; and he enjoins upon all officers to arrest and bring to summary punishment all who shall, in any way, offend against the orders of this subject.

R. E. LEE, *General.*"

June 26th. General Lee entered Maryland. I met him in Hagerstown and suggested sending at once a brigade to Baltimore to take that city, rouse Maryland, and thus embarrass the enemy. He so far considered the plan as to write to General A. P. Hill, the only corps commander near, to ask if he could spare a brigade for that purpose, who told me he had sent a reply to General Lee, that it would reduce his force too much, so it was not done.

June 27th. In the afternoon I met General Lee again at his tent

pitched near the road, for a night halt. He called me to where he was seated, and unfolding a map of Pennsylvania, asked me about the topography of the country east of the South Mountain in Adams county and around Gettysburg. He said with a smile, "as a civil engineer you may know more about it than any of us." After my description of the country and saying that "almost every square mile contained good positions for battle or skillful manœuvering," he remarked (and I think I repeat his words nearly verbatim) "Our army is in good spirits, not over fatigued, and can be concentrated on any one point in twenty-four hours or less. I have not yet heard that the enemy have crossed the Potomac, and am waiting to hear from General Stuart. When they hear where we are they will make forced marches to interpose their forces between us and Baltimore and Philadelphia. They will come up, probably through Frederick; broken down with hunger and hard marching, strung out on a long line and much demoralized, when they come into Pennsylvania. I shall throw an overwhelming force on their advance, crush it, follow up the success, drive one corps back on another, and by successive repulses and surprises before they can concentrate; create a panic and virtually destroy the army."

When asked my opinion, I said the plan ought to be successful, as I never knew our men to be in finer spirits in any campaign. He said: "That is, I hear, the general impression."

At the conclusion of our interview, he laid his hand on the map, over Gettysburg, and said hereabout we shall probably meet the enemy and fight a great battle, and if God gives us the victory, the war will be over and we shall achieve the recognition of our independence. He concluded by saying General Ewell's forces are by this time in Harrisburg; if not, go and join him, and help to take the place.

June 28th, Sunday.—Reached Carlisle. General Early had been sent to York, but no force against Harrisburg. Told General Ewell it could easily be taken, and I thought General Lee expected it. I volunteered to capture the place with one brigade, and it was arranged we should start before day Tuesday morning. That night, Tuesday, General Ewell received by courier from General Lee a despatch that the enemy had crossed the Potomac—26th and 27th—with an order to cross at once the South Mountain, "and march to Cashtown or Gettysburg, according to circumstances." *These were the words.*

Tuesday, June 30th.—Ewell started from Carlisle with Rodes'

Division, and by an easy march reached Heidelberg before sundown. General Johnson was left to guard trains, and General Early had not returned from York.

After dark General Early reached Heidelberg, having left his division in camp three miles off.

General Ewell called a consultation, Early, Rodes and self present. General Ewell stated that information had come of the arrival of the 11th corps of the enemy at Gettysburg, and he was undecided what to do under his order, which was read over *repeatedly* and variously commented on, General E. especially commenting in severe terms on its ambiguity with reference to Cashtown or Gettysburg as the objective point. When my opinion was asked, I said I could interpret it in but one way, after hearing from General Lee a few days before his plan to attack the advance of the enemy, wherever found, with a superior force, and throw it back in confusion on the main body; and that, as this advance was in Gettysburg, we should march to that place and notify General Lee accordingly; nothing was decided that night. About seven or eight next morning, July 1st, begun the march towards Middletown, as I suggested *that* place to be indirectly on the way to both Cashtown and Gettysburg, and that a courier should be sent to General Lee for positive orders. We reached Middletown, seven miles from Gettysburg, about 10 o'clock, and about fifteen minutes after General Ewell had word from General Lee or Hill to march to Gettysburg, to which point the latter had moved. Rodes' Division at once started for that place, and reached a point about two miles from the town westward about 12 o'clock, when line of battle was formed on the north of the road, and under my guidance reached unmoled by rapid advance a point commanding the town, which is the northern termination of Seminary Ridge and about a mile distant from Gettysburg. A half hour before reaching this position, we had heard Hill's artillery actively engaged off to our right and in advance, which proved to be his first encounter with the enemy *unexpectedly* on Seminary Ridge, one and a half miles west of Gettysburg; the position gained by us was on the enemy's right flank as he engaged General Hill and directly west of the town. Rodes at once engaged with his infantry on our right, and his batteries opened against those of the enemy just in front of the town, while one of his brigades was extended on our left by General Ewell's order out into the low ground towards and beyond the Mummasburg Road. About 2 P. M. Hill and Rodes had driven the enemy on our right, and General Early,

having reached the field on our extreme left, encountered a heavy body of the enemy, who were sent to turn our left, and drove them back in confusion and with heavy loss.

From the position I was in, I could command a view a mile and a half in extent from one flank to the other, and noticed that the whole space in open fields was covered with Union soldiers retreating in broken masses towards the town from our own and General Hill's front.

This was about 2.30 P. M. Soon after General Ewell rode to the town, passing a numerous body of prisoners. I said to an officer: "Fortune is against you to-day." He replied: "We have been worse whipped than ever."

Riding through one of the streets with his staff, General Ewell was fired on from the houses; and soon after rode out to a farmhouse, near a hospital. At this time, about 3, the firing had ceased entirely, save occasional discharges of artillery from the hill above the town. The battle was over and we had won it handsomely. General Ewell moved about uneasily, a good deal excited, and seemed to me to be undecided what to do next. I approached him and said: "Well, General, we have had a grand success; are you not going to follow it up and push our advantage?"

He replied that "General Lee had instructed him not to bring on a general engagement without orders, and that he would wait for them."

I said, that hardly applies to the present state of things, as we have fought a hard battle already, and should secure the advantage gained. He made no rejoinder, but was far from composure. I was deeply impressed with the conviction that it was a critical moment for us and made a remark to that effect.

As no movement seemed immediate, I rode off to our left, north of the town, to reconnoitre, and noticed conspicuously the wooded hill northeast of Gettysburg (Culp's), and a half mile distant, and of an elevation to command the country for miles each way, and overlooking Cemetery Hill above the town. Returning to see General Ewell, who was still under much embarrassment, I said: "General, *there*," pointing to Culp's Hill, "is an eminence of commanding position, and not now occupied, as it ought to be by us or the enemy soon. I advise you to send a brigade and hold it if we are to remain here." He said: "Are you sure it commands the town?" "Certainly it does, as you can see, and it ought to be held by us at

once." General Ewell made some impatient reply, and the conversation dropped.

By night (it was then about 3:30), that hill—Culp's—the key of the position around Gettysburg was occupied by part of the 12th Corps, Slocums; and reinforced the next day.

On the 2nd and 3rd determined efforts were made by us to gain this hill, but without success, and fearful loss.

On our extreme right, west of Round-top Hill, General Longstreet had reached a point three or four miles from Gettysburg, with but slight opposition.

That night from daylight to late at night, General Lee was anxiously reconnoitering the ground and frequently expressed a wish to attack the enemy that night or early in the morning. Why his wish was not carried out I don't feel at liberty to explain. Nothing however was done, nor a gun fired, until next day late in the afternoon.

Thus the 1st and 11th Corps, were signally defeated by 2:30, July 1st. General Hill had lost heavily; General Rodes of Ewell's Corps had not suffered much and his men, as I saw them, were in high spirits. General Early had hardly suffered at all and General Johnson had not been in the fight, only reaching the field by sundown.

What were the enemy's condition and movements?

July 1st. At 3 P. M. the 1st and 11th Corps had been dispersed, except Steinwehr's Division of 3 or 4000 men, a reserve left on Cemetery Hill. General Hancock reached Cemetery Hill in person about 4:30, and at once advised General Meade to bring his whole army there. Slocum's 12th Corps arrived about 4:30 P. M. and was posted on the right (Federal right). Sickles with only Birney's Division, 3rd Corps, arrived about 5 P. M. and formed on the left of 1st Corps.

These troops had all made forced marches, and were not in fighting order. General Wadsworth's Division took possession of Culps Hill about sundown. The other corps—12th, Slocum's; 2nd, Hancock's; 5th, Sykes'; 6th, Sedgewick's—arrived late in the night and early on the morning of the 2nd.

It is apparent from this condition of things, at 3:30 P. M. on the 1st, that the failure to follow up vigorously our success, from whatever cause it proceeded, was the first fatal error committed. It seemed to me that General Ewell was in a position to do so. But he evidently did not feel that he should take so responsible a step without orders from General Lee who might reasonably be expected to take the direction of affairs at this juncture. I have since been told

by one of General Lee's staff, that an order was handed to General Ewell in the afternoon of the 1st July "to pursue our success, and advance if he was in a condition to do so."

July 2nd. This morning all was quiet. General Lee, about 9 A. M., rode over to General Ewell's quarters, who was absent. He first met me and said, "he wanted to go to some point which would command a view of the country and of the enemy's position." I pointed out the cupola of the Alms House near by, to which we ascended. From this we had a good view of Cemetery Hill, Round Top, Culp's Hill and adjacent country.

General Lee said: "the enemy have the advantage of us in a shorter and inside line and we are too much extended. We did not or we could not pursue our advantage of yesterday, and now the enemy are in a good position." Returning to General Ewell's quarters and meeting him, he at once made use of the same words. "We did not or could not," &c. And he repeated them over and over again as he met Early, Rodes and others, and with a significance which strongly impressed me, as I thought I could see plainly that his design to fall upon the advance of the enemy and crush it, had not been productive of the results he wished for, and had such good reasons to expect.

After a full consultation, General Lee decided to concentrate his forces on our right, moving General Ewell from the extreme left, behind Hill and Longstreet, the movement to be made that night. It was however not done.

July 2nd, P. M. Longstreet was ordered to move early, but did not get up until about 4 P. M., when he attacked the Federal left, under Sickles, which was advanced about half a mile westward of Cemetery Ridge and Round Top, in a peach orchard, and drove them back to the Ridge under the shelter of their guns on "Round Top."

About sundown on 2d, General Ewell with Johnson's Division, made an attempt to take "Culp's Hill," but after a severe loss, was unsuccessful. Later the same evening or at dark, General Early made a successful attack on Cemetery Hill just above the town, carried two lines of works and captured a battery of six guns; but not being supported by Rodes on the right, as was arranged, he was obliged to abandon his advantage, by a force of the enemy rallied to assail his right flank, which Rodes should have been there to protect.

So there was on this day, three isolated but fierce attacks, against

different parts of the enemy's line, which, for want of simultaneous movement, or concentration of effort, resulted in no advantage.

July 3. A fierce contest begun early this day, on our left, brought on by an attempt of the enemy to drive back Johnson from the foot of "Culp's Hill," which he repelled, but again failed himself in a renewed attack to gain the Hill. This conflict continued all the morning.

July 3rd., Afternoon. General Lee having decided to carry Cemetery Ridge by a determined effort from our right, preparations were ready by one o'clock. The order of battle, which I read, was in these words:

"General Longstreet will make a vigorous attack on his front; General Ewell will threaten the enemy on the left, or make a vigorous attack, should circumstances justify it: General Hill will hold the centre at all hazards."

After that tremendous cannonade of one and a half hours, Ricketts Division of Longstreet's Corps moved gallantly forward under Pettigrew, Heth's division moved at the same time; with two brigades of General Pender's Division temporarily under my command forming a second line in rear of Pettigrew. I think this charge was made about three o'clock, and by four it was over.

It is said, and with truth, that Longstreet did not support Rickett's Division on the right, by keeping back Hood's and McLaw's Divisions, as he said, to protect his right against Pleasant's cavalry.

Pickett's Division having a shorter space to pass over, became engaged sooner than the troops on his left, but was subjected to no more heavy fire.

Heth's Division marched in fine order, in a line with Pickett's, about 200 yards in advance of Pender's two brigades. When it reached the low grounds, near the Emmitsburg road, it seemed to me just in the rear, to sink into the ground, we passed over it without the least disorder, and drove the enemy from the fence at the road, where our men stopped and began firing, instead of mounting the fence; while making efforts to get them over the fence I was wounded. While at the fence the exposure was dreadful. The incessant discharge of canister, shell and musketry was more than any troops could endure. The brigades of Pender yielding ground, began to move back slowly and in good order, not breaking ranks even.

I was asked by my aids if they should rally the men and renew the charge. When I looked to Pickett's position and could plainly

see that the conflict was ended there, as but a few stragglers could be seen. Hence it was mere folly for our small force to continue the fight, and I said to my aid: "No; the best thing the men can do, is to get out of this, and let them go." I know these brigades were the last troops to leave the field, and as we moved slowly back, but few of Pickett's men were visible.

In reviewing the events preceding the battle, and the occurrences during the three days, we cannot fail to be impressed with the cause of embarrassment to General Lee, and the reasons for his failure to obtain a decided and useful victory. For the proof is abundant that Gettysburg fight was a drawn battle, though with General Lee in the enemy's country, failure of victory was a defeat to his campaign.

The errors, a want of judgment which defeated General Lee's plans, are conspicuous and numerous, and it is strange, tho' reasonably certain, that if *any one* of these errors had not been made, the result of Gettysburg would have been a victory for us.

But *all* in succession were against us, and we were crushed by a combination of mistakes and disasters, to which few armies have ever been subjected.

I will enumerate these errors:

1st. The absence of Stuart's cavalry. That officer disobeyed two orders of General Lee, to keep his cavalry between our army and the enemy. Hence General Lee was seriously embarrassed, as he never knew the precise movements of the enemy, and could not prepare to meet them as he desired.

2nd. General Ewell not moving directly on Gettysburg early on the 1st, where he would have begun the fight with Hill, made it speedily successful at an early hour of the day, and prevented the enemy from halting on Cemetery Hill.

3rd. Our success the first day not having been followed up by vigorous pursuit of the enemy.

4th. Failure to attack the enemy by daybreak on the 2nd, before he had concentrated, as desired by General Lee.

5th. Want of concert in attacks on 2nd, and especially Rodes' failure to sustain Early at night.

6th. Longstreet's delay in reaching the field early on 2nd, when only three miles distant, until 4 o'clock P. M.

7th. Longstreet's not vigorously attacking with his *whole* force on the 3rd.

8th. Failure to occupy Culp's Hill on 1st, without opposition, which would have driven the enemy from Cemetery Hill.

9th. A great error in attacking the third day on a line six miles long, and without simultaneous effort, instead of concentrating two corps against the enemy's left, as General Lee intended, and moving forward to the attack successive divisions, until the adversary was overwhelmed, his line broken, and his left turned. The even balance of the day as it was shows that this strategy would have succeeded.

The battle of Gettysburg was fought on 3rd in reality by three divisions—Pickett's, Heth's, under Pettigrew, Pender's, under Trimble—all concentrated on the enemy's left centre. Longstreet's two right divisions were not put in earnestly. Two divisions of Hill were in position on Seminary Ridge, and Ewell's Corps on left, held in threatening attitude.

It was evident that in General Lee's position, distant from his supplies and from all reinforcements, and inferior in numbers, that these disadvantages could only be neutralized by repeated and hard blows, dealt so rapidly that the enemy would not have time to mature any plan or to put himself in a secure position. General Lee fully realized this, and as soon as he was aware that the enemy were at Gettysburg, was earnest in a desire to push our success the first day, and to attack by daylight on 2nd. This was prevented by the indecision of his corps commanders.

Both armies were exhausted by the great efforts and sacrifices that had been made, and seemed willing to end the campaign without further struggle.

But there is no question that, as General Lee hoped and believed, a successful battle in Pennsylvania would have secured Southern independence.

WILLIAM HENRY CHASE WHITING,
Major-General C. S. Army.

An Address Delivered in Raleigh, N. C., on Memorial Day, May 10th,
1895, at the request of the Ladies' Memorial Society.

By C. B. DENSON, of the Engineer Service, C. S. Army.

"Respectfully dedicated to the surviving partner of the joys and sorrows of the matchless genius, the heroic soldier and the unselfish patriot, to whose memory these pages are devoted."

*Ladies of the Memorial Association, Comrades of the
Confederate States Army, Ladies and Gentlemen :*

The poet has said in touching numbers—

"Fold up the tattered, blood-stained cross,
By bleeding martyrs blest,
And heap the laurels it has won,
Above its place of rest.
It lived with Lee, and decked his brow
From Fate's empyreal Palm;
It sleeps the sleep of Jackson now—
As spotless and as calm.

Sleep, shrouded ensign! not the breeze
That smote the victor tar
With death across the heaving seas
Of fiery Trafalgar,
Can bid thee pale! Proud emblem, still
Thy crimson glory shines!

* * * *

Sleep in thine own historic night!
And be thy blazoned scroll,
A warrior's banner takes its flight
To greet a warrior's soul!"

Character is the foundation of human greatness. In its perfection, it represents, in the individual, the sum of the activities of life; in a national sense, it is the development in history of the ruling spirit of a people, leading to the flower of achievement—to the utmost limit of moral, physical and intellectual effort, in the discharge of duty.

The element of character most God-like, is self-sacrifice.

According to this standard, we are here to-day, thirty years after the deep-mouthed cannon have hushed their voices, to honor the memory of the most peerless heroes in the annals of the world.

He who imagines that the statesmen of the South, above all the people of North Carolina, rushed into the tremendous conflict of the Civil War in thoughtless pride, or mad determination to preserve a single species of property, knows nothing of the true spirit that filled the hearts of the best of the land.

The Union had been the beloved object of Southern patriotism. Alamance and Mecklenburg sounded to arms for the revolutionary struggle, Patrick Henry's eloquence fired the torch of liberty, Washington led her hosts, Madison drafted the Constitution, Marshall interpreted the laws—Southern men all. King's Mountain and Guilford were the precursors of the inevitable close of the drama of the revolution at Yorktown. For seventy years and more Southern genius dominated the country and led it, step by step, to the pinnacle of fame. Jefferson and Jackson were the great executives of the first half of the century. The second War of Independence, in 1812, was maintained chiefly by Southern valor. Scott and Taylor, as well as Lee and Davis, in the Mexican war, were men of the South. Fought by an overwhelming majority of Southern men, that war, with the purchases previous thereto and succeeding, by Southern statesmanship, had doubled the area ruled by the Federal government, against the repeated protest of the North. The South had given to the general government, of her own accord, the princely territory of the States between the Tennessee and the Great Lakes. There was never a conflict in behalf of the Union and the Constitution of these United States, in which the men of the South did not far outnumber those of any other section, and give their precious lives in due proportion.

The world will never know how much it cost the South; how stupendous was the price that North Carolina paid to defend the Constitutional rights of the States. Was there no sorrow in contemplating the destruction of the fabric reared by the efforts of Southern statesmanship and cemented with the blood of her children?

Who, to-day, would have had this old Commonwealth trample upon her traditions—even from the earliest colonial days, "of the freest of the free," in Bancroft's words—and tamely submit to military usurpation from Washington to send her sons into the field, against every dictate of conscience and settled conviction of the sov-

ereign rights of the States; to send her sons, I say, against their brethren of Virginia and South Carolina—bone of their bone, and flesh of their flesh, not only in the claims of blood, but in history and sentiment?

Never have the annals of history known a line of statesmen like those who guided the fortunes of this country for three-quarters of a century or more! Think of the purity of character of Nathaniel Macon, of John C. Calhoun, of William A. Graham, of Jefferson Davis! Who knew more of the constitutional authority of the State to order her citizens to stand in her defence than such statesmen?

My comrades, when men stand above the graves of our sacred dead and drop a flower there to honor them, because they died for what they thought was right, and bend their heads before your gray hairs, in token that your suffering for long years touches them, because you thought you were right—there is a vain and empty echo to such words, kindly meant as they may be.

For one, I am here to affirm, before high Heaven, that they *were* right, and that North Carolina would have been recreant to every principle of honor and duty had she done otherwise. When I see the saintly Bishop-General, who was born on your own soil, leaving the pulpit under the imperative sense of overwhelming duty and sharing the dangers of the field; at one moment stretching forth his arms in blessing upon the stricken people, and the next moment torn apart by an enemy's shot, I feel, with the poet—

“A flash from the edge of a hostile trench
A puff of smoke, a roar,
Whose echo shall roll from Kennesaw hills
To the furthestmost Christian shore,

Proclaim to the world that the warrior priest
Will battle for right no more;
And that for a cause which is sanctified,
By the blood of martyrs unknown,

* * * * *

He kneels, a meek ambassador,
At the foot of the Father's throne.”

When I think of Stonewall Jackson, wounded unto death, yet wrestling in prayer with his God, as he was wont to do, in the valley of the Shenandoah, before some bloody enterprise of the next day, like the stern Covenanters of old, and then committing his cause and

his fellow-soldiers to a Heavenly care, "to rest under the trees" this day, thirty-two years ago—the question recurs: "Was he not in the right?"

When I picture the matchless dignity of Robert E. Lee, looking from his charger in grave serenity upon a field tumultuous with every form of effort of horse and man, and incarnadined with human gore; or recall him, as it was my fortune to see him, in the peace and quiet of his headquarters, and mark the signs on his countenance, of the God-given intellect, and regal dignity of spirit, that afterwards refused fortune and honor abroad to share poverty and labor with his own at home, I am forced to declare—if such immortal spirits were wrong, then let me be wrong with them!

In a memorial address twenty-six years ago, the brave and lamented Colonel Robert H. Cowan used this language, when our people were sitting amid the thickest gloom of their great calamity, and patriotic Wilmington was erecting a memorial to our dead. He declared:

"In the Pass of classic Thermopylæ, there is a monumental pillar reared by the decree of the Amphictyonic Council, to the memory of Leonidas and his devoted three hundred. It bears an inscription, written by the poet of the time, in a style of true Lacedemonian simplicity, and yet it is so tender and touching in its tone, and so lofty in its sentiment, that it appears to me to be sublime:

" 'Oh stranger! tell it to the Lacedemonians,
That we lie here in obedience to their laws.'

"Let the stranger, whoever he may be, that visits this sacred spot, go and proclaim it to all the world that these brave men lie here in obedience to the laws of North Carolina."

The tongue that spoke these words has long been silent in the grave, but they are forever true. The mother State, conservative in all her history, pondered her steps long and well. What she ordered was done in the plain path of duty, when all other resource had departed. But that duty once ascertained, was performed with a tenacious determination almost without a parallel.

In this transitory life, the most precious things are the spiritual forces—the invisible, but immortal, powers that mould men's lives.

Look about you, in your beautiful Capital City, putting on anew the garniture of spring. Consider the swift passing away of the material objects about us. A century or two, and where are the

most pretentious of our structures? Where are our marts, our factories, and temples? Forms, fashions, institutions change—the rich and the poor exchange places—animated nature bows to decay and passes in turn to oblivion!

But the ashes of the noble dead remain in mother earth, and the memory of their deeds hallows the soil. Think you that the valor of George B. Anderson is lost, the gallantry of L. O'B. Branch, the calm and intrepid patriotism of the host of lesser rank that lie beside them in either of our cities of the dead—Burgwyn, and Turner, and Shotwell; the Haywoods, Manlys, Rogers, Engelhard; the knightly Smedes, the great-hearted William E. Anderson—ah! where shall I pause in the bead-roll of heroes; how dare we not include every private, who bore his musket well, in that great brigade that lie in eternal bivouac on our eastern slopes, awaiting the trump of the resurrection morn?

Tried by the standard of devotion to duty, and sublime self-sacrifice, the men whom your fair women delight to honor were worthy of the highest niche in the temple of military fame—the brightest crown, as patriot martyrs.

They lie on every battle-field of importance throughout the South. At Winchester, where the sacred ashes have been gathered from many bloody contests, they exceed in melancholy array those of any other State.

At Fredericksburg, the dead and wounded of North Carolina exceeded those of all other States of the South combined.

In the Seven Days' struggle around Richmond, one-half of the number of regiments in Lee's entire army were sons of your soil.

Would you seek the most magnificent spectacle of undying courage? Behold the 5th North Carolina at Williamsburg; see it in the 4th North Carolina at Seven Pines; find it in the 3d at Sharpsburg; watch it in the 18th at Spotsylvania; behold it in the 20th at Frazer's Farm; see it in the 26th at Gettysburg, whose loss was the greatest recorded in history; glory in it in the 36th North Carolina, as it envelops Fort Fisher and the heroic Whiting with a halo of imperishable fame.

Yet how shall we separate a gallant few from all the brave sons of Carolina, in all her serried battalions? And how shall a single day's exhibition of God-like self-surrender and indomitable daring represent to us the daily struggle on the picket-line, the weary march, the long night watch, the agonizing wound, the dreary imprisonment, the slow starvation, the unceasing anxiety for distant wife and

child, the sorrow for a broken and desolated country, the unspeakable pain of final defeat?

Alas! for the unknown graves that hide the broken hearts of our comrades, worn by disease, whom we left behind at every camp, in the sand-hills by the sea, or dotting the grassy glades of mountain valleys.

Yet the very boys emblazoned immortal deeds upon the escutcheon of their State.

At Chancellorsville, the death wound came to a lad of barely seventeen. His musket dropped; with Spartan fortitude he raised his hand to the gushing wound, and faltered forth to his commander, "Major, I am killed; tell my father that my feet were to the enemy!" So fell Wilson Kerr, of North Carolina.

At Petersburg, in the suburb of Pocahontas, lies the last man of the retreating army of Lee. The enemy were rapidly closing on the rear guard, and he volunteered to fire the bridge in the face of certain death. He reached its middle, applied the match, and then, though torn by a grape-shot, that boy of sixteen walked back to the bank and yielded his precious life.

The enemy, in admiration of his valor, gave him a soldier's burial on the very spot—wrapped in his old gray blanket that was slung about his shoulders, and the only shroud over his fair features from the enveloping clay, was the apron of a solitary woman, brave enough to venture there to weep over him.

So died Cummings Mebane, of North Carolina.

" His country was the lady of his dreams,
Her cross his knightly sign—
He died! And there he lies,
A stately, slender palm,
Felled down, in tender blossoming,
Across her grave! "

Young men of North Carolina, you who are her hope and pride, and who will be her strong staff, when we shall have become but a memory, see to it, I beseech you, that such sublime virtue, which accepts certain death for the safety of the whole, and the good of the State, be commemorated in yonder capitol in glowing canvass or enduring marble.

Happy will be that people, who, in honoring virtue and commemorating sublimity of human character, stamp the image of the ancestor upon the mind and heart of the children!

All honor to the noble women of the Memorial Association of Raleigh, that they have taught their lesson, year by year, not only in the silent but eloquent eulogy of flowers; not only in recalling to mind the heroic self-sacrifice of the hosts in gray, in their voiceless camps of death; but also have decreed that heroes who have served their country in conspicuous station, shall be honored by the recital of their services, and a record shall be forever kept in grateful remembrance.

It is the privilege of the speaker to recite briefly some of the many leaves of history, which cluster like chaplets of laurel around an illustrious soldier, who though not born upon your soil, loved with his whole heart your people and your State, and gave his life for them.

WILLIAM HENRY CHASE WHITING, the son of Levi and Mary A. Whiting, was born March 22, 1824, at Biloxi, Mississippi.

His father, originally from Massachusetts, spent his life as an officer of the U. S. Army, serving forty years, from 1812 to 1853, being at his death Lieutenant-Colonel of the 1st Artillery.

At twelve years of age he was ready for the Public High School of Boston, where he remained two years, taking the highest stand, particularly in Latin and Greek. Gifted with extraordinary quickness of perception, unyielding tenacity and fidelity of memory, and great will-power, the combination gave evidence of the rarest mental power. He saw at a glance, yet comprehended to the utmost depth. At fourteen, he entered Georgetown College, D. C., and completed with ease the four years' course in two years, besides receiving his diploma with high distinction at the head of his class. It was said of his knowledge of Latin, that he could converse in it with fluency.

Yet an entirely different class of studies awaited him at West Point, where he entered the U. S. Military Academy, at seventeen. Always at the top, he took at once a high stand, maintained it throughout the course, and graduated after four years, July 1, 1845, at the head of the class of forty members, and with a higher stand than any officer of the army had ever taken up that period.

Cadet Whiting is described briefly, but vividly, a letter from his room-mate, General Fitz John Porter, to the speaker:

"119 WEST 47TH STREET, NEW YORK,

"April 23, 1895.

"CAPT. C. B. DENSON,

"*My Dear Sir:* * * * I deeply regret that it is not in my power to furnish you information which would aid you in writing a

memoir of my old friend, General W. H. C. Whiting. It would be a great pleasure to me to do it if I could. Though he and I were classmates and roommates at West Point, and necessarily very intimate, after graduating we met but a very few times, and then only for a few hours. * * * Our spheres of duty widely separated us, and we knew of each other only through an occasional letter. * * * As a cadet, Whiting's career was most exemplary. Pure in all his acts; of the strictest integrity, ever kind and gentle and open-hearted to his comrades; free from deception; just in his duty to his service and Academy, and never but kind and just to his comrades, and the cadets under him. These qualities caused him to be loved by his companions and respected by his subordinates, and honored and trusted by his superiors.

"He was of first-rate ability, as shown in his studies and graduation at the head of his class. So long as he was in the army, he maintained that reputation, and there was great regret that he resigned to take to a different cause and field.

"Wishing you success in your efforts, I am,

"Yours truly,

F. J. PORTER."

It was no small honor to be first in a class that held General Chas. P. Stone (the organizer of the army of Egypt, after the Civil War), General Fitz John Porter, General Gordon Granger, Generals E. Kirby Smith, Barnard E. Bee, and the like. It has been generally conceded that no class contained so many men that afterwards rose to distinction in the great war.

Upon graduating, his position entitled him to the honor of an appointment to the engineer corps, the elite of the army. He served as second lieutenant until his promotion to first lieutenant, March 16, 1853, and captain, December 13, 1858. He tendered his resignation from the United States service February 20, 1861.

Shortly after graduation, he was ordered to the dangerous task of laying out a military road from San Antonio to El Paso. It will be remembered that Texas had just been annexed, and the country swarmed with the fierce Comanche Indians. This was accomplished with a small party, although with many hair-breadth escapes from the rifle and the scalping knife.

He was next at various stations on the gulf until 1852. While temporarily in command at Pensacola, he won high reputation among professional engineers, by successfully closing an opening

made by the waters of the lagoon, breaking through to the gulf, thereby endangering the Fort (Pickens) by undermining. This had baffled the efforts of several engineers, who had attempted to close it, at great expense to the government.

Ordered next to Fort McHenry, then under the command of Colonel Robert E. Lee, he was transferred shortly after to Fort Point, California, at San Francisco, thence to Wilmington, N. C., and from that point to Fort Pulaski, Georgia, and Fort Clinch, Florida. Upon her secession, Georgia made him Major of Engineers, and on March 29, he received the same rank in the Confederate Army.

Then began the long line of services, in many capacities and at many points, to the Southern cause, much of which was devoted to North Carolina, and the closing years of his career wholly so.

Sent to Charleston, S. C., to inspect the works being constructed against Fort Sumter, he recognized at once the faults of location and construction, and reported the danger to President Davis. He showed the letter to Beauregard, and ordered him to take charge. General Beauregard, recognizing the truth of the situation, proceeded to change the entire location, and, to use his language:

“I determined to alter the system, but gradually, so as not to dampen the ardor or touch the pride of the gallant and sensitive gentlemen who had left their homes, at the call of the State, to vindicate its honor.”

General Beauregard, in his report of the capture of Fort Sumter, April 12, 1861, said:

“The engineers, Majors Whiting and Gwynn and others, on whom too much praise cannot be bestowed for their untiring zeal, energy and gallantry, and to whose labors is greatly due the unprecedented example of taking such an important work, after thirty-three hours’ firing, without having to report the loss of a single life, and but four slightly wounded.

“From Major W. H. C. Whiting I derived also much assistance, not only as an engineer, in selecting the sites and laying out the channel batteries on Morris Island, but as Acting Assistant-Adjutant and Inspector-General, in arranging and stationing the troops on said island.”

Major Whiting was made Adjutant-General, and brought his great abilities into service on Morris Island, to prepare for the attack upon Sumter, which was successful April 11, 1861.

An Englishman, and an accomplished critic of military men and

measures, speaks in exalted terms of praise of Major Whiting's operations there; and long after, General Gist writes of his ardent desire that Whiting should return to Charleston in complete command.

Leaving Charleston now for the field, he remains in North Carolina long enough to advise as to the defences of the Cape Fear, at the following request of the Governor, the lamented John W. Ellis, who fell a victim to disease early in the war. He writes:

"EXECUTIVE DEPARTMENT,
"RALEIGH, N. C., *April 21, 1861.*

"WM. H. WHITING:

"*Sir*,—You are hereby appointed Inspector-General in charge of the defences of North Carolina.

"Your attention will be particularly directed to Forts Caswell and Johnston, and the mouth of the Cape Fear River, Beaufort harbor and Fort Macon, Ocracoke and the coast generally.

"Exercise all the powers necessary to the public defence; extinguish lights, seize vessels belonging to the enemy, and do whatever may seem necessary.

"Given under my hand,

JOHN W. ELLIS.

"By the Governor:

"GRAHAM DAVES, *Private Secretary.*"

Seeing the forts in North Carolina in Confederate hands, he advised a system of defence, especially of the important Cape Fear region, after examining the condition of the forts and harbors; but there being no reason to anticipate immediate attack, he obeyed a call to duty in Virginia, whither he repaired to report for service to General Joseph E. Johnston, in command at Harper's Ferry of the Confederate forces protecting the Shenandoah Valley.

With his usual activity, he grasped the situation at Harper's Ferry, and we find General Joseph E. Johnston saying, in his "Narrative of the War," page 17:

"A careful examination of the position and its environs, made on the 25th May, with the assistance of an engineer of great ability, Major Whiting, convinced me that it could not be held against equal numbers," etc.

In correspondence, years afterwards, Johnston refers to this period

and to Whiting's judicious aid upon his staff with the highest commendation.

Now the first great conflict came on at Bull Run. Anticipating the event, Whiting was entrusted with the charge of arrangements for the moving of the army at Harper's Ferry, to the aid of Beauregard at Manassas, and had the railroad authorities kept their repeated pledges to him, reinforcements would have reached the field of Manassas in time to have crushed McDowell earlier in the day, spared much Confederate blood, and possibly cut off the retreat of the United States forces to Washington. General Whiting had in charge the blowing up of Harper's Ferry, which General Johnston pronounced a "masterly piece of work."

Whiting was with the troops whose opportune arrival at Manassas saved the day, including the gallant 6th North Carolina, whose colonel (Fisher) gave up his life on the field of battle. His name is immortalized by the fortress where North Carolinians withstood the greatest bombardment that the world has ever known.

In General Joseph E. Johnston's official report of the battle of Manassas, he mentions Whiting first, of all of his staff, and declares:

"Major W. H. C. Whiting, Chief Engineer, was invaluable to me for his signal ability in his profession, and for his indefatigable activity before and in the battle."

For his brilliant service on the field, President Davis, who was on the ground, wrote the following order (which I hold in my hand), entire as to text and signature:

"MANASSAS, VA., *July 21, 1861.*

"GEN. J. E. JOHNSTON,

"C. S. Army.

"*'Sir,—Major Sam. Jones and Major W. H. C. Whiting, of the Army of the Confederate States of America, are assigned to duty with 'Volunteers,' with the temporary rank of Brigadier-Generals, and will be obeyed and respected accordingly.*

JEFFERSON DAVIS.'"

The permanent commission was dated by the Secretary of War, August 28th, to rank from the glorious 21st July, the day of Manassas.

He was ordered at first to the command of Bee's brigade, their general having been killed at Manassas.

It will be remembered that, after that collision, both sides began to realize the magnitude of the impending struggle, and to raise, equip and discipline their armies with more military order and detail. And in the South, preparations for better defences than the batteries hastily thrown up, were going forward.

General Whiting gave his best efforts, as a trained soldier, to the equipment and training of the troops, while his engineering skill was freely drawn upon for the public welfare.

General Whiting was assigned the command of the brigade of General Bee, killed at Manassas. This was composed of the 6th North Carolina, 4th Alabama, 2d and 11th Mississippi. Major J. S. Fairly, now Lieutenant-Colonel J. S. Fairly, of Charleston, S. C., who served with distinguished ability on the staff of General Whiting, says, in a letter to the speaker:

“ With Bee's and the Texas Brigade, under General Wigfall, the division went into winter quarters near Dumfries, Va., and built heavy batteries, commanding the Potomac river, sometimes inflicting loss upon the enemy attempting its navigation; but his great work and constant care during the whole winter, was, first to have his troops make themselves comfortable winter quarters; next, to organize them for the victories they were to win, by thorough drill—constant drill—by squad, by company, by regiment, by brigade, by division, or as the troops called the last, ‘ neighborhood drill; ’ thus accustoming the troops to act in concert, and in the presence of each other, so giving them confidence in each other and in their officers.

‘ Little Billy, ’ as the troops endearingly called him, was indefatigable.

“ With the opening spring, our retreat from Dumfries, and march from Fredericksburg began, and was accomplished without loss, although the roads were indescribably bad. We encamped near Fredericksburg and thence went to the Peninsular to await General Johnston's further movements.”

When spring opened, Johnston determined to evacuate Norfolk and Yorktown, and retire upon Richmond, there to meet the enormous army gathering under General McClellan. The evacuation was skilfully performed, and the enemy checked in direct pursuit at Williamsburg, largely by the sacrifice of the 5th North Carolina,

under McRae, whose losses were so frightful and bravery so heroic, as to win for it the sobriquet of the "Bloody 5th."

It was next found that the enemy had landed in force at West Point, and had occupied a thick woods between the New Kent road and Eltham's Landing, threatening the column on the march, with a fatal attack upon its flank. General Johnston reports:

"The security of our march required that he should be dislodged, and General G. W. Smith was entrusted with this service. He performed it very handsomely, with Hampton's and Hood's Brigades, under Whiting, who drove the enemy, in about two hours, a mile and a half through the woods to the protection of their vessels of war. If the statements published in the Northern papers at the time are accurate, their losses were ten times as great as ours.

So much for prompt and timely action at a critical moment. The whole of Franklin's superb division was routed by Whiting's two small brigades.

This repulse occurred May 6th, and inspired the troops anew with devoted confidence in their indomitable leader.

In token of this General Whiting was surprised at the reception of a letter from the officers of the 4th Alabama, of his brigade, tendering to him a present of a noble charger, which on May 22nd was formally presented at dress-parade, "as an evidence of high esteem and appreciation of you as a soldier and a gentleman, by the regiment."

On the last day of the same month, occurred the famous engagement of the Seven Pines. It will be remembered by veterans that this bloody conflict has gone into history as a drawn battle. The victory of Seven Pines for the Confederates being followed by inaction at Fair Oaks the next day, and the result a check, but not an overwhelming defeat for the United States troops as it might have been.

The testimony of the "Records of the Rebellion," in which is all the evidence of reports of commanders throughout the field, shows unmistakably that the same sluggishness and want of response to orders, which lost the battle of Gettysburg, by the failure of Longstreet to move in time to the support of Pickett and Pettigrew, was at fault there.

General G. W. Smith shows (*Battles and Leaders of the Civil War*, Vol. II, 241) that Whiting's division, advancing at 6 A. M., was blocked by Longstreet's troops, and in spite of herculean efforts,

message after message having gone forward, was not permitted to advance until 4 P. M. He had been finally held in reserve by General Johnston, in case Longstreet was in danger of being overpowered, and who now was supposed to be overwhelmingly engaged. But, alas, the truth of history is, that eight brigades of Longstreet's thirteen, had not even been engaged.

Colonel B. W. Frobel, of the engineers, was on Whiting's staff, and he writes (in 1868) of one of the rare mistakes made by that great soldier, Joseph E. Johnston, as follows:

“ ‘Generals Johnston and Whiting were following immediately after Whiting's Brigade. As the brigade reached the road, near the railroad crossing, I was sent to halt it. On returning, after doing this, I joined the generals, who were riding toward the crossing. General Whiting was expostulating with General Johnston about taking the division across the railroad—insisting that the enemy were then in force on our left flank and rear. General Johnston replied: ‘Oh, General Whiting, you are too cautious.’ At this time we reached the crossing, and nearly at the same moment the enemy opened an artillery fire from the direction pointed out by General Whiting. We moved back up the road near the small white house; Whiting's Brigade was gone. It had been ordered forward to charge the batteries which were firing on us.’

“ ‘The brigade was repulsed, and in a few minutes came streaming back through the skirt of woods to the left of the Nine-Mile Road near the crossing. There was only a part of the brigade in this charge. Pender (commanding a regiment) soon rallied and reformed those on the edge of the woods. General Whiting sent an order to him (Pender) to reconnoitre the batteries, and if he thought they could be taken, to try it again. Before he could do so, some one galloped up, shouting, ‘Charge that battery!’ The men moved forward at a double-quick, but were repulsed, as before, and driven back to the woods.’

General Whiting immediately arranged for a combined attack by the brigades of Whiting, Pettigrew and Hampton.

“ ‘Alas, for the mistake in not reconnoitring the position first, before crossing the railroad, as General Whiting had suggested, and then attacking before General Sumner's Corps could reinforce Couch, who was holding the Federal line. For by the time the three brigades could be brought into action, many, with little or no ammunition left, unknown to the Confederates in the thick woods, General

Sedgwick's leading division, of Sumner's Corps, with Kirby's Napoleon guns, had arrived, and a new and immensely superior enemy was encountered by the devoted band in the assault. Sedgwick says, on arriving, 'We found Abercrombie's Brigade, of Couch's Division, sustaining a severe attack and hard pushed by the enemy.'

Again and again the Confederates attacked, but to meet bloody repulse. General Smith says:

[Battles and Leaders of the Civil War, Vol. ii, p. 247.] "Believing that Whiting had, on the right, as much as he could well attend to, I went with Hatton's Brigade to the extreme front line of Hampton and Pettigrew in the woods, and soon learned that General Pettigrew had been wounded, it was supposed mortally, and was a prisoner. General Hatton was killed at my side just as his brigade reached the front line of battle, and in a very few minutes General Hampton was severely wounded. In this state of affairs, I sent word to General Whiting that I would take executive control in that wood, which would relieve him for the time of care for the left of the division, and enable him to give his undivided attention to the right.

"In the wood, the opposing lines were close to each other, in some places not more than twenty-five or thirty yards apart. The firing ceased at dark, when I ordered the line to fall back to the edge of the field and re-form. In the meantime Whiting's Brigade and the right of Pettigrew's had been forced back to the clump of trees just north of Fair Oaks station, where the contest was kept up until night."

Longstreet says, in writing on June 7th:

"The failure of complete success on Saturday, I attribute to the slow movements of General Huger's command. * * * I can't but help think that a display of his forces on the left flank of the enemy would have completed the affair, and given Whiting as easy and pretty a game as was ever had upon a battle-field."

In the cold, calm light of facts now developed, it is not difficult to see that the slowness was on the part of the writer of that report, who should, by Johnston's orders, have moved at daybreak on the 31st, and who failed to move at all, as ordered by General Smith, on the morning of June 1st.

Although not permitted to gather the fruits of their unyielding courage, Smith's Division, under Whiting, prevented Sumner's

forces from reaching Keyes' at Seven Pines (a matter of supreme importance), and deprived Keyes and Heintzelman of two brigades and a battery of their own troops.

It has been mentioned that during the events narrated, General J. J. Pettigrew was wounded very seriously. I cannot forbear, in this presence where so many dear friends of General Pettigrew remain, to record for future history an unpublished letter from Pettigrew to Whiting, fraught with the pure patriotism and exquisite self-sacrifice characteristic of both heroes, who sleep in death together for the cause they served.

I hardly need remind you that this (like his report) was written by an amanuensis, and exhibits in its feeble signature the exhaustion of one wounded almost unto death.

"June 4, 1862.

"EAST CHICKAHOMINY—ENEMY'S CAMP.

"MY DEAR GENERAL:

"I am very much ashamed of being in the enemy's hands, but without any consent of my own. I refused to allow myself to be taken to the rear after being wounded, because from the amount of bleeding, I thought the wound to be fatal; it was useless to take men from the field, under any circumstances, for that purpose.

"As I was in a state of insensibility, I was picked up by the first party which came along, which proved to be the enemy. I hope you know, General, that I never would have surrendered, under any circumstances, to save my own life, or anybody's else, and if Generals Smith or Johnston are under a different impression, I hope you will make a statement of the facts of the case.

"I am extremely anxious to be exchanged into service again; I am not fit for field service, and will not be for some time, but I can be of service in any stationary position with heavy artillery.

"I would be glad that an immediate effort be made for my exchange by resigning my place as Brigadier General and accepting the place of Junior Lieutenant of artillery. If I am ordered to Fort Sumter, I can do good duty. I do not suppose there will be any objection to make this exchange, and I make this proposition because we have *no* Brigadier General to exchange, and I suppose after I lay down this rank there will be no disposition to hold me personally, beyond any other officer.

"I hope my troops did well, although deprived of my leadership.

"Very truly,

"(Signed.)

J. J. PETTIGREW."

"After some weeks of inaction," says Major Fairly, of General Whiting's staff, writing to the speaker, "the march, ostensibly to reinforce Jackson in the Valley, was taken up by General Whiting's Division. I was afterwards told that it occurred in this way : Early in June, when all was still quiet along the lines, one day General Whiting rode over to the quarters of General Lee, and learning that he was out, sat down at his desk and wrote on a slip of paper, 'If you don't move, McClellan will dig you out of Richmond,' and left it, asking Col. Chilton, I think, to call the General's attention to it upon his return. It was not long before a courier came to Whiting's headquarters with a note or message asking General W. to come to army headquarters. On his arrival, the General said, 'General Whiting, I received your note ; what do you propose?' Whiting then developed the plan of appearing to reinforce Jackson's victorious army in the Valley, thus threatening Washington, and causing stoppage of troops then about to leave Washington to reinforce McClellan, and Jackson, by forced marches, was to fall on his right, north of the Chickahominy River, and destroy him before the powers at Washington could discover the '*ruse de guerre*,' and send him reinforcements.

"General Lee approved, but said, 'Whom can I send?' General Whiting replied, 'Send me.' 'Ah, but I can't spare you ; you command five brigades.' General Whiting, with the unselfish patriotism which always characterized him, said, 'I will take my two old brigades and go,' to which Lee replied, 'When can you go?' 'I am ready now,' said Whiting. 'Oh !' said General Lee, 'you can march Thursday.' This occurred, I think, on Tuesday And so he did.' "

* * * * *

"We lay at Staunton two days. The next morning we began a forced march to meet Jackson's corps at Brown's Gap, where we took the lead and kept it. The rapidity of the march may be judged when I say, that the teamsters were ordered to water their horses before starting, and not to allow them to stop for water until night, and I was instructed to stay by the column and enforce the order. I could but sympathize with the teamsters, but horses must suffer that our men might be fed on the march, and so kept up to their work.

"Our division led the advance of Jackson's Corps, and reached the field of Gaines' Mill, or Cold Harbor, about 5 o'clock in the afternoon of the 27th June, 1862, and, if my memory serves me right, on Friday, and none too early, for I learned that every division of ours north of the Chickahominy had been thrown against McClellan's

right, held by Fitz John Porter, and all had failed ; and we soon knew why. He had twenty thousand United States regulars behind the strongest field fortifications that I had ever seen, both from construction and position."

The battle of Gaines' Mill one of the most sanguinary conflicts of the Seven Days' Battle, occurred June 27th, and General Stonewall Jackson thus reports of two of the brigades of General Whiting's division (although the General was only a Brigadier in actual rank). Jackson says :

" Dashing on with unfaltering step, in the face of those murderous discharges of canister and musketry, General Hood and Col. E. M. Law, at the head of their respective brigades, rushed to the charge with a yell. Moving down a precipitous ravine, leaping ditch and stream, clambering up a difficult ascent, and exposed to an incessant and deadly fire from the entrenchments, these brave and determined men pressed forward, driving the enemy from his well-selected and fortified position. In this charge, in which upwards of a thousand men fell, killed and wounded, before the fire of the enemy, and in which fourteen pieces of artillery and nearly a regiment were captured, the Fourth Texas, under the lead of General Hood, were the first to pierce these strongholds and seize the guns."

The Sixth North Carolina participated in this famous charge. General E. M. Law, commanding one of these brigades under Whiting, describes the action fully in the "Southern Bivouac" (1867). He says :

" By 5 P. M., on the 27th June, the battle of Gaines' Mill was in full progress all along the lines. Longstreet's and A. P. Hill's men were attacking in the most determined manner, but were met with a courage as obstinate as their own, by the Federals who held the works.

" After each bloody repulse, the Confederates only waited long enough to reform their shattered lines, or to bring up their supports, when they would again return to the assault. Besides the terrific fire in front, a battery of heavy guns on the south side of the Chickahominy was in full play upon their right flank.

" There was no opportunity for manœuvring or flank attacks, as was the case with D. H. Hill, on our extreme left. The enemy was directly in front, and he could only be reached in that direction. If he could not be driven out before night it would be equivalent to a

Confederate disaster, and would involve the failure of General Lee's whole plan for the relief of Richmond.

* * * * *

"It was a critical moment for the Confederates, as victory, which involved the relief or loss of their capitol, hung wavering in the balance. Night seemed about to close the account against them, as the sun was now setting upon their gallant, but so far fruitless efforts.

"While matters were in this condition, Whiting's division, after crossing, with much difficulty, the wooded and marshy ground below Gaines' Mill, arrived in rear of that position of the line held by the remnants of A. P. Hill's division. When Whiting advanced to the attack, a thin and irregular line of General Hill's troops were keeping up the fight, but, already badly cut up, could effect nothing, and were gradually wasting away under the heavy fire from the Federal lines. From the centre of the division to the Chickahominy Swamp on the right, the ground was open, on the left were thick woods; the right brigade (Law's) advanced in the open ground, the left (Hood's) through the woods.

"As we moved forward to the firing, we could see the straggling Confederate line, lying behind a gentle ridge that ran across the field, parallel to the Federal position. We passed one Confederate battery, in the edge of the field, badly cut to pieces and silent. Indeed, there was no Confederate artillery then in action on that part of the field. The Federal batteries in front were in full play. The fringe of woods along the Federal line was shrouded in smoke, and seemed fairly to vomit forth a leaden and iron hail.

"General Whiting rode along his line and ordered that there should be no halt when we reached the slight crest occupied by the few Confederate troops in our front, but that the charge should begin at that point, in double-quick time, with trailing arms and without firing.

"Had these orders not been strictly obeyed the assault would have been a failure; no troops could have stood long under the withering storm of lead and iron that beat into their faces, as they became fully exposed to view, from the Federal lines. As it was, in the very few moments it took to pass over the slope and down the hill to the ravine, a thousand men were killed or wounded. The brigade advanced to the attack in two lines.

* * * * *

"Passing over the scattering line of Confederates on the ridge in

front, the whole division 'broke into a trot' down the slope toward the Federal works. Men fell like leaves in an autumn wind; the Federal artillery tore gaps in the ranks at every step; the ground in rear of the advancing column was strewn thickly with the dead and wounded. Not a gun was fired in reply; there was no confusion, and not a step faltered as the two gray lines swept silently and swiftly on; the pace became more rapid every moment; when the men were within thirty yards of the ravine, and could see the desperate nature of the work in hand, a wild yell answered the roar of Federal musketry, and they rushed for the works.

"The Confederates were within ten paces of them when the Federals in the front line broke, and leaving their log breastworks, swarmed up the hill in their rear, carrying away their second line with them in their rout. Then we had our 'innings.' As the blue mass surged up the hill in our front, the Confederate fire was poured into it with terrible effect. The target was a large one, the range short, and scarcely a shot fired into that living mass could fail of its errand. The debt of blood, contracted but a few minutes before, was paid with interest.

"Firing as they advanced, the Confederates leaped into the ravine, climbed out on the other side, and over the lines of breastworks, reaching the crest of the hill beyond with such rapidity, as to capture all of the Federal artillery (fourteen pieces) at that point.

"We had now reached the high plateau in rear of the centre of General Porter's position, his line having been completely cut in two, and thus rendered no longer tenable. From the flanks where Whiting's Division had burst through, the Federal lines gave way in both directions.

"R. H. Anderson's brigade, till then in reserve, passed through on the right, and led the way for Longstreet's Division, while on the left the roll of musketry receded towards the Chickahominy, and the cheering of the victorious Confederates announced that Jackson, Ewell and D. H. Hill were sweeping that part of the field.

"The battle was won, and the Federal infantry was in full flight towards the swamps of the Chickahominy."—*Battles and Leaders of the Civil War*, p. 363.

General Whiting should have been promoted as Major-General immediately after the Seven Days Battles, but unaccountably it was delayed until the next year. With a sense of injustice at the reduction of his command to brigade thereafter, he wrote to General Lee,

and transmitted certain important papers. The following is the answer of General Lee (from an unpublished letter.) I read:

August 9th, 1862.

My dear General:

I have received your note of the 4th; have read the enclosures with interest. I return them at your request. But forget them General; do not let us recollect unpleasant things; life is very short. We have so much to do. We can do so much good, too, if we are not turned aside. Everything will come right in the end. * * There is not much science or strategy required in our present contest. Do not let that disturb you. * * * I am glad to hear you are doing well. * * * G. W. Smith has returned to duty, and I learn General Johnston is progressing favorably. So you will believe me when I say all things will come right.

Wishing you all happiness,

I am, very truly yours,

R. E. LEE.

GEN. W. H. C. WHITING.

Events at this period will be better understood by the perusal of the following letter to the speaker, from General Gustavus W. Smith (now of New York city), [since dead—died June 24, 1896—ED.] who was second in command to General Johnston at Seven Pines, and subsequently in command of the army until relieved by General R. E. Lee:

130 EAST 15TH STREET,
NEW YORK CITY, April 23, 1895.

CAPTAIN C. B. DENSON, *Raleigh, N. C.:*

My Dear Sir,—In compliance with your request of the 10th instant, I send you "my views of the military services of the late Major-General W. H. C. Whiting, C. S. A."

In doing so, it seems best that I should refer, at least in a general way, to the opportunities I had for forming opinions on that subject.

General Whiting and myself were associated for one year as cadets in the Military Academy at West Point. When he entered, in July, 1841, I had just passed into the first class. During the year that we had been together before my graduation, I came to know him well. At that time he was a lad of very prepossessing appearance and of great promise. At the end of the year he was at the head of his class, in which were many who, later, became highly distinguished generals. Among these were W. F. Smith and Fitz John Porter.

In 1844, when I returned to the Academy, and was assigned to

duty as an Assistant Professor of Engineering, Whiting was still at the head of his class, and for a large portion of that year came under my immediate personal instruction.

In 1845 he was graduated and appointed lieutenant in the Corps of Engineers, U. S. Army, in which I had then served three years. The intimate, friendly relations that were formed between us during the two years we were together at West Point continued until 1861, although we were most of the time stationed at ports far distant from each other.

In the latter year, when I joined General J. E. Johnston's army, in September, and was assigned to command the 2d corps, Whiting commanded one of its brigades, and our personal and official relations were from that time closer and more intimate than ever before.

In the early part of that summer Whiting had been Chief of Staff to General J. E. Johnston. At the battle of Manassas, July 21, 1861, he was promoted to the rank of Brigadier-General of Volunteers, and placed in command of Bee's Brigade, made vacant by the death of General Barnard E. Bee, killed in that battle.

Whiting was justly proud of his new assignment, and he determined, if possible, to fully supply the place made vacant by Bee's death. But it was soon suggested by President Davis that the existing brigades in that army should be reorganized.

On that subject the President wrote to me, October 10, 1861: "How have you progressed in the solution of the problem I left—the organization of troops with reference to States and terms of service? Mississippi troops were scattered as if the State was unknown. Brigadier-General Clark was sent to remove a growing dissatisfaction, but though the State had nine regiments there, he, Clark, was put in command of a post and depot of supplies. These nine regiments should form two brigades; Brigadiers Clark and (as a native of Mississippi) Whiting should be placed in command of them, and the regiments for the war should be put in the army man's brigades."

Besides his rank in the volunteers, Whiting then held a commission as Major of Corps of Engineers in the regular Confederate States Army. On the 24th October, 1861, he wrote to me: "I had heard that attempts were on foot to organize the regiments into brigades by States—a policy as suicidal as foolish. * * * For my own part, I shall protest to the bitter end against any of my regiments being taken from me; they are used to me and I to them, and accustomed to act together. If left to their own desires, not one would be willing to change. It has been reported to me that a Gen-

eral Clark, of Mississippi came into my camp and wanted Falkner and Liddell, commanding two of the best regiments in the service, to unite with him in getting them under his command. They refused. He did not do me the honor to call upon me; nor did I know of his presence or his object. Had I known his purpose, I would have put him in arrest. He was miffed because they preferred to remain as they are.

“If they persist at Richmond (in their purpose to reorganize the brigades), they will be guilty of inconceivable folly. * * * For one, I am not disposed to submit for one moment to any system which is devised solely for the advancement of log-rolling, humbugging politicians—and I will not do it. If the worst comes, I can go back to North Carolina or Georgia, where I shall be welcome, and where I shall (as Major of engineers) find enough to do in defending the coast.”

The proposed reorganization of brigades was not carried into effect at that time; and General Whiting retained command of the troops who were used to him, and he to them.

When General Johnston's army occupied the defensive line at and near Yorktown, General Whiting commanded a division composed of three brigades—his own and those of Hood and Hampton. That division formed a portion of my command during the operations at Yorktown, and in the withdrawal of our army to the vicinity of Richmond. On the 28th May, 1862, under authority from General Johnston, the following order was issued by my direction:

“The division now commanded by Brigadier-General Whiting, and the brigades of Brigadier-General Pettigrew and Brigadier-General Hatton will, until further orders, constitute one division under command of Brigadier-General Whiting.”

That division bore my name. My command, proper, at that time, was the left wing of General Johnston's army, which was composed of the division under Whiting, and the divisions of A. P. Hill and D. R. Jones.

On the next day, May 29th, General Johnston wrote to General Whiting:

“For any purpose but that contemplated yesterday the present disposition of our troops is not good—it is too strong on the extreme left. If we get into a fight here, you will have to hurry to help us. I think it will be best for A. P. Hill's troops (his division) to watch the brigades, and for yours to be well in this direction—ready to act anywhere. Tell G. W. (General G. W.) Smith, commander of the left wing of the army.”

On the 30th of May, 9:15 P. M., General Johnston sent direct to General Whiting an order preparatory for battle; and at the same time sent the order to me:

"If nothing prevents, we will fall upon the enemy in front of Major-General (D. H.) Hill who occupies the position on the Williamsburg road, from which your troops moved to the neighborhood of Meadow Bridges. Please be ready to move by the Nine-Mile Road, coming as early as possible to the point at which the road to New Bridge turns off.

"Should there be cause of haste, General McLaws, on your approach, will be ordered to leave his ground for you, that he may reinforce General Longstreet.

"McLaws' Division was guarding the crossings of the Chickahominy from the Mechanicsville, and formed a portion of the center of the army, commanded by General Magruder."

The leading brigades of the division under Whiting moved at dawn from their position in "the neighborhood of Meadow Bridges;" and soon after sunrise, May 31, near General Johnston's headquarters in the northeast suburb of Richmond, formed their line of march to the Nine-Mile Road, obstructed by troops of Longstreet's Division. Becoming impatient at the delay thus caused, General Whiting addressed a note to General Johnston on that subject, and received the following reply from an officer of the general staff:

"General Johnston directs me to say, in answer to yours of this date, that General Longstreet will precede you. What he said about McLaws (in the order of battle sent to Whiting), was merely in case of emergency. He has given no orders to Magruder."

From that time the movements of the division under Whiting were directed by General Johnston in person. He was with it the whole day, until he was wounded a little before sunset. Whoever may be responsible for the most unfortunate delay on the part of the Confederates in attacking the Federal Corps, badly isolated at Seven Pines, on the morning of the 31st May, no blame can attach to Whiting, or to the division he commanded.

Without entering upon a description of the battle of Seven Pines, it may be mentioned here, that, as second officer in rank in the Army of Northern Virginia, I took command at dark on the 31st May; General Joseph E. Johnston having been, a short time before, removed from the field very seriously wounded. About 2 P. M. on 1st of June, by order of President Davis, I turned over the command, on the field, to General R. E. Lee. On the 2d June I was suddenly struck down by disease and taken to Richmond.

On the 10th June, General Whiting addressed the following to my chief of staff:

“The attention of the general commanding the army should be called to the condition of this division. Its effective strength is daily decreasing. Since Yorktown, with the exception of some four days when it was encamped near Richmond, it has been constantly in contact with the enemy. It has fought two battles (one near the head of York river, the other at Seven Pines), the last engagement of great severity, in which it suffered heavy loss, especially in officers; followed by two days of great hardship and privation. It now occupies an important position, where the service is exceedingly onerous, directly in the face of the enemy, with whom they are constantly engaged. They are in a swamp of exceedingly unhealthy character, and to properly defend our center the labor is exhausting. * * * It is absolutely necessary that other troops relieve (this) the first division. If no other offers, the second (that of A. P. Hill, which was not engaged at Seven Pines) might take its place. The major-general, no doubt, is well aware of the condition of affairs, and although (he is) not now on duty, I appeal to his influence if it can be exerted. A copy of this is sent direct to the General Commanding the Army.”

The foregoing appeal resulted in the relief of that division from its “onerous” service. In an interview with General Lee, Whiting suggested and requested that orders be issued requiring him to take his own brigade and that of Hood, by rail, *via* Lynchburg, to join General Jackson’s forces in the Valley of Virginia, and then march with those forces to rejoin the main army.

The instructions were given and executed; and these two brigades, under Whiting’s command, played an important part in Lee’s operations against McClellan in front of Richmond, and continued under Lee until Whiting was selected by the Confederate Government to take charge of the defences of Wilmington and the Cape Fear District.

In the meantime I had partially regained health, and been assigned command in portions of Virginia and the whole State of North Carolina, with headquarters at Richmond. Thus, Whiting’s assignment to the Cape Fear District brought him again under my command.

Soon thereafter I urged, and repeatedly insisted, that in all fairness, he ought to be promoted to the rank of Major General. The importance of the command he then exercised would more than justify his immediate advancement; and his previous services, as commander of a division in more than one campaign, and upon various battle-fields, fully entitled him to this promotion.

On the 7th February, 1863, I resigned my commission in the Confederate States Army. On the 14th General Whiting wrote :

“I received your note with great sorrow. It leaves me in the dark about the causes of so serious a step. I suppose unwarranted interference with your command is the immediate reason.”

On the 23d of the same month he wrote : “I know you have a great deal of injustice to put up with and, harder yet, I see the Secretary of War interfering in the subordinate details of your command ; but remember what you told me when I, too, was smarting under injustice of no common kind.”

From the time he entered the Confederate service as Chief Engineer at Charleston, Whiting, in every position he was called upon to fill, proved himself to be a thoroughly competent officer. His great natural ability was supplemented by a high order of education and systematic study of his profession. His good influence over officers and men under him was unbounded ; and he was thoroughly loyal and true to those who were placed over him.

His extraordinary skill as a military engineer was fully exemplified in the defensive works he planned and constructed for the defense of the approaches to Wilmington ; and, I am convinced, that in the final attack of the Federals upon that place, President Davis, by superseding General Whiting at the eleventh hour and depriving him of supreme control over the defences he had created, made a sad mistake.

In private life, in every relation, he was always a warm-hearted, high-toned gentleman, respected and beloved for his great worth. His death, from wounds received when Wilmington fell, was deeply lamented by all Federal, as well as Confederate, officers who knew him.

Very truly yours,

GUSTAVUS W. SMITH.

On the 28th February, 1863, the long delayed promotion of Brigadier-General Whiting to Major-General was made, and the correspondence of the General shows letters from some of the best and bravest General Officers of the army writing of their own accord to entreat him not to decline the tardy recognition, but to accept and work on for the good of the cause. General Smith said, “Accept, I beg you, what in justice should have been done long ago.”

General Gist wrote from Charleston :

“Knowing you will feel disposed to decline this promotion, from

high and proper motives, I have concluded to intrude my advice, and beg you to accept. Although all acknowledge that you should have been promoted long ago ; still, we must make sacrifices for our common country and cause. In common with many officers and citizens, I much desire you to be sent to us, for the command of the district of Charleston. We will have additional troops soon, and may expect a Major-General to command the whole.’’

It adds to the force of this letter to remember that its writer was then senior Brigadier-General commanding at Charleston himself.

He was called now to the defence of Wilmington, proceeding to his post of duty in November, 1862. A week afterwards he writes the General Commanding at Richmond :

“ My first, and last request will be for troops. Not less than 10,000 effective men should be collected as soon as possible, with five or six field batteries. The peculiar features of the site make the presence of a strong manoeuvring force, in addition to the stationary batteries, indispensable.”

The importance of Wilmington, the only port practicable for use by Confederates, it is impossible to set forth to those unacquainted with the straits of the Confederacy. It was the mouth of the Confederate States, and when it was closed, arms, ammunition, food, clothing, medicines, machinery and supplies of every character were cut off. To lose it was to receive a fatal blow—a wound which must endanger the life of Lee’s army.

It was difficult of defence—easy to attack by one or more of a number of routes. Situated twenty-five miles from the fortifications at the nearest mouth of the Cape Fear, it was yet only about six miles from points on the coast, where a landing might be effected. Assailable not only here, and at the mouth of the river, by way of Oak Island, below Caswell, and an expedition via Southport, or by march from Kingston or Newbern, the enemy’s cavalry having occupied the line as far as New Hope, in Onslow; or, again, by attack upon Caswell or Fort Fisher. Its preservation was a source of deep anxiety.

It was in fact, the second capital of the Confederacy. Here the wharves were lined with the swift, narrow, smoke-colored, blockade-running steamships taking away cotton and bringing supplies. Men of all nationalities were upon these, and possibly spies. The beautiful snow-white ensign of the South, with the battle-flag of the troops for its union, fluttered from the Chickamauga and other vessels of

war; ammunition and ordnance for the most distant points, were landed upon the wharves, and sent away, even when the eager eyes of those whose safety was bound up with Wilmington's defence saw it leaving the spot where it was most needed.

Strange to say, never was the vast importance of this last harbor of access from the rest of Christendom appreciated, until the die was cast and all was over!

General Whiting was ordered there in November, 1862, the place having been thought comparatively safe from attack during the fall of that year, while an epidemic of yellow fever ravaged the city and cost the lives of many noble men.

It was no longer a question of batteries strong enough for resistance against a few vessels, but as port after port was closed, and many taken, the day came when the effective force of the flower of the whole American Navy was to be brought to bear. Appreciating this, the General gave himself, his every thought and effort, to the gigantic task before him.

Able seconded by the brave and vigorous efforts of Colonel William Lamb, commanding the 36th North Carolina (a regiment of heavy artillery), he encouraged the exertions of Lamb in building and strengthening the huge Mound Battery and a line of defence on the land side at Fort Fisher, while he gave his own attention to the entire system of defences as a whole. Forts Caswell, Holmes, Campbell, Anderson and others were greatly strengthened, enlarged, furnished with better artillery where practicable, military roads and bridges made extending up the Sounds, complete topographical maps prepared, torpedoes made and filled, the channel obstructed except at points commanded by a chain of batteries on the river, a pontoon bridge constructed, batteries thrown up commanding the approach at North East river from Goldsboro to Newbern, redoubts built near the city, mines dug, and telegraphs placed in position.

But there were two vital needs he could not control—the number of troops to support the works, and the amount of ammunition to carry on the contest. His letter-books show not one appeal, but dozens of earnest, imploring requests of the Secretary of War, of General Smith, of General Lee, of General Bragg when stationed at Richmond in general charge, and of the President himself, showing with the prevision of the great military genius, what must inevitably ensue. It is most pathetic to read page after page, and think how literally it was fulfilled.

In the letter-book of General Whiting may be found the following

clear and definite warning, written to the Secretary of War, July 24, 1863, a year and a half nearly before the attack came, just as he prophesied with his unerring military insight. He says:

“I beg leave to call your attention to my numerous letters to your predecessor and yourself in defence of this place, and my memoir to the President.

* * * * *

“You are aware that the town can be approached and attacked without any demonstration upon the harbor at all, and yet if the city should fall, the harbor must inevitably be lost. Of one thing we may be sure; should Wilmington be taken by the enemy, we cannot take it back. When the enemy do come against us, it will not be sufficient to rely upon a hasty assemblage of regiments, from different parts of the country; their first step must be met and forced back, lest it prove fatal.

“Let them get a foothold, either near Fisher or Caswell, and with their immense resources and water carriage, all of the faithful labors and immense work done here is jeopardized and in great danger. Or, let them approach the city and establish themselves, and the like must result. There is but one cause to prevent it, and that is, their point of attack being ascertained or divined, to have troops at hand to drive them into the sea the moment they land. Delay or weakness gives them cover and protection. A few days, with the powerful flanking fire of their navy, on an open beach, and they are impregnable, and have a grasp upon the place that we cannot unloose.

“Very respectfully,

“W. H. C. WHITING, *Major-General.*”

General Whiting gave his heart to the work of the defence of North Carolina. He had been long and successfully engaged, before the war, in the improvement of the navigation of the Cape Fear, and learned to know and esteem her people. He had won, as his bride, one of the noble women of the Cape Fear, Miss Kate D. Walker, daughter of Major John Walker, of Smithville and Wilmington.

His estimate of the high-toned people among whom he lived, is seen in the military order published in the winter of 1862 by him, in a period of great anxiety:

“I request all those citizens of Wilmington, who are willing to

take arms in defence of their homes, and I well know there are many such, to organize themselves into a body, with such weapons as they may have, and with those that I can supply, and I suggest that they select a leader and such officers as their numbers require.

"I address this request to many gallant gentlemen, who, from age, and according to law, in the exercise of many duties, are not otherwise called on to bear arms in this war. I and my staff will be glad to afford them instruction, at such times and places as may be most convenient. They will be called on when the enemy is at our doors. I am confident from my long and intimate association with the men of Wilmington and vicinity, that they are not only willing, but eager to fight the invader, and am sure they will do their utmost to the last.

(Signed)

"W. H. C. WHITING,

"Brig.-Gen. Commanding.

"JAMES H. HILL,

"Chief of Staff."

The ceaseless labor went on day after day, month after month, heaping up defensive works, driving palisades, sounding the channels (for the treacherous sands of that inlet give new direction to the channel after every storm from the sea), protecting commerce, and the routine of the command, complicated as the great forwarding depot of the South; but he never ceased to warn Richmond that stationary fortifications alone could not accomplish the impossible task of holding the port; there must be a supporting force of troops to meet at once troops embarked by the enemy, as they would be out of reach of the guns of the fort, whether on Oak Island or near Fort Fisher.

Meanwhile events were rapidly progressing elsewhere, and the sad story of repeated Confederate losses was growing familiar.

The following remarkable letter from General Joseph E. Johnston deserves record here:

"DALTON, GA., *March 7, 1864.*

"MAJOR-GENERAL WHITING:

"*My Dear Friend,*—I cannot express to you the satisfaction given me by the recognition of your once familiar handwriting. How it reminded me of the time when military service and high command gave me as much pride as pleasure; and gave me those feelings because the general officers serving with me were soldiers in

every sense of the word—in whom I had full confidence. Many of them—some of them—friends whom I loved.

“A life, as long as Methuselah’s would not let me see another such army as that we had from Harper’s Ferry *via* Manassas and Yorktown, to the Chickahominy and Richmond. However, the tone and temper of this army has certainly improved greatly since the beginning of 1864, and I would now freely meet odds of three to two.

* * * The only drawback is the want of artillery horses, and the wretched condition of those we have. We have scarcely a team capable of a day’s march, or a day’s service in battle.

“I see from your letter, that you have heard of my attempt to get you into this army as Lieutenant-General. When I made the recommendation, it was with a strong hope of success, for I had heard here that one of the President’s A. D. C’s had expressed the opinion that you would be promoted. The reason given for putting aside the recommendation, was an odd one to me. It was that you were too valuable in your present place. If you were with me, I should feel confident.”

What line of eulogy, however expressed, could come with greater power than from the master of strategy and the patriot hero, whom his troops loved with undying devotion, and who gave the last bloody lesson to the invader on North Carolina soil—in the struggle at Bentonville? To ask for Whiting as his second in command, and to declare: “If you were with me, I should feel confident!” That is a sentence which should be the immortal epitaph of the hero whose life we attempt to review to-day.

In his valuable address, delivered at the request of Cape Fear Camp, United Confederate Veterans, by Colonel William Lamb, is this description of Fort Fisher, which was still unfinished when the attack occurred. He says:

“The plans were my own, and as the work progressed, were approved by French, Rames, Longstreet, Beauregard and Whiting. It was styled by Federal engineers, ‘the Malakoff of the South.’ It was built solely with the view of resisting the fire of a fleet, and it stood uninjured, except as to armanent, two of the fiercest bombardments the world has ever witnessed.

“The two faces to the works were 2,580 yards long, or about one and a half miles. The land face mounted twenty of the heaviest sea-coast guns, and was 682 yards long; the sea-face with twenty-four equally heavy guns. The land face commenced about 100 feet

from the river, with a half bastion, originally Shepherd's Battery, which had been doubled in strength, and extended with a heavy curtain to a full bastion on the ocean side, where it joined the sea-face. The work was built to withstand the heaviest artillery fire. There was no moat with scarp and counter scarp so essential for defence against storming parties, the shifting sands rendering its construction impossible, with the material available. The water slope was twenty feet high from the berme to the top of the parapet, at an angle of forty-five degrees, and was sodded with marsh grass, which grew luxuriantly. The parapet was not less than twenty-five feet thick. The guns were all mounted *en barbette*, with Columbiad carriages; there was not a single casemated gun in the fort. Experience had taught, that casemates of timber and sand-bags were a delusion and a snare, against heavy projectiles, and there was no iron to construct others with.

"Between the gun-chambers, containing one or two guns each, there were heavy traverses, exceeding in size any heretofore constructed, to protect from an enfilading fire. They extended out some twelve feet on the parapet, and were twelve feet or more in height above the parapet, running back thirty feet or more. Further along, where the channel ran close to the beach, inside the bar, a mound battery, sixty feet high was erected, with two heavy guns, which had a plunging fire on the channel; this was connected with a battery north of it, by a light curtain.

"Following the line of the works, it was over one mile from the mound to the redan, at the angle of the sea and the land faces. From the mound, for nearly a mile, to the end of the point, was a level sand plain, scarce three feet above high tide, and much of it was submerged during gales. At the point itself, was Battery Buchanan, with four guns, in the shape of an elliptic, commanding the inlet, its two 11-inch guns covering the approach by land.

"Returning to the land face, or northern front of Fort Fisher, as a defence against infantry, there was a system of sub-terra torpedoes, extending across the peninsula five or six hundred feet from the land face, and so disconnected, that the explosion of one would not effect the others; inside the torpedoes, about fifty feet from the berme of the work, extending from the river bank to the seashore, was a heavy palisade of sharpened logs, nine feet high, pierced for musketry, and so laid out as to have an enfilading fire on the centre, where there was a redoubt guarding a sally-port, from which two Napoleons were run out as occasion required.

“The garrison consisted of two companies of the 10th North Carolina, under Major James Reilly; the 36th North Carolina, Colonel William Lamb, ten companies; four companies of the 40th North Carolina; Co. D of the 1st North Carolina Artillery Battalion; Co. C, 3rd North Carolina Artillery Battalion; Co. D, 13th North Carolina Artillery Battalion, and the naval detachment, under Captain Van Benthuyesen.”

Colonel Lamb affirms that at no time during the last and heaviest action were there in the Fort more than 1,900 men, including the sick, killed and wounded.

The activity of the blockade-running steamers stirred the Federal government to prepare a gigantic force for the long deferred attack. It was known that the Confederate steamer, *R. E. Lee*, had made twenty-one trips within ten months from the British port of Nassau, and Chicago bacon had become familiar in our ranks. Men of world-wide fame visited the port under assumed names. Among these was Hobart Pasha, the Englishman who afterwards commanded the Turkish navy; Captain Murray, who was C. Murray Aynsley, afterwards Admiral in the British navy, and others.

Rumors came thick and fast of the great expedition in preparation, and in the midst of active movement the troops were thunderstruck at the news that General Braxton Bragg had assumed command at Wilmington, superseding but not removing General Whiting, who remained second in command.

The speaker, whose duties in the engineer service called him to many points of the city and river defences, found the feeling of melancholy foreboding at this change to be universal.

General Bragg's career in the Mexican war, in the vigor of early life, when captain of artillery, was most brilliant and honorable. But whatever may have been the cause, no matter what his ability or efforts, the fact was known that his record throughout the war, from the attack on Pickens to the day that he gave up the army of Tennessee to Johnston, was one involving much slaughter and little success. Colonel Lamb says (in his address at Wilmington in 1893):

“This was a bitter disappointment to my command, who felt that no one was so capable of defending the Cape Fear as the brilliant officer who had given so much of his time and ability for its defence.

“The patriotic Whiting showed no feeling at being superseded, but went to work, with redoubled energy, to prepare for the impend-

ing attack. He visited Confederate Point frequently, riding over the ground with me, and selecting points for batteries and covered ways, so as to keep up communication, after the arrival of the enemy, between the fort and the entrenched camp, which I began at Sugar Loaf.

"He pointed out to me where the enemy would land on the beach, beyond the range of our guns, and on both occasions the enemy landed at that very place, without opposition, although Whiting had prepared ample shelter for troops, to seriously retard, if not prevent a landing.

"It seems incomprehensible," Lamb continues, "that General Bragg should have allowed the Federal troops, on both attacks, to have made a frolic of their landing on the soil of North Carolina. Six thousand soldiers from Lee's army within call, and not one sent to meet the invader and drive him from the shore."

"Half the garrison had been sent to Georgia, against Sherman, under Major Stevenson. On the day the fleet came in sight, we had but 500 men, but next day we were reinforced by two companies under Major Reilly, a company of the 13th North Carolina Battalion, and the 7th Battalion Junior Reserves, boys between sixteen and eighteen, in number 140—making a total in the fort of 900 men and boys.

"The brave young boys, torn from their firesides by the cruel necessities of the struggle, were as bright and manly as if anticipating a parade.

"What nobler women can be found in all history, than the matrons of the Old North State, who, with their prayers and tears, sent forth their darlings in a cause they believed to be right, and in defence of their homes? Self-sacrificing courage seems indigenous to North Carolina. No breast is too tender for this heroic virtue. The first life-blood that stained the sands of Confederate Point, was from one of these youthful patriots.

"Saturday (Christmas eve)," Colonel Lamb says, "was almost an Indian summer day, and the deep blue sea was as calm as a lake. With the rising sun out of the ocean, there came upon the horizon, one after another, the vessels of the fleet, numbering more than fifty men-of-war; the grand frigates led the van, followed by the iron-clads. At 9 o'clock the men were beat to quarters, and silently stood by their guns. * * * The Minnesota, Colorado and Wabash came grandly on, floating fortresses, each mounting more guns than all the batteries on land, and the first two combined car-

rying more shot and shell than all the magazines in the fort contained.

“ From the left salient to the mound, Fort Fisher had forty-four guns, and not over 3,000 shot and shell, exclusive of grape and shrapnel. The Armstrong gun had only one dozen rounds of fixed ammunition, and no other projectiles could be used in its delicate grooves. The order was given to fire no shot until the Columbiad at headquarters fired, and that each gun that bore on a vessel should be fired every thirty minutes, and not oftener, except by special order, unless an attempt was made to cross the bar, when every gun bearing on it, should be fired as rapidly as accuracy would permit.”

For five hours this tremendous hail of shot and shell was poured upon the works, before they hauled off for the night.

General Whiting had been assigned to no duty by General Bragg, although it was his right to have commanded the supporting troops. He determined to go to the fort and share its fate. Meeting its commander, who offered to relinquish the control, the General declined to take away the glory of the defence from the brave Lamb, but declared he would counsel him, and fight as a volunteer.

The second day by 10 o'clock the fleet was in line again, some five miles long, and from half a mile to a mile and a half distant, pouring a rain of shot and shell. Landing his troops out of range, as evening approached, a column of attack was formed. The fire of the fleet reached over one hundred immense projectiles per minute. The garrison was rallied to the line of the palisades, and the guns of the land defences being nearly intact, if that storming column had reached the fort, hardly a man would have been left alive to tell the tale. But they faltered and broke, and the advanced line threw themselves on the sand to creep out of fire. They re-embarked, and the first battle of Fisher was over, amid the rejoicing of the Confederates. Strange to say, no effort had been made by Bragg's troops; he had not even ordered an attack upon 700 shivering wretches left behind by their comrades on the night of the 26th, whose condition made them an easy prey.

Ten thousand shots had been fired, and the damage to the fort was comparatively little, and the battle had been won by its garrison alone.

The great armada steamed northward to refit and take in fresh ammunition and more troops. General Whiting asked for the necessary fixed ammunition for the guns, as 1,272 shots out of 3,000 had left a dangerously small supply, and for hand grenades to be

used on the ramparts, and for torpedoes to be placed in the anchorage whither the fleet was certain to return. None could be obtained. Part of his veteran artillerists were actually withdrawn, and new troops sent in without experience.

His personal unselfishness was so great, his skill so eminent, his bravery so cool and calm, his kindness to all so unvaried, that his troops loved him—in the words of Major Sloan, his Chief of Ordnance, they “almost worshipped him!”

In the midst of the whirling shells, he scarcely removed his pipe from his mouth, as he stood upon the open rampart spattered from the bursting shells. Lieutenant Hunter, of the 36th, writes to the speaker:

“I saw him stand with folded arms, smiling upon a four hundred pound shell, as it stood smoking and spinning like a billiard ball on the sand, not twenty feet away, until it burst, and then move quietly away. I saw him fifty times a day—I saw him fight, and saw him pray, and he was all that a general should be in battle. He was the best equipped man in the Confederate States to defend the port of Wilmington, and his relief by Bragg brought gloom over the entire command.”

Time fails me to relate the details of the great battle of the 13th, 14th and 15th of January. The fleet arrived the night of the 12th, and early next day began the rain of projectiles, increasing in fury at times to 160 per minute, and directed by converging fire to the destruction of the guns on the land force of Fisher, and the pounding of the northeast salient to a shapeless ruin.

Again General Whiting came to the fort, on the first day's bombardment, and upon his entrance he said to Lamb:

“I have come to share your fate, my boy. You are to be sacrificed. The last thing I heard General Bragg say, was to point out a line to fall back upon, when Fisher fell.”

The firing never ceased—all day and all night long the 11-inch and 15-inch fiery globes rolled along the parapet; the palisades were cut to pieces, the wires to the mines were ploughed up in the deep sands. An English officer who had been present at Sebastopol, declared it was but child play to this terrific shaking of earth and sea, by a fleet whose broadside could throw 44,000 pounds of iron at a single discharge.

The men fought on—their quarters having been burned, with

blankets and clothing—in the depth of winter, without a blanket for rest, for three days, with cornmeal coffee and uncooked rations—for not even a burial party could put its head out of bombproof without casualties. On the evening of the 13th, some 8,500 troops landed four miles north, in the language of their commander, as if at some exciting sport, with no one to molest them. Throwing up entrenchments on either side, they began an approach upon the fort, which no longer possessed an armament of great guns on that face.

Telegram after telegram besought General Bragg to attack; but his troops had been ordered sixteen miles away for an idle review, and when they were in position again, he refused to attack the two brigades of negro troops which held the land side, though urged repeatedly by telegraph, which was out of the enemy's control!

The fire suddenly increased to inconceivable fury about 3 P. M. of the 15th, and the air was hot with bursting shells. All at once there was ominous silence, and the column of the enemy, of 1,600 picked sailors and 400 marines, under the flower of the officers of the navy, were seen approaching the northeast redan. Whiting and Lamb rallied their gallant band upon the exposed ramparts—the struggle was terrible, but with twenty-one officers killed and wounded, that column was broken to pieces, and a sight never seen in the world before, of two thousand United States Naval troops in full flight! leaving four hundred on the sands, and their commander, Breese, simulating death among them, to escape capture.

But alas, two battles were going on at the same time! Half a mile distant, at the left of the land face, Ames' division had assaulted, through the gaps in the palisades. Although, by the Federal accounts, three of every five who reached the works were shot down, Major Reilly's men were so outnumbered that two traverses with their gunchambers were taken.

Just as the naval attack was beaten back, General Whiting saw the Federal flags planted on those traverses. Calling on the troops to follow him, they fought hand-to-hand with clubbed muskets, and one traverse was retaken. Just as he was climbing the other, and had his hand upon the Federal flag to tear it down, General Whiting fell, receiving two wounds—one very severe through the thigh.

Meantime Curtis' troops—the brigades of Bell, Pennypacker and others—were sent forward at intervals of fifteen minutes, swarming into the entrance gained, and their engineers following upon their steps, threw up quickly such works as made it impossible for the thinned ranks of the besiegers to drive them out.

Colonel Lamb fell with a desperate wound through the hip, a half hour after the General; yet the troops fought on hour after hour, at each successive traverse. It was the struggle of North Carolina patriots. Lamb, in the hospital, found voice enough, though faint unto death, to say, "I will not surrender!" and Whiting, lying among the surgeons near by, responded, "Lamb, if you die, I will assume command, and I will never surrender!"

But the ammunition had given out—the Staff and the brave Chaplain, McKinnon, had emptied the cartridge boxes of the dead, under fire, and brought in blankets such scanty supply of cartridges as could be found. The wintry night set in, and four hours thereafter those glorious sons of Carolina fought, until a little after 9 P. M.

The garrison retired to Battery Buchanan, taking their wounded officers; and its two heavy guns, uninjured, might have kept the land force at bay until they could have embarked in boats, but Lieutenant Chapman, of the Navy, had spiked his guns and taken himself away, with all the boats (by whose order is not known); and thus the garrison was left to its fate.

It has been declared to be the glory of the army of Lee, that it placed *hors du combat* as many men of Grant's army in the campaign of the Wilderness as equalled its own numbers.

What, then, shall we say of the heroic band at Fisher? Colonel Lamb says, with burning eloquence:

"I had half a mile of land face and one mile of sea face to defend, with 1,900 men. I knew every company present and its strength. This number included the killed, wounded and sick. If the Federal reports claim that our killed, wounded and prisoners showed more, it is because they credited my force with those captured outside the works, who were never under my command.

"To capture Fort Fisher, the enemy lost, by their own statement, 1,445 killed, wounded and missing. Nineteen hundred Confederates, with forty-four guns, contending against 10,000 men on shore (8,500 of the army and 2,000 of the navy), and 600 heavy guns afloat, killing and wounding almost as many of the enemy as there were soldiers in the fort, and not surrendering until the last shot was expended.

"When I recall this magnificent struggle, unsurpassed in ancient or modern warfare, and remember the devoted patriotism and heroic courage of my garrison, I feel proud to know that I have North Carolina blood coursing through my veins, and I confidently believe

that the time will come with the Old North State, when her people will regard her defence of Fort Fisher as the grandest event in her historic past."

Let us declare to-day that the hour has come when no base slander shall longer deface the fair fame of the Carolinians at Fisher.

Adjutant-General Towle, of Terry's (U. S.) Army, in narrating these events, says:

"Through the whole evening, until long after darkness closed in, they had offered the most stubborn defence. Never did soldiers display more desperate bravery and brilliant valor. With their leaders, Whiting and Lamb, both disabled with wounds, and sadly reduced in number, well foreseeing, too, the fresh force to be brought against them—under these circumstances, when night fell upon them, with no hope of relief, they gradually abandoned the fort, and retreated about a mile to the extreme point of the peninsula. No boats had been collected for the emergency. The strong tidal currents of the Cape Fear made swimming impossible. In this *cul de sac*, they awaited the captivity closing upon them. It was 10 o'clock at night when Abbott's Brigade completed the occupation."

President Davis, in his "Rise and Fall of the Confederate Government," says of this event:

"The garrison stood bravely to their guns, and, when the assault was made, fought with such determined courage as to repulse the first column, and obstinately contended with another, approaching from the land side, continuing the fight long after they had got into the fort.

"Finally, overwhelmed by numbers, and after the fort and its armament had been mainly destroyed, I believe, by a bombardment greater than ever before concentrated upon a fort, the remnant of the garrison surrendered. The heroic and highly gifted General Whiting was mortally, and the gallant commander of the fort, Colonel Lamb, seriously wounded."

Two days and a night the wounded suffered before they were embarked upon the steamer which conveyed them to their Northern prison.

The distinguished head of the *Norfolk Virginian*, M. Glennan, Esq., who was one of the brave boys in the fort, and known as Sergeant Glennan, writes to the speaker as follows:

"I never saw a more patient sufferer than General Whiting. His

wound was most painful, yet he never murmured, never complained, and was always cheerful. His wants were attended to by his Chief of Staff, Major Hill, and one of his aides, a lieutenant, whose name I cannot recall. I attended to the wants of Colonel Lamb, and as an illustration of General Whiting's consideration, and his gentleness of disposition, I remember that, seeing that I was greatly fatigued from want of rest, he directed the lieutenant to 'Relieve that boy, and let him have some rest,' which was done, and I enjoyed a long, sweet slumber, which greatly refreshed me.

"While in prison, he was in separate quarters from other prisoners, and desired to know how they were getting on. He got permission for me to visit him, after a little incident that had occurred between the commanding officer at Governor's Island and myself. He was much pleased with it, and brevetted me a lieutenant. At that time there was every indication that he would recover. His death was a great surprise—a shock.

"He was the soul of honor; none braver, none more gentle. North Carolina may well feel proud of her adopted son."

In the trying hours, previous to the last battle, in the extremity of his anxiety for the fate of the fort, and with it that of Lee's army and the cause, he telegraphed the Secretary of War, and received the following dispatch, which places the responsibility of failure where it belongs:

"January 13, 1865, RICHMOND, VA.

"GENERAL W. H. C. WHITING.

"Your superior in rank, General Bragg, is charged with the command and defence of Wilmington.

"J. A. SEDDON,

"*Secretary of War.*"

The following is the official report of Major-General Whiting of the operations of January 15th:

"FORT FISHER, *January 18, 1865.*

"GENERAL R. E. LEE,

"*Commanding Armies Confederate States:*

"General,—I am sorry to have to inform you, as a prisoner of war, of the taking of Fort Fisher on the night of the 15th instant, after an assault of unprecedented fury, both by sea and land, lasting from Friday morning until Sunday night.

"On Thursday night, the enemy's fleet was reported off the fort.

On Friday morning, the fleet opened very heavily. On Friday and Saturday, during the furious bombardment on the fort, the enemy was allowed to land, without molestation, and to throw up a light line of field works from Battery Ramseur to the river, thus securing his position from molestation, and making the fate of Fort Fisher, under the circumstances, but a question of time.

“On Sunday, the fire on the fort reached a pitch of fury to which no language can do justice. It was concentrated on the land face and front. In a short time, nearly every gun was dismounted or disabled, and the garrison suffered severely by the fire. At 3 o'clock the enemy's land force, which had been gradually and slowly advancing, formed into two columns for assault.

“The garrison, during the fierce bombardment, was not able to stand to the parapets, and many of the reinforcements were obliged to be kept at a great distance from the fort.

“As the enemy slackened his fire to allow the assault to take place, the men hastily manned the ramparts and gallantly repulsed the right column of assault. A portion of the troops on the left had also repelled the first rush to the left of the work. The greater portion of the garrison being, however, engaged on the right, and not being able to man the entire work, the enemy succeeded in making a lodgment on the left flank, planting two of his regimental flags in the traverses. From this point we could not dislodge him, though we forced him to take down his flag from the fire from our most distant guns, our own traverses protecting him from such fire. From this time it was a succession of fighting, from traverse to traverse, and from line to line, until 9 o'clock at night, when we were overpowered and all resistance ceased.

“The fall, both of the general and the colonel commanding the fort, one about 4 and the other about 4.30 P. M., had a perceptible effect upon the men, and no doubt hastened greatly the result; but we were overpowered, and no skill or gallantry could have saved the place after he effected a lodgement, except attack in the rear.

“The enemy's loss was very heavy, and so, also, was our own. Of the latter, as a prisoner, I have not been able to ascertain.

“At 9 P. M. the gallant Major Reilly, who had fought the fort after the fall of his superiors, reported the enemy in possession of the sally-port. The brave Captain Van Benthuyzen, of marines, though himself badly wounded, with a squad of his men, picked up the general and colonel, and endeavored to make way to Battery Buchanan, followed by Reilly with the remnant of the forces. On reaching

there it was found to be evacuated; by whose orders or what authority, I know not; no boats were there. The garrison of Fort Fisher had been coolly abandoned to its fate.

“Thus fell Fort Fisher, after three days’ battle, unparalleled in the annals of the war. Nothing was left but to await the approach of the enemy, who took us about 10 o’clock P. M. The fleet surpassed its tremendous efforts in the previous attack.

“The fort has fallen in precisely the manner indicated so often by myself, and to which your attention has been so frequently called, and in the presence of the ample force provided by you to meet the contingency.

“The fleet never attempted to enter until after the land force had done its work, and, of course, unless the supporting force played its part, Fort Fisher must have fallen. Making every allowance for the extraordinary vigor and force of the enemy’s assault, and the terrific effect of the fire of the fleet upon the garrison, and the continual and incessant enfilading of the whole point from Battery Buchanan to the fort, thereby preventing, to a great extent, the movement of my troops, I think that the result might have been avoided, and Fort Fisher still held, if the commanding general had done his duty.

“I charge him with this loss; with neglect of duty, in this, that he either refused or neglected to carry out any suggestion made to him, in official communications by me, for the disposition of the troops, and especially that he, failing to appreciate the lesson to be derived from the previous attempt of Butler, instead of keeping his troops in the position to attack the enemy on his appearance, he moves them twenty miles from the point of landing, in spite of repeated warning.

“He might have learned from his failure to interrupt either the landing or the embarking of Butler, for two days, with his troops, though disgraceful enough, would indicate to the enemy that he would have the same security for any future expedition. The previous failure was due to Fort Fisher alone, and not to any of the supporting troops.

“I charge him, further, with making no effort whatever to create a diversion, in favor of the beleagured garrison, during the three days’ battle, by attacking the enemy; though that was to be expected, since his delay and false disposition, allowed the enemy to secure his rear by works—but works of no strength. I desire that a full investigation be had of this matter, and these charges which I make; they will be fully borne out by the official records.

" I have only to add, that the Commanding General on learning of the approach of the enemy, would give me no orders whatever; and persistently refused from the beginning, to allow me to have anything to do with the troops from General Lee's army. I consequently repaired to Fort Fisher, as the place where my own sense of duty called me.

" I am, General, very respectfully,

" Your obedient servant,

" W. H. C. WHITING,

" *Major-General (prisoner of war).*"

" HOSPITAL, FORT COLUMBUS, GOVERNOR'S ISLAND,

" NEW YORK HARBOR, *February 19, 1865.*

" The above is an exact copy of the dispatch dictated to Major Hill, in the hospital at Fort Fisher (and preserved in his note-book) on the 18TH JANUARY, 1865, and which I intended to have endeavored to forward at that time by flag of truce, and accordingly made a request of General Terry. On his reply, that it would be necessary to refer it to Lieutenant-General Grant, I concluded to postpone the report. I wish to add a few remarks upon the difference between the two attacks, and also give some information which I have acquired. Had the enemy assaulted the work on the first attack he would have been beaten off with great slaughter.

" The fire of the fleet on that occasion, though very severe and formidable, was very diffuse and scattered, seemingly more designed to render a naval entrance secure, than a land attack, consequently our defense was but slightly damaged. We had nineteen guns bearing on the assault, and above all the palisade was almost as good as new. Moreover, the fleet, during the first bombardment, hauled off at night, giving the garrison time for rest, cooking, and refreshment. It is remarkable, that during the first bombardment, no gun's crew was ever driven from its gun; but on the 13th and 14th January, the fleet stationed itself with the definite object of destroying the land defence by direct and enfilade fire; the latter, a *feu d'enfilement* to knock down the traverses, destroying all guns and pound the northeast salient into a practicable slope for the assaulting column.

" By 12 M. Sunday, not a gun remained on the land front. The palisade was entirely swept away, and the mines in advance, so deeply did the enemy's shot plough, were isolated from the wires,

and could not be used. Not a man could show his head in that infernal storm, and I could only keep a lookout in the safest position to inform me of the movements of the enemy.

“Contrary to previous practice, the enemy kept up the fire all night. Cooking was impracticable. The men, in great part, in Fisher at the second attack, were not those of the first, and were much more demoralized. The casualties were greater, with but one ration for three days. Such was the condition when the parapets were manned on the enemy’s ceasing firing for assault.

“As soon as a lodgement was made at Shepherd’s battery on the left, the engineers at once threw up a strong covering-work in rear of Fisher, and no effort of ours, against overwhelming numbers could dislodge them.

“Then was the time for the supporting force, which was idly looking on only three miles off (which could see the columns on the beach), to have made an attack upon the rear of the assaulting column; at any rate, to have tried to save Fort Fisher, while the garrison had hurled an assaulting column, crippled, back, and were engaged, for six hours, with five thousand men vigorously assaulting it.

“General Bragg was held in check by two brigades of colored troops, along a line of no impediment whatever. Once at this line, by the river bank with his three batteries of artillery, and his whole force steadily advancing, the enemy’s fleet could not have fired again, without hurting their own men. The enemy had not a single piece of artillery; altogether about seven or eight thousand men.

“Pushing our batteries to Camp Wyatt and Colonel Lamb’s headquarters, and opening heavily on Shepherd’s Battery, with an advance of our troops, and such of the enemy as could not have escaped in boats, must have fallen into our hands; but it was not to be.

“I went into the fort with the conviction that it was to be sacrificed, for the last I heard General Bragg say, was to point out a line to fall back on, if Fort Fisher fell. In all his career of failure and defeat, from Pensacola out, there has been no such shame incurred, and no such stupendous disaster.

“Wounded, in the hospital, with mortification at the shameful haste, I heard the blowing up of Fort Caswell, before the enemy had dared to enter the harbor.

“I demand, in justice to the country, to the army and to myself, that the course of this officer be investigated. Take his notorious congratulatory order, No. 14 (17), with its numerous errors, and

compare his language with the result. I do not know what he was sent to Wilmington for. I had hoped that I was considered competent; I acquiesced with feelings of great mortification. My proper place was in command of the troops you sent to support the defence; then I should not now be a prisoner, and an effort, at least, would have been made to save the harbor, on which I had expended for two years, all the labor and skill I had. I should not have had the mortification of seeing works, which our very foes admire, yielding after four days' attack, given up and abandoned without even an attempt to save them.

"I am, General, very respectfully, your obedient servant,

"MAJOR-GENERAL W. H. C. WHITING."

The following letter is the last expression of General Whiting on the subject-matter of these reports:

"*To the Editor of the Times:*

"The enclosed is a copy of a fragmentary letter commenced by Whiting to me, and which he wrote lying on his back in the hospital, the day before he died. He did not have the strength to finish or sign it. It was given to me after my return from Europe, having been found by the surgeon and preserved. I was in England, having access to the London journals, and Whiting desired me, as a friend, to vindicate his reputation. I do so now, for if there ever was a noble and gallant fellow, true to his friends and true to his convictions of duty, it was W. H. C. Whiting.

"Very respectfully,

"BLANTON DUNCAN.

"*Louisville, Ky., July 6, 1880.*"

"HOSPITAL, GOVR'S ISLAND, *March 2, 1865.*

"COLONEL BLANTON DUNCAN:

"*My dear Duncan:* I am very glad to hear from you on my bed of suffering. I see the papers have put you in possession of something of what has been going on. That I am here, and that Wilmington and Fisher are gone, is due wholly and solely to the incompetency, the imbecility and the pusillanimity of Braxton Bragg, who was sent to spy upon and supersede me about two weeks before the attack. He could have taken every one of the enemy, but he was afraid.

"After the fleet stopped its infernal stream of fire to let the assaulting column come on, we fought them six hours, from traverse to traverse and from parapet to parapet, 6,000 of them. All that time Bragg was within two and a half miles, with 6,000 of Lee's best troops, three batteries of artillery and 1,500 reserves. The enemy had no artillery at all. Bragg was held in check by two negro brigades, while the rest of the enemy assaulted, and he didn't even fire a musket.

"I fell, severely wounded, two balls in my right leg, about 4 P. M.; Lamb a little later, dangerously shot in the hip. Gallant old Reilly continued the fight hand to hand until 9 P. M., when we were overpowered.

"Of all Bragg's mistakes and failures, from Pensacola out, this is the climax. He would not let me have anything to do with Lee's troops. The fight was very desperate and bloody. There was no surrender.

"The fire of the fleet is beyond description. No language can describe that terrific bombardment. One hundred and forty-three shots a minute for twenty-four hours. My traverses stood it nobly, but by the direct fire they were enabled to bring upon the land front, they succeeded in knocking down my guns there.

"I was very kindly treated and with great respect by all of them.

"I see that the fall of Fisher has attracted some discussion in the public prints in London. So clever a fellow as Captain Cowper Coles, R. N., ought not to take Admiral Porter's statement and reports *au pied de lettre*, and he ought to be disabused before building theories on what he accepts as facts, and which are simply bosh.

"The fight at Fisher was in no sense of the word a test for the monitor Monadnock (over which Porter makes such sounding brags), or of any other monitor or ironclad."

It is possible that under more favorable circumstances, the wounds of General Whiting might not have proved mortal, but the transfer in the depth of winter to the bleak climate of New York, the confinement in the damp casement of Fort Columbus, on Governor's Island, and the natural depression that lowers the vitality of a prisoner of war gradually proved too much for a constitution worn by great fatigue and anxiety.

As weakness increased, and the shadow of the inevitable approached, he met it with the fortitude of his whole life—with humility before God, with perfect dignity and serenity towards men. The Post Chaplain writes:

“I have seldom stood by a death-bed where there was so gratifying a manifestation of humble Christian faith. * * * I asked him if he would like to see some of the religious papers. He said: ‘No, that they were so bitter in their tone, he preferred the Bible alone; that was enough for him.’ He partook of the holy communion, at his own request, in private, on the Sunday afternoon before his death. * * * That was very sudden to all here, but it was a Christian’s death, the death of the trustful, hopeful soul.”

With a mother and two sisters in Hartford, and a brother in New York, no regret ever escaped his lips or sigh from his heart, that he had drawn his sword for the constitutional rights of the State in which he was born, the people among whom he had spent his life, and for distant North Carolina, whose Governor had confided her defences to him, and for whose honor and glory he was about to lay down his life, with the innumerable army of martyrs.

History tells us that the British, struck with the heroism of Lawrèrre, who cried, “Don’t give up the ship!” as he was taken below with a mortal wound, gave to the remains of their enemy profound funeral honors at Halifax, in token of admiration and respect.

It is too much to expect that in the throes of the great war between the States, the guns of the fortress that had been his prison while alive, should have saluted his cold ashes as they were borne away; and yet, rarely, if ever, in all that struggle, was there such a demonstration of sympathetic regard and profound respect at the burial of a prisoner of war.

The New York *Daily News* of March 13, 1865, has the following:

“One of the most prominent matters in which Christian civilization differs from that which obtained under the rule of Paganism, is the administration of the rights of sepulchre to the remains of a deceased enemy.

“The superiority of the former over the latter was very noticeable on the occasion of the obsequies, on Saturday, at Trinity Church, of the late Major-General W. H. C. Whiting, who was wounded at the taking of Fort Fisher, being in command of that garrison, transferred, on his arrival here, to Governor’s Island, as a prisoner of war, and who died of his wounds in the Military Hospital there on Friday last.

“A very large concourse of people was present, and the profoundest respect was paid to the deceased and his sorrowing relatives and friends. General Beale (the agent in this city for supplying the Con-

federacy with soldiers' blankets in exchange for cotton), with five other intimate friends of the deceased general, most of whom are paroled Confederate officers, acted as pall-bearers on the occasion. Several Federal officers, in uniform, were in attendance at the obsequies." [The pall-bearers were General Beall, of the Confederate service, and General Stone, Major Trowbridge, Major Prime and Lieutenant Mowry, of the United States service, and Mr. S. L. Merchant.—C. B. D.] "The Rev. Dr. Morgan Dix, Rector of Trinity, was the officiating minister, assisted by Rev. Dr. Ogilvie.

"The corpse of the deceased was brought from Governor's Island about 12.30 o'clock on Saturday morning, and placed in the vestibule of Trinity, where, for half an hour, the friends and relatives were allowed to view the features of the late general.

"The body was embalmed, and on the coffin lid were laid beautiful floral offerings of natural camelias, in the shape of a cross and a heart. The face of the deceased was of the handsomest and most manly character. The coffin was rosewood, silver-mounted, and the breast-plate bore the following inscription:

"MAJOR-GENERAL W. H. C. WHITING, C. S. A."

"BORN IN THE STATE OF MISSISSIPPI."

"DIED ON GOVERNOR'S ISLAND, NEW YORK HARBOR,"

"March 10, 1865."

"Aged 40 years, 11 months and 18 days."

"After it had been closed, lady friends of the deceased placed upon the lid two beautiful crosses of white camelias, fringed with evergreen, and a wreath of the same.

"Shortly after 1 o'clock, Drs. Dix and Ogilvie began the solemn service, in accordance with the prescribed ritual of the Episcopal Church. The coffin was then placed in front of the altar, and as it was borne up the aisle, an incident that attracted some attention was the placing upon the coffin, by a young lady, a beautiful cluster of camelias, bound with a black ribbon.

"After the usual services, the prayer of the commitment was read by Dr. Dix, at the foot of the coffin.

"After the benediction, the body was borne to the waiting hearse, and the solemn cortege of carriages passed down Broadway *en route* to Greenwood, where the remains were placed in a receiving vault."

The following obituary appeared in a North Carolina paper:

“ ‘*Nihil quod erat, non tetigit; nihil quod tetigit, non ornavit.*’

“The death of Major-General Whiting deserves more than a passing notice. Born in a garrison, the son of an eminent officer of the old army, a graduate, with distinguished honor, of the first military school on this continent, he was peculiarly qualified, by education and association, to render his country marked service.

“Constantly on active and varied duty, whilst an officer of the United States army, he was enabled, by experience, to improve a mind already well practiced in his profession, and cultivate a taste for that arm, of which, at an early age, he was regarded as a brilliant ornament. Upon secession, he promptly resigned his commission, and offering his services to the Provisional Government at Montgomery, was appointed Major of Engineers in the regular Confederate army.

“Assigned as Chief Engineer Officer at Charleston, his engineering skill was recognized as of essential benefit in the operations which reduced Fort Sumter.

“Transferred to Virginia he was selected by General J. E. Johnston as Chief of Staff, and, after the first battle of Manassas, received the merited promotion to the rank of Brigadier-General.

“The commander of a splendid division in the Army of Northern Virginia he served in the campaigns of 1861 and 1862 with conspicuous credit. In the seven days’ battles around Richmond, his command did gallant service, contributing in a large measure to our successes. The ability evinced by General Whiting in the disposition on that occasion and handling of his troops, combined with his coolness and self-possession, elicited the highest praise; the President himself, an eye-witness, bearing cheerful testimony to his worth and valor.

“But it was not in the field only, that General Whiting’s abilities and talents were displayed. Assigned to the command of the defenses of the Cape Fear, he exhibited, in the works which constituted those defences, a genius and skill as an engineer which won the unstinted praise of every military judge—praise that was even accorded by the enemy.

“His administrative capacity was of the highest order—a perception wonderfully quick; familiar with all the details of his command, thereby conversant with its wants; always accessible; prompt in the dispatch of business; firm, yet courteous, in his intercourse; reconciling, with unusual facility, conflicting interests; establishing with great success, regulations for a trade requiring commercial, rather

than a military knowledge; harmonizing the civil and military authority in his department, he possessed the entire confidence of the community in which he was stationed.

“ Placed in a subordinate position in the department which he had so long and ably commanded, and the successful defence of which was his hope and pride, he was doomed to witness the great disaster of the war, unable, by protest or remonstrance, to change the tactics which, in his opinion, induced the fall of Wilmington.

“ In command of Fort Fisher, sharing the privations and dangers of its garrison, twice wounded in leading it against the assaults of enemy, captured with his troops, he died a prisoner, cut off from those kindnesses which affection can only prompt, and love alone offer.

“ General Whiting possessed those rare personal qualities most to be appreciated, in the intimate associations and familiar intercourse of private life.

“ Unpretending in the observance of the duties of the church, of which he was a strict communicant; aiming to be just, without fear and without prejudice; sincere in his friendships; frank, generous, who ‘felt a dream of meanness like a stain;’ his character was the embodiment of truth and honor.

“ Of the noble sacrifices made for the cause, of the gallant dead who have fallen in its defence, the name of none will be more inseparably interwoven with its history than that of William Henry Chase Whiting.

“ ‘How sweet his sleep beneath the dewy sod,
Who dies for fame, his country and his God.’ ”

One who served under him, describes him thus:

“ I always thought him a very handsome man—commandingly handsome. He was not tall, but he possessed a striking carriage. He was well put together, compact, well-formed, sinewy. His face was strikingly handsome. His head was shapely, and hair thick and iron-gray. He was an ideal soldier and commander.”

Says Major Benjamin Sloan, Chief of Ordnance, in a recent letter to Major Fairly, of the General's Staff, and now Colonel J. S. Fairly, of Charleston:

“ I wish I could find words to express my admiration for the man, for the soldier, whom the men in the Department of Wilmington loved, trusted, honored—yea, worshipped. His military perceptions

were so clear, his nerve so steady, and his hand so vigorous, that under his direction we all felt absolutely secure. A skilled engineer, he had left nothing undone for the defence of the Cape Fear, and if on the night that Fisher fell, Whiting could only have been on the outside, in command, with the troops that stood idly by, and saw Ames from the land side overpower the little garrison, a very different story would now be history.

“Once, in Virginia, I was sent by my commanding officer to General Lee, bearing a note of complaint (and with good reason), that he had been, by General Lee’s order, improperly subordinated to others; and I remember Lee’s endorsement upon the note, in substance: ‘What do you care about rank? I would serve under a corporal if necessary.’

“General Whiting did the thing which General Lee said he would do. Without a murmur, giving up the command of the defences, which he had so magnificently planned, he went down into Fort Fisher, where the presence of such a gallant commander as Colonel Lamb made it unnecessary, and gave up his life in its defence.

“The peer of any one in intellect, he died as he had lived—the modest, Christian gentleman, the lovely man, the brave, unflinching soldier. I think his death was sublime.

“The last time that I ever saw General Whiting was on the boat which carried him for the last time to Fort Fisher. I had followed him down to the landing, and had just stepped from the gang-plank to the deck, when he spied me. ‘Where are you going?’ he said. ‘With you,’ was my reply. ‘You must go back,’ said he; ‘you can serve me better here than in Fort Fisher.’ With a heavy heart I went ashore, and stood watching him while I could see him. With Whiting penned up in Fisher, our faith was badly shaken.

“I believe, Fairly, that there are not many of us left who used to assemble in headquarters, on the corner of the main street, in Wilmington. In spite of the stirring war times then, my life was full of hope, and I recall many and many a happy hour I spent in your company in the little cottage under the shadow of the City Hall.”

Page after page might be multiplied with one and the same testimony from glorious heroes who served under him; they all speak the language of devotion, of veneration for his matchless power, and of the strong, manly love in true souls for the chivalric quality of self-sacrifice.

With an exquisite illustration of this grace so tender, I bring this

review to a close, conscious, in the light of my own remembrance of his princely soul, of how far this portraiture falls short of the embodiment of his moral and mental grandeur.

The incident referred to is this. Sergeant Glennan writes to the speaker:

"At headquarters there was a detail of couriers, consisting of youths from 16 to 18 years. They were the bravest boys that I have ever seen. Their courage was magnificent; they were on the go all the time, carrying orders and messages to every part of the fort.

"Among them was a boy named Murphy, a delicate stripling. He was, I think, from Dublin county, the son of Mr. Patrick Murphy, I think, and brother of Dr. Murphy, of the Morganton Asylum. The former was a citizen of Wilmington for many years after the war, and a true son of the 'Lost Cause.' He and I were intimate friends and companions. He had been called upon a number of times to carry orders, and had just returned from one of his trips, I think to Battery Buchanan. The bombardment had been terrific, and he seemed very exhausted and agitated. After reporting, he came to me, and tears were in his eyes; 'Sergeant,' he said, 'I have no fear personally; morally I have, because I do not think I am the Christian I ought to be. This is my only fear of death.'

"And then he was called to carry another order. He slightly wavered, and General Whiting saw the emotion; 'Come on, my boy,' he said, 'don't fear; I'll go with you.' And he went off with the courier, and accompanied him to and from the point where he had to deliver the order. It was to one of the most dangerous positions, and over almost unprotected ground. The boy and the general were companions on the trip, and they returned safely. There was no agitation after that on the part of my companion.

"That evening he shouldered his gun, when every man was ordered on duty to protect the fort from the charge of General Terry's men. The boy met death soon, and his spirit was wafted onward to a Heavenly home.

"The General received his mortal wound in the same contest, in the thickest of the fight.

"I tried to find the remains of my dear boy friend, but in vain. He rests in a nameless grave, but his memory shall ever be treasured."

When, a few days hence, the patriotic women of this city and

State shall see the fruition of their hopes and labors, and amid the thunders of cannon and the acclamations of thousands, yonder superb memorial to our dead shall flash upon the vision of the multitude, may that proud figure, which surmounts it in manly dignity, stand forever the majestic symbol of duty performed—of heroic courage, of sublime fortitude. May it tell forever the story, that when the sun set upon the cross-barred flag at Appomattox, it could not set upon the character that makes North Carolina what she is. May it speak to every youth who passes under its shadow the words of glorious Whiting:

“Come, my boy, have no fear in the path of duty; I, the Spirit of the Dead, will go with you!”

From the Montgomery, Ala., *Advertiser*, Dec. 8, 1897.

TO THE CONFEDERACY'S SOLDIERS AND SAILORS.

Monument Unveiled on Capitol Hill, Montgomery, Alabama, with Impressive Ceremony, December 7, 1898.

Instructive and Eloquent Speeches by Prominent Men. Southland Moans for its Heroes. Reverence and Patriotism Guiding Spirits of the Occasion.

Splendid Oration by Ex-Governor Thomas G. Jones, with Inspiring Addresses by Colonel W. J. Sanford, Colonel J. W. A. Sanford, Captain Ben. H. Screws, and Hon. Hilary A. Herbert.

HISTORIC TRIBUTE OF ALABAMA WOMEN.

Five thousand earnest persons yesterday witnessed the unveiling of the Confederate monument on Capitol Hill. Close to the historic structure in which the “Lost Cause” was born, a marble shaft now rears aloft its figured crest in impressive tribute to those who died under the “Stars and Bars.” Cradle and tombstone stand side by side. And around them, their leafless branches murmuring a requiem mass in the autumn breezes, tremble a hundred trees trans-

planted from battle-fields where Confederate soldiers fought and fell.

From a period of dreary, rainy weather, yesterday dawned crisp and clear as if nature had lent her auspices to the unveiling ceremonies. Visitors had come to Montgomery from all over the South to witness the exercises. The Ladies' Memorial Association had arranged an impressive programme and nothing occurred to mar its rendition.

Tasteful floral decorations had been arranged around the pedestal of the monument, and benches were erected for the accommodation of 2,000 persons. But the assemblage that had gathered at noon stretched from the northern wing of the capitol to the northernmost edge of the hill.

The bright colors of the women's gowns, the crimson sashes and immaculate white dresses of the pretty sponsors and the gaudy trappings of the militia combined in lending to the situation a gala aspect. But the solemnity of the occasion was breathed in the speeches of the orators, was reflected in the earnest faces of the gathering and was told all too plainly by the purposes of the programme.

Now and then something occurred to stir to enthusiasm the aching hearts of grizzled veterans who had assembled to pay homage to the memory of dead comrades. Some telling phrase in an oration or an irresistible bar from "Dixie" would bring to these mourning patriots a fancy of "those other days." At such moments, tears glistened in sad eyes or the "rebel yell" resounded.

On the temporary platform, erected between the capitol and the monument, were stationed the members of the Ladies' Memorial Association, members of the Legislature, Governor Johnston and members of his staff, and other prominent persons. The pedestal of the monument itself was tastefully garnished with ferns and chrysanthemums. Long before noon, Capitol Hill was rich in color with the dresses of several thousand women. The spectators experienced some disappointment over a delay in the parade. But their patience did not desert. It was a good natured crowd. Many of the spectators stood uncomplainingly for three hours, straining their ears for phrases from orators who were concealed from view.

THE PARADE.

From the corner of Bibb and Moulton streets, the parade made its way out to Commerce street, thence to Dexter Avenue to the Capi-

tol, and then around the hill. The crowd around the monument greeted the head of the procession with cheers as it hove in sight.

It was after 12 o'clock when Colonel W. J. Sanford, of Opelika, the chairman, in a few appropriate sentences, introduced Rev. Dr. George B. Eager to open the exercises with a prayer. Dr. Eager delivered an eloquent invocation, as follows:

"Almighty God, our Heavenly Father, Thou hast taught us to cherish our yesterdays, to 'call to remembrance the former days,' even though they be days of darkness wherein we endured a great fight of affliction. Standing to-day under the shadow of a great loss, but in the light of Thy love, we realize that it is greatly wise to commune with our past hours. We come to recall our precious and immortal dead who poured out their lives as a holy libation upon the altar of their country, verily believing that they were doing God's service. O come to consecrate this completed and enduring monument to the memory of those whom we loved, and cherish for their lofty devotion to duty and fidelity even unto death; who laid the heart of the South at the feet of God with their wounds to tell the story.

"Help us, O God, to come in faith and with fit speech, remembering that Thou art God over all blessed forevermore, that Thy kingdom ruleth over all, that Thou sendest the darkness as well as the light, and that Thou hast given us 'songs in the night.' We pray Thee to imbue us with the spirit that actuated them and made their lives glorious, to help us to cherish the principles for which they died, and teach us in Thine own wise way the lessons of this hour and occasion. We recognise that Thy wisdom is higher than ours, and that Thy burning and purifying love is ever at work illuminating our ignorance, consuming the dross of our earthliness and bringing out the gold of character which is our true riches. Thou hast given us the grievous discipline of defeat and tears, Thou hast carried us through a long, hard schooling in a school where everything was difficult and there was constant clashing with our will. It has been bitter and hard upon us, O God, and often when we sought light and help it seemed at such cloudy distances that we could not realize its ministry. But we bless Thee, O, Thou God, of infinite wisdom and love, that by faith we have learned at last that all is well because Thou hast done it, that behind a frowning providence Thou did'st hide a smiling face.

"We bless Thee for a reunited country, for the loving hearts, the

ministering hands, the loyal souls, and the beautiful voices that remain to us to-day, true to Thee and to duty, for young and old gathered here to-day to take loving and tearful and hopeful part in this new consecration. Be with those who shall speak to us, and may they speak such words as shall help us and glorify Thee; and to Thy great name, Father, Son and Holy Spirit, we will give the praise forever. Amen.''

Chairman Sanford opened the oratory in this language:

Ladies of the Memorial Association, Ladies and Gentlemen:

Borrowing an idea from another, if expression of my appreciation of being selected as chairman on this occasion, were commensurate with the honors conferred on me, I should need a full measure of gratefulness in my heart and brilliancy on my tongue. The measure of gratitude is not lacking, but my stammering speech compels me to ask these good ladies who have thus honored me to be content with the assurance that I mean all that is expressed by the good old Anglo-Saxon words, I thank you for having given me this distinction; for, indeed, it is an enviable distinction to be prominently connected with these exercises, that will take their place in the annals of this State, both because of their intrinsic interest and worth, and because they transpire on these historic grounds, where, thirty-seven years ago, a chivalrous young government took its position in line with the great nationalities of earth.

Born in the throes of revolution, its young, proud ship of state was launched on tempestuous political seas, whose angry waves and raging billows rocked its infancy "in the cradle of the deep." No friendly beacon light streamed across the stormy waters to give warning where maelstroms endangered and rocks were submerged. Rather instead, from storm tossed waves there flashed the lurid glare of the lightning of battle, and the deep, bellowing thunders of war clouds came "sounding o'er the sea." The dew was not off the grass on the natal morn of the Confederacy before this sunny land was one vast martial camp, and war's frowning visage darkened the land.

It is not for me, to-day, to speak of the causes of the great revolution, nor to discuss the statesmanship and policies of that stormy era. But I will take a moment to say, in defense of those whose honor and valor are commemorated by that granite shaft, that they offered their lives, living sacrifices on the altars of country, in defense of that glorious product of this western world, the great right of

local self-government, and in defense of the principles of the American Constitution.

Such sentiments are no detraction from the position of the Federal soldier—the differences are not under discussion now—much less are they disloyal to the sentiments of a restored union and to a common flag. That flag is now the flag of my country and your country, and beneath its shadow the interests and honor of all sections of this grand country repose in security.

This is not the superserviceable cant, that considers it necessary to degrade the memory of the Confederate States, in order to exalt the Union—or to deify the New by anathematizing the Old South; sentiments born of that inspiration that “crooks the pregnant hinges of the knee, that thrift may follow fawning.”

“The Old South” needs no defense before a Southern audience. For more than a half century of the history of this government, the grand men of the Old South, on the battle-fields of chivalry, illustrated the loftiest valor, and in the parliamentary tourney they magnified statesmanship—while Southern women, worthy mates of splendid men, reigned with queenly dignity in Southern homes, and dispensed that royal hospitality that has been the theme of poesy and “the toast of history.”

To others more competent than I have been assigned the agreeable duty of speaking of the valor and virtues of the Confederate dead. They will tell of the splendid generalship of the chieftans of the South. How the names of her Lees, her Johnstons, of Davis, of Stonewall Jackson, of Gordon and a host of other great captains, by the blaze of battle were photographed on the fore-front leaf of fame. How Jeb Stuart and Forrest and Alabama's own gallant Wheeler and Clanton and others led their “rough riders” into the very jaws of death and immortality.

But they will be neglectful if, in these memorable exercises, they forget him who carried the knapsack and musket, the bright boy who bowed his head for a father's blessing and took his shield from a loving mother's hand with the Spartan injunction: “With this when the battle's won, or on it from the field”—the young father, who gently unlocking loving arms of wife and weeping children, turned his back on the happy home, on the vine clad hills, and took up his steady, stately march down the road to duty and to death, and by his glorious courage made a faded “gray jacket” a priceless heirloom in the homes of the South.

Yea, more, the tongues of Southern men will forget their cunning,

when we fail to tell that the beauty of roses paled and "morning sunbeams cast shadows" in presence of the bloom on the cheek and the light in the eye of the homespun clad girls of Dixie.

Some years ago I had the honor to offer some remarks at the opening of the bazaar, inaugurated by the ladies of the Memorial Association to further the erection of this splendid monument. For years without remuneration or recompense other than the consciousness of a noble duty, these noble ladies have been working for this good day.

Somewhere I have read "that it is more blessed to give than to receive." That Divine utterance had a sacred illustration when Woman anointed the head of the Saviour, and washed his feet with her tears, and wiped them with her hair.

Humanity, I speak reverently, can make no nearer approach to it, than woman's sacrifice on the altar of unselfish devotion.

The gentle footpace, the soft touch, the tender words—oil on grieving wounds—the balm of consolation to breaking hearts, have enshrined the names of Florence Nightingale and Clara Barton in the hearts of humanity.

So, inspired by generous impulse, these noble women of the Memorial Association have enshrined in granite and bronze, the memory of the Confederate dead; that memory will be green when granite has crumbled and bronze has corroded, around the apex of that splendid shaft, kissed by the first rays of the rising sun, there will forever linger a halo, in memory of the loving hands that reared this shaft and of the unselfish devotion that inspired it. They have reared a noble monument to the memory of the Confederate dead, and in doing so, have safely perpetuated their own glorious memory and worth.

At the conclusion of Colonel Sanford's eloquent words, Miss Gorman sang "Dixie," in a sweet voice, to the accompaniment of the Second Regiment band.

EX-GOVERNOR JONES'S ADDRESS.

Then Colonel Sanford turning to ex-Governor Thomas G. Jones, the orator of the day, introduced him in eulogistic terms to the veterans present, it seemed peculiarly meet that he was the orator. One of the youngest officers in the Confederacy, a bearer of one of the flags of truce at Appomatox, few if any, Alabamians were more entitled to the honor accorded him yesterday. Ex-Governor Jones said:

Revered Women and Fellow Countrymen :

Deep and indefinable emotions and throngs of stern and tender memories stir our hearts, and fill our souls and minds, as we stand upon this sacred and historic spot, and drink in the sublimity and significance of this august hour. No tongue can give fit expression to your exalted thoughts, and my lips had been dumb but for the command laid upon me by those whom no comrade of the dead dare disobey, to speak some words for them, ere this monument is committed to the keeping of time and future generations.

Who to-day can forget that other day, when the man whose only sin was we made him leader, was borne in triumph by the love of his people, from his home by the sea to his old Capitol, while the world looked on, and learned that the people for whom he suffered had neither forgotten nor deserted him, in the hour of adversity. What orator or painter can depict the thrilling moment when the aged prisoner of Fortress Monroe, erect, unfettered, sustained by the love of his people, amidst the thunders of cannon and the acclaim of the multitude, laid the corner-stone of this monument, erected here by authority of a State, while the troops saluted with rolling drums, drooped colors and presented arms, and veterans and people, heads all bare, did him honor.

There was one, above all others, who did him reverence, then. Who that saw her at that supreme moment, can shut out vision of the winsome daughter at his side? This tender shoot of his own vine, child of his exile and retirement, had not known the people's hearts. As the full meaning of the scene burst upon her, the glorious face of this fair young girl, lit with filial love, grew brighter and brighter, until a halo shone about her, and she seemed transformed to a seraph, and we forgot that we looked upon a daughter of men. Even yonder dingy old building caught the inspiration, and shone from dome to pit with renewed whiteness, as it reflected back, in the April sun, the purity of that sweet picture of noble womanhood.

There comes before us again the loved form of the man, of big heart and great brain, who was Alabama's governor during the stormiest years of her existence. We recall his manly face suffused with tears, when his chief lovingly placing his hands upon him, told how he had learned to lean upon him, in the sad days at Richmond, "When Alabama took him from me there was none to take his place."

There was another knightly soul moved to tears then—for beside

these two stood the chivalrous soldier, who as governor of our State then enjoyed the reward of a long life spent in her service.

These four were on the platform then. Now "they gaze into the face that makes glorious their own," amid throngs of angels. God rest them; but we cannot keep back the cry—

" Oh, for the touch of a vanished hand,
And the sound of a voice that is still."

The monument is partly the gift of the State, and yet it had not risen here, to sentinel the memory of our dead, but for the love and sacrifice of woman, who dared all the danger and sorrow of the strife and shared none of its wild joys—woman who never murmured, save when her warrior lost faith—"woman, permitted to bruise the head of the serpent and sweetly infuse through the sorrow and sin of earth registered curse, the blessings which mitigate all—born to nurse, to sooth, to solace, to help and heal."

Chiselled on the face of the monument, but more deeply graven on the soul of time, stand out "1861-1865."

We have reared it as an appeal to the ages. We have placed it here as a defender of the patriotism and virtues of more than one hundred thousand soldiers. It is a tribute by a generation that is here, to a generation that has gone. It would not be in keeping with its great design, to put forth such a work with bated breath. When we ask the world to look upon the statues, we challenge judgment; and we cannot be silent.

Many a child has read that those whom these statues represent died "in rebellion," and sometimes—sad to say—has heard it from the lips of men sprung from the loins of the dead soldier, that the motives and sacrifices of the men of "1861-1865," were the mad folly of misguided fathers, who waved hostile battle-flags against the genius of liberty in the New World, and sought to overthrow the great principles for which the Forefathers battled in the Revolution.

Is this true? Did the Confederate give his land to ruin and his children to slaughter because of his devotion to the institution of African slavery? Did he cease to value the principles of union, or to take pride in the great republic which his forefathers did so much to create, and in after times, to cherish and defend? Were the principles of the new government set up here in anywise hostile to the genius of the constitution and government, which Washington set up? Did the men of 1861-1865 "rebel?"

THE SOUTH DID NOT REBEL.

The impartial voice of history will declare that the Southern States in asserting the Constitutional right of secession, did not enter upon "rebellion," or create a new doctrine, but followed the logic of the history of the Constitution, and interpretations of that instrument by some of the most illustrious of the fathers, maintained, regardless of section, at different times, by many of the foremost statesmen of the republic.

All know that the revolution wrung from the mother country the solemn recognition of the "thirteen United States of America," and "each of them," as "free and independent States." They and "each of them" then became possessed of absolute sovereignty. As "free and independent States," each acting for its sovereign self, they formed the Confederation, and then, by virtue of the same sovereignty as States, formed the Union.

We need not detail subsequent history, and the numerous debates which have exhausted argument, except to say that the public mind vibrated like a pendulum between two opinions at different eras of the republic, as to the power and rights of the States.

If we may judge by the action of the people of the United States, for a considerable period after Washington's death, a majority of them believed the Constitution "a compact to which the States were parties, and that, as in all other cases of compact between parties having common judges, each party has an equal right to judge for itself, as well of the infraction as the mode and measure of redress."

The Virginia and Kentucky resolutions which proclaimed this doctrine were written respectively by Madison and Jefferson; and the latter, though not avowing his authorship, was known to concur fully in them. These resolutions were immediately denounced by some of the States as "inflammatory and pernicious." Yet Jefferson, in a bitter struggle between the opposing ideas, two years afterwards, was elected President of the United States, and then re-elected in 1804; and his successor was Madison, upon whose motion a proposed clause in the Constitution "authorizing the exertion of the force of the whole against delinquent States," was unanimously postponed. Madison, who scouted any idea of any government for the United States, "framed on the supposed practicability of using force against unconstitutional proceedings of a State."

Even Hamilton had said, "to coerce a State was one of the maddest projects that was ever devised. * * * But can we believe

that a State will ever suffer itself to be used as an instrument of coercion? The thing is a dream. It is impossible."

Massachusetts, not South Carolina, first stood sponsor for the right of secession. Nearly half a century before the convention at Charleston, another convention at Hartford had proclaimed secession as a rightful and desirable remedy against Federal grievances.

The impartial observer in 1861, however deep his opposition to the views of Madison and Jefferson, must declare, as did John Quincy Adams, a New England President, when combatting them: "Holding the converse with a conviction as firm as an article of religious faith, I see too clearly to admit denial, that minds of the highest order of intellect and hearts of the purest integrity of purpose have been brought to different conclusions."

WAR NOT FOUGHT OVER THE JUSTICE OR MORALITY OF SLAVERY.

The sectional dissensions, which finally took on the shape of disputes over slavery, turned not at all on the rightfulness or morality of the institution; but were of a purely political significance. From the beginning, the Southern colonies had been foremost in resisting the establishment of slavery. Maryland, North Carolina and Virginia had often protested against it. Virginia, prior to 1751, had passed more than twenty-five acts discouraging and preventing it. The Georgia colony at the outset had declared opposition to the institution. Slavery was established and continued in the Southern colonies against their wishes by the avarice of the Crown.

At the time of the Revolution, the institution was upheld in all the colonies, and though nearly one-sixth of their population were slaves, neither slavery nor its morality even remotely entered into the principles or causes which produced the separation from the mother country, or the change from the articles of confederation to the new Union. When the Constitution was formed, the only differences regarding slaves were as to the manner of their representation, and whether an immediate stop should be put to their importation. The Constitution protected the institution, and gave it its sanction.

As the different sections grew in population, commerce and industry, and their interests conflicted, each struggled to control the government which affected those interests. The clause in the Constitution, allowing three-fifths representation for the slaves naturally caused the South to seek to save the balance of power in the formation of new slave States, and the North, on the other hand, to prevent it, just as in our times, with slavery out of the way, the

admission of a new State is sought or opposed, mainly with reference to its effect upon party or sectional ascendancy. Thus the institution, regardless of its morality or justice, after a while became the plaything of fanatics and the foot ball of politics.

It is significant, as showing the estimate of the institution in the North as a moral question, when disconnected from political ends, that for over a quarter of a century after the acquisition of Louisiana, the mere discussion of abolition caused outbreaks against those who agitated it, in New York, Pennsylvania, New Hampshire and Connecticut. A Northern historian says: "The riots, of which the foregoing were specimens, were too numerous and widespread to be even glanced at separately." The same writer, himself an early abolitionist, speaking of the responsibility for the existence of the institution, declares: "It were absurd to claim for any colony or section a moral superiority in this regard over any other."

No purpose of emancipation was announced until the war had long been flagrant, and then the matter was handled as a mine in the heart of the Confederacy, to be exploded or not, as might prove most advantageous in the conflict of arms. General Hunter, early in the war, proclaimed emancipation in certain States, and Lincoln, in his own words, "repudiated the proclamation." In his special message in 1862, asking Congress to pass a resolution that the United States ought to give pecuniary aid to the States "which may adopt gradual abolishment of slavery." Lincoln urged it "as one of the most efficient means of self-preservation," upon the ground, that if by means of such action, some of the border States should adopt it, it would deprive the Southern States of all hope of retaining them in the Confederacy. "To deprive them of this hope," he says, "substantially ends the rebellion."

In another State paper, about the same time, he said: "If I could save the Union without freeing any of the slaves, I would do it. If I could save it by freeing some and leaving others alone, I would also do that. My paramount object is to save the Union, and not either to save or destroy slavery."

The first proclamation was an announcement of emancipation to be enforced against persons who thereafter continued in arms against the United States. The avowal that a return to the Union would prevent the emancipation of the slave, sapped its motive of any just claim to benevolence. The purpose of the proclamation was to conquer, not to free. It was a trumpet blast warning of sterner strife, in whose shrill tones were not blown the sweeter notes of philan-

thropy. When proclaimed, it was justified as a thrust at an armed enemy, and declared "to be warranted by the Constitution, upon military necessity." It did not include Maryland, Kentucky or Missouri, and expressly excluded portions of Louisiana and a third part of the State of Virginia.

The institution, though in the beginning the North as little as the South, had designed it, was shot down in the angry strife between the sections, like the sturdy oak, between the lines, by bullets sped at other marks, in the "bloody angle" at Spotsylvania.

It is just as absurd to say that the war was fought over the justice or morality of slavery, as it would be to declare that the conflict with the mother country, was a dispute about tea thrown overboard in Boston harbor.

HOW THE SOUTHERNER VIEWED SLAVERY.

The Southerner was as much concerned with the moral aspects of slavery as any of his countrymen. As late as 1831, Virginia, by the narrow margin of one vote, failed to disestablish the institution—a result due more to assault without, than to support of the institution within the ancient commonwealth. Even under the unfavorable conditions existing in 1861, the number of manumissions in proportion to slaves, was largely on the increase in the Southern States. The ultimate fate of the institution, if it had been left to the South in the earlier half of the century—uninfluenced by assault from without—can only be told by that Providence which left the Southerner no alternative but to maintain the institution against any sudden change, or else confront in his own home, the gravest problem known to government and civilization.

Violent or quick disruption of the relation between the races, would involve both in long misery. If the freedman left the country who was to take his place? If he remained what was to be the outcome? How would the civilization of the white man pulsate with the intermingled aspirations and voice of the black man? Lincoln thought of this, and the remedy for it "in room in South America for colonization?" The Southerner knew it would be impossible to induce or force the migration of millions of people, not living together in tribal relations in a separate territory of their own, but interwoven with the whole social and economic fabric and scattered over a vast country, under the same government with the white population. This was the momentous problem, involving his hearthstone, his honor, and his posterity, in comparison with which slavery

was not to be considered, which alarmed the Southerner for the future of his children and his happiness and peace in the union. The sections had grown more and more to mistrust each other. Finally a President had been elected by a sectional majority in the electoral college, who had declared that the country "could not exist half slave and half free." Then it was, not undervaluing union, but despairing of hope of longer living in peace and honor under the union of his fathers, the Southerner, in obedience to the instincts of self-preservation and the teachings of a lofty courage, declared that he would "depart in peace," and that denied him, would stake all upon his sword. That was denied him, and then came the gun at Sumter, and then the Confederate soldier.

THE ODDS.

The hostile sections had a common border of a thousand miles, stretching from the Atlantic ocean to the western limits of Missouri, everywhere easily crossed by armies. The South had over three thousand miles of sea-coast, without a ship to guard it; while the North had a navy which could attack this coast at pleasure, and often co-operate on rivers with invading armies in grand inland operations.

The Confederate soldier was fighting for his home, which gave him a decided moral advantage. He operated generally in his own country, which gave him a great military advantage, all the fruits of which he could not reap; since he fought men of the same race, speaking the same language, who often had "men to the manner born" in their ranks. He also had the advantage of moving on interior lines, which was largely neutralized by wretched transportation facilities, in his sparsely settled territory, and his opponent's command of the sea, and some of our great rivers. In all things else, the Confederate was at a fearful disadvantage.

His government was new, without credit, and confronting an old, established power. In men, ships and all that enters into the equipment, comfort and supply of armies, the odds against him were appalling. The official records show that the North enlisted throughout the four years of the war, two million, seven hundred and seventy-eight thousand men—while the South according to the best estimate, could not muster quite eight hundred thousand men. Of the three million, five hundred thousand combatants engaged in the struggle, nearly two million more fought on the one side or the other.

Dependent wholly on agriculture, the South went with naked valor

to battle, relying on the devotion and genius of its people to work out, with the scant mechanical appliances in its borders, the great problem of war.

Our fields were white with cotton, and we had our flocks; but there were not enough factories to make cloth, and the soldier was always ragged, and often naked. Our granaries and fields in the interior were full of corn and wheat and provisions, and we had our cattle and hogs; but there were no shops or rolling mills to replace and repair our worn engines and rails, and the dilapidated railroads could not meet the wants of communities—much less supply the need of war, whereby the movement of armies was blocked, and soldiers at the front starved, while there was plenty in the rear. Tanning establishments were so few, that the authorities often had to choose between shoes for the soldier and harness for the artillery and waggons. Even when the former was preferred to the latter, it was often impossible to keep the men shod. Medicines and surgical instruments were early declared contraband of war, and there was no place in the South where they could be made. It became difficult to obtain the most common surgical instruments and the Confederate surgeon frequently fought fever and wounds, without opiates, quinine, or chloroform. Paper became so scarce, and skilled laborers so few, that the Government could not print even its paper promises fast enough to pay its soldiers. Methods hitherto unknown, were availed of to procure nitre. Salt largely disappeared, and, toward the end, sugar, coffee and tea were almost as rare as diamonds. Indeed, the blockade soon reduced the armies and people of the South almost to a state of nature, as regards the necessities and comforts of a civilized condition.

The North, on the contrary, was filled with mines, factories and looms, and had a vast country untouched by the track of the invader, from which to draw supplies and men. A wonderful merchant marine transported from across the seas, everything that the wealth and ingenuity of man could devise for the equipment, comfort and supply of its armies, and the luxury of its people at home.

THE CONFEDERATE SOLDIER IN BATTLE.

The exaltation which came to the Confederate with the first passionate rushing of arms, and the delirium which followed the victory at Manassas, gave way to a higher consecration to duty during the fall and winter months, as there came to his ears notes of the gigan-

tic preparations of the invader, sounding everywhere along our borders.

An enormous flotilla and powerful army were gathering in the West, to repossess the upper Mississippi and the Tennessee. Another army and fleet were organizing for descent on the coast of North Carolina. Still another powerful army and fleet were being collected to assault New Orleans. Nearly 200,000 men, superbly equipped and disciplined, lay around Washington, ready to spring upon Richmond when the roads hardened, while auxiliary armies threatened it from over the mountains and up the Valley. Other forces and fleets were in readiness to move on Savannah and Charleston, while all the energy of the powerful North reinforced its armies in Missouri and Arkansas to aid in the descent on Mississippi. The Confederacy was to be cut in twain, and its capital and chief cities wrestled from it, by a simultaneous concentration of numbers and blows from every quarter. The giant Goliath not more despised the shepherd boy David, with his sling and stone from the brook, than did the North the meagre forces which the South could gather to oppose it.

Early in the spring, the clouds burst Donelson was stormed, Nashville and Columbus were evacuated, Sydney Johnston was driven from Kentucky, and Tennessee Island No. 10 was surrendered, Roanoke and Newberne were captured, New Orleans was lost. An army had started for the heart of Mississippi, Vicksburg was attacked, Charleston and Savannah were threatened. The great army of the Potomac forced its way in sight of the spires of Richmond.

When the year ended, three invading armies had been routed in the Valley. The splendid army which essayed to capture Richmond, beaten in a week of battles before that city, fled down the Peninsula, only to meet defeat again, when united with another army on the Rappahannock; and these two armies reinforced, fought a drawn battle in Maryland, and returning to Virginia again met a crowning and disastrous repulse at Fredericksburg. The victor at Donelson had nearly lost his army at Shiloh. The invaders of Mississippi had been compelled to withdraw, and the assailants of Vicksburg had been beaten off. The victorious Federals in North Carolina had been withdrawn to be engulfed in the vortex of defeat in Virginia. A triumphant Confederate army marched through Tennessee and Kentucky, gathering and retiring with the richest spoils of war, drove back its assailants in Kentucky, and as the old year faded into the new, delivered a stunning and bloody blow at Murfreesboro.

Minor operations on this extended theatre had generally redounded to the glory of the Confederate arms, and New Orleans only escaped their reconquering grasp that year, because the navy which held it could not be attacked by land. The world stood amazed and awed at these mighty results.

Even the posterity of the Confederate soldier does not realize his work to this day. It is said "the voice of the stranger is like to that of posterity," and from the stranger in strange lands came wonder and admiration. The most powerful organ of public opinion in Europe declared:

"The people of the Confederate States have made themselves famous. If the renown of brilliant courage, stern devotion to a cause, and military achievements almost without parallel, can compensate for the toil and privations of the hour, then the countrymen of Lee and Jackson may be consoled amid their sufferings. From all parts of Europe, from enemies as well as friends, comes the tribute of admiration. When the history of this war is written, the admiration will doubtless become deeper and stronger; for the veil which covered the South will be drawn away, and disclose a picture of patriotism, of self-sacrifice, of wise and firm administration, which we can now see only indistinctly; and the details of the extraordinary national effort which has led to the repulse, and almost to the destruction of an invading force of more than half a million of men, will then be known to the world."

The time allotted me will not allow more than a glance at the subsequent campaigns. During the awful struggle for the possession of the opposing capitals during the next two years, the Confederates' cup of glory ran full. In one of these years he fought a tremendous battle in the heart of the North for Washington, and did not allow his powerful enemy to come within five days' march of Richmond, and in the other year lit his bivouac fires in sight of Washington, while he defended his capital and another city twenty miles away, in ten months' of bloody and successful battle, until the fateful Sunday when the thin line, worn by attrition and starvation, was broken through at last.

He answered defeat at Vicksburg and Gettysburg with victory at Chickamauga, and pushing back the victor of Gettysburg to Centreville, and defying him at Mine Run; and strove with ill-fated and shining valor to regain at Franklin what had been lost at Atlanta. In the long struggle from Dalton to Atlanta, he illustrated the stubborn valor of his race. Ragged, starved, outnumbered, barefooted,

without money, in freezing storms, without hope save in the miracles of his valor and the skill of his leaders, he concentrated what he could of scant numbers, and won victory at Kingston and Bentonville, in the vain hope to save North Carolina, and repel the army which had struck at the life of Richmond from its rear. Here he struggled to the last at Blakely and Mobile, and vainly gave his blood at Selma.

One of Lee's last dispatches to Richmond gives the sad picture of the suffering of the troops everywhere:

"Yesterday, the most inclement day of the winter, the troops had to be maintained in line of battle; having been in the same condition two previous days and nights. I regret to be compelled to state that, under these circumstances, heightened by the assaults and fire of the enemy, some of the men have been without meat for three days, and all are suffering from reduced rations, scant clothing, exposed to battle, cold, hail and sleet * * * Their physical strength, if their courage survives, must fail under the treatment. Taking these facts, in connection with the paucity of numbers, you must not be surprised if calamity befalls us."

The land was filled with graves and mourners, the wounded and sick and despairing. It was harried by armies so that industry was vain, and women and children cried for bread. The sun seemed darkened, and the air was filled with wails. Yet there still rose above disaster, clear-cut and strong, the heroic figure of the Confederate soldier—serene, subordinate, unselfish, uncomplaining—battling with odds, assailed by the fears and wants of those at home—trusting in God, defying fate, and giving all for duty, until the fabric of the Confederacy, which he so long upheld on his bayonets, "fell with a crash which resounded throughout the civilized world."

THE RETURN HOME.

Many a time, in dreams, had this soldier marched back home.

One day, in the long ago, he stood on the outpost beyond the Rapidan. In front, as far as eye could reach, were hostile pickets; and camp fire smoke, banked up in clouds against the sky, told where, like a panther ready to spring, lay, hidden in the forest, a mighty array in blue. Behind him extended a plain back to the river, all tasselled with corn, and streaked with brooks that sped to the river. Beyond the river, grandly rose long fringe of hills, which sloped to the stream, and broke away behind in the woods. There

was smoke of camp fires, there; and across the green slopes red clay intrenchments frowned along the fords. Far beyond to the South lay home, and his eyes turned there.

What is this he sees? Artillery withdrawn from the fords? Going in battery on the hills? What harm can it do the enemy there? Soon flash out puffs of smoke, followed by the boom of gun after gun. Then he hears breaking in on the roar, the strains of Dixie, and both drowned by yells fiercer than of men in fight. Then, challenging the gladness of the guns and cheers, as their echoes die away, ring out the martial burst of the "Marsellaise." Then the roar of human voices hushes; and over the distance steals on his ear the sounds of "Annie Laurie," and all the bands, with golden tongue, pour out "Home, Sweet Home."

When he lifts his wet eyes again, all is bustle and stir. The wagon trains are packing and moving. Battalion after battalion in gray, with shining steel and blood red flags, breaks from the battle line, and disappears over the hills. Every head of column is turned southward. The hosts in blue are folding their tents, and marching beyond the Blue Ridge.

All the beauty and worth of Virginia await the army at Richmond. Now, the cabinet and congress are standing at the foot of Washington's monument, but the President sits his horse under the spires of St. Paul. The fences around the capitol have been removed. Thousands of lovely women crowd the grounds. The signal for the great review is the firing of the heavy guns on the James; and while the streets yet tremble the band strikes up as the column, with Lee at its head, comes in sight, and when he and the President return salutes, the majestic voice of thousands of freemen, grander than the roar of ocean in storm, sends up one long, unbroken, triumphant hallelujah to the skies. Even the bronze figure looking down from the top of the monument, seems, for the moment, to take on the spirit of the immortal Washington. Pale and careworn, but erect, majestic and triumphant, the President, with Lee by his side, sits his horse, and for hours watches that proud array of "tattered jackets and bright muskets," and the red flutter of battle smoked flags. The sun sets. The moon rises, gilding anew the statues on the monument, and flooding through the trees, in golden light, lends its own beauty and softness to the mothers and maidens, who linger until the last battalion passes out of sound and sight.

“Oh! these were hours when thrilling joy repaid
A long, long course of darkness, doubts and fears—
The heartsick faintness of the hope delayed,
The waste, the woe, the bloodshed, and tears,
That tracked with terror the rolling years.”

Next morning the troops start South! The panting locomotive crosses the Chattahoochee, and the Alabama soldier stands again on Alabama soil. Floods and raids have broken the railroad beyond, and the troops must march overland for home.

The morning bugle call to arms is sweeter now than the fox horn's notes, and familiar scenes bring back the sweet days of “Auld Lang Syne.” The soldier is nearing home. His company ends its last march in the woods by the old school-house—almost in site of home. He spreads his blanket near the spring, where he had often played with the boys who would not look on home to-morrow. He cannot sleep, but watches the stars go down, and waits the rosy morn which will hail with its crystal light the blue hill in the distance, and the road winding up its slope to the trees that rustle above his chimney. Early he is on the march. Now, he hears the peals of the village bells “sweeter than silver chimes by moonlight.” Way off he sees the villagers coming out. The band greets them with Dixie. Then faint, then nearer and clearer, wild like the storm, comes back the grander music of long, unbroken, triumphant cheers, drowning bugle and drum. He is in the village now, marching past his own door. He sees the baby held up high in the sister's arms, hears the shout of the old man and boy, and drinks in, at the window, the sweet old face of mother, and the shy fond look of one dearer than sister, watching at the gate. The glad breeze lifts above the ranks the torn flag these women gave him, and twines it with the shining bayonets. He marches under the arch and through lanes of maidens strewing flowers, and then the company halts, and stacks arms in the grove, near the church, where they heard the sermon the day they left for the war. Now from the same church walls, the “Te Deum,” and songs of praise to the “Lord of Hosts, to whom all glories are;” swell upward and thrill the conscious air. Then he goes home, and in sweet communion with those around his fireside, thanks God, with overflowing heart for peace.

Alas it is all the phantom of a dream of the paroled prisoner the night after Appomattox! He has stacked arms, but not before the village church.

On his homeward journey, he hears his leader is chained in a

dungeon, and the terms of peace, proclaimed by a Southern-born President, in prosecutions for "treason," disfranchisement, and confiscation. Then came the temptation to war, forever, in the hedges, by-ways and swamps, "until death should better him." There came the calm voice of Lee—"The South requires her sons more now than at any period in her history. I have no thought of abandoning her, unless compelled to do so." The weary soldier put aside his thought of vengeance and trudged on home. He found the slave his political master, his home in ruins and his fields in weeds and waste. There was not seed enough to plant a crop, nor work animals enough for the plough. He saw famine kill what war had spared, and strangers sit in judgment seats, while bayonets made law. He was met and cheered by women, and opposing courage and fortitude to oppression and folly, he despised despair, and taught the world "how sublime it is to suffer and grow strong."

PICTURE OF THIS SOLDIER.

Would that I could draw a picture of this soldier, "as he lived moved and had his being."

Home was his ideal, and wife, mother and sister were his "holy of holies." They planted, deep in his bosom, the instinct that manhood required he should yield to other women, the respect and deference he demanded for those about his hearthstone. He loved his community; for the hospitality of his roof, took in his community, and good offices of neighbors made them a part of every home.

He was taught respect for authority. The institutions and social customs among which he was reared brought him into association with those he acknowledged as his "betters," and those who acknowledged him to be their superior. He was thus trained both to obey and command. He came upon the stage at a time of acute political discussion, when not every man esteemed himself a statesman, and followed almost blindly, as his father did before him, some great leader who appeared to him the most fit exponent of his thoughts, and this habit of peace followed him in war.

When he entered the army, his company was the representative of the community, and he of his home. They were with him everywhere—on the march, bivouac, and battle line. His home and community watched his doing and shared his trials. He would as soon have brought disgrace on his own home, or the little village where he expected to return, as to sully his own name, or that of the organization to which he belonged, by rapine, insubordination or any

other kind of unsoldierly conduct. He hardly needed Lee's noble order to restrain him in Pennsylvania. He could not disgrace his home by pillage of another's home, or degrade his wife and mother by insulting the wives and mothers of other men. His chivalry taught him to protect the defenceless. Gordon expressed this feeling when he said to the frightened women of the invaded town of York, who feared insult if his ragged troops were permitted to disperse through the town: "Have no fear, you are as safe as if your own people were here. My men would not let the man who harmed a women live to see the sun go down."

It is not strange that this soldier who had such home influences, and received letters by every mail telling him of their prayers for him, should think of prayer for himself and his cause. It is a sustaining thought in the hour of battle, that there is an invisible hand which may be invoked to save and to shield. Whether secretly or openly, the soldier who had gone unscathed in many battles, began to pray for himself, and became resigned to the will of a higher Power. He began to consider himself as a mere instrument in the hands of Providence, and by the very exaltation of his faith and consecration to duty, became possessed of a strange moral and physical strength. He had an abiding faith, amounting almost to fanaticism, that the God of battles would in the end, send his cause safe deliverance.

He was always without money; yet he was never known to beg for money. His month's pay during the last half of the struggle, would hardly buy a dinner, and towards the last, his government was unable to pay at all. Many of the Revolutionary fathers, under less galling circumstances, threatened to leave Washington before Trenton, and could be persuaded to strike the blow there, only upon compliance with their demand, for "a bounty of ten dollars, provided it should be paid in hard money," for already, says the historian, "distrust of the continental currency was beginning to cause its depreciation." These same Revolutionary soldiers, even after peace, threatened calamities to the Republic on account of arrears pay, which only the wisdom and firmness of Washington could avert. This Confederate had seen value quickly depart from the Confederate note in which he was paid, until it became perfectly worthless towards the end, yet he never remonstrated with his government, and no thought entered his brain to stay the arm of Lee or Jackson, until he could have a balance struck and settled.

There was an intense spirit of comradeship in this man. There

quickly grew up an instinctive order of knighthood amongst such men, in the face of danger, which broke down all these differences of rank and worldly condition, which elsewhere so often prevent the oneness of armies. If an officer was brave, impartial, and cared for his men, this soldier would follow him anywhere, and never complain of the strictness of his discipline. He was a fine judge of men. He elected his own officers, and if a mistake in them, soon found means to weed out the inefficient. He did better in his day by the election of officers, than in this day when they are appointed. Gordon and Rodes are examples of the men whom he selected to lead.

He was a cleanly man, despite his rags. Most of them had sooner parted with a pair of shoes, than a good tooth brush. Who has forgotten the queer sight of the tooth brush sticking from the button-holes of his jacket; or how, when the blockade exhausted the supply of these, he became an expert in making brushes from dogberry or sassafras? On the march he had no knapsack. If he had change of clothing, he put it within his blanket, rolled it up, tied it at the ends, put the loop over head and shoulders. A canteen, and sometime a frying pan and a jack knife, were all he carried, besides his arms and belt. His pantaloons were tied at the bottom, and thrust inside his shoe. His woolen hat was often his only tent. He was as cheerful as the Indian at the "Feast of corn," when his only rations were roasting ears. There was philosophy as well as humor, in the remark of the soldier whom his officer rebuked for breaking rank, and going after persimmons, that "he needed them to pucker up his mouth so as to fit his rations."

He was full of humor, jokes and jests. Woe be to the unhappy able-bodied civilian who passed his line—he ran the gauntlet of a fire of gibes more annoying than a nest of hornets.

He was always respectful to women, the minister, and the aged, and would march barefooted in the mud to give the road to a woman and child in a buggy, while he would back an able-bodied man into the fence corner, to get him out of the way.

He was modest withall, and seldom wrote to the papers of his achievements. When he felt injustice had been done his command, he was apt to believe time would right him, and to say as Jackson did, when his part at Manassas was misrepresented—"My brigade is not a brigade of newspaper correspondents."

There was something pathetic in his devotion to his battle-flag. There were seldom even covers for them, and in camp the color-bearer sometimes rolled them up for pillow—but in the battle, it was

as the cross to the Crusader, and he would follow wherever any would carry it.

He was not always up on salutes, and the finer points of tactics or guard duty, but in the essentials of marching, fighting and taking care of himself, he had no superior. He knew how to show respect for the officer he loved, and often he would not go forward until his leader went back, in time of danger. His battalion drill may have been somewhat ragged, but his alignment in the charge was magnificent, his fire by file unequalled, and his "rebel yell" the grandest music on earth.

Who that looked on him can ever forget his bright face, his tattered jacket, and battered hat, his jests, which tickled the very ribs of death—his weary marches in heat and cold and storm?—his pangs of hunger, his parching fever, and agony of wounds—his passing away in hospital or prison, when the weak body freed the dauntless soul—his bare feet tracing the rugged fields of Virginia, and Georgia and Tennessee, with stains like those which reddened the snow at Valley Forge—his soul clutching his colors, while suffering and unprotected wife and child cried for him at home—his faith and hope and patience to the end—his love of home, deference to woman and trust in God—his courage which sounded all the depths and shoals of misfortune, and for a time throttled fate—the ringing yell of his onset, his battle anthem for native lands rising heavenward above the roar of five hundred stormy fields?

HIS ANTAGONIST.

While we speak of the Confederate soldier, there rises before us the image of his antagonist, whom none that fought him would ever depreciate. He came at the call of his State, the earthly tribunal before which it was our faith all men should bow.

He believed, and had been reared to believe, that the future of the Republic demanded but one flag between the seas. Not Pickett's charge at Gettysburg, nor Cleburne's at Franklin, outshone in vain but glorious valor, the lustre of the assault at Marye's Heights, and his mad charges at Spotsylvania and Cold Harbor. He had grander courage yet—he did not mock us at Appomattox. Had these men the power to control the peace, the Southern soldier had been spared the hardest of the trials that came to him with the end of armed hostilities.

WE ARE CONTENT IN THE HOME OF OUR FATHERS.

The Past asks what of the Future? We can answer as fearlessly as the dead answered the call on them—we are content in the home of our fathers. Neither fealty to the dead, fidelity to principle, nor any laws of honor or interest, impels us to a different answer. It is important, however, to inquire why this is so.

It is a narrow and dishonoring view that this content comes from defeat and the parole at Appomattox. A new generation has risen since then. Paroles bind the generation which gives them; but neither future generations or great principles can be paroled. There must be surer and better foundation for this content, now, of millions in a government from which, a third of a century ago, they made so many sacrifices to separate, than the memory of parchment which recalls a disaster in arms.

We are Americans, proud of our country and its flag, because Alabama is lord of her own and vassal to none, and our highest hopes of happiness are bound up in the rule of one government of co-equal States under the Constitution, for the North American continent.

Why should it not be so?

When the Confederate furled his flag, no strange flag vexed him. The new banner that rose over his home was the old flag of his forefathers. Every battle-field and glory it recalls is bright with the valor and achievements of his ancestors. When we left, we did not claim the flag, and as it comes back to us now, it stands for no thought at war with our interest, our liberties or our honor, but lifts its folds proudly in the skies of every land, as our protector and defender. Why may we not love it now as the symbol of a reunited land?

If, then, not the flag, is it the feeling between those who dwell under the flag, that should keep our hearts apart? Never was there better understanding and more good will between the sections.

Industry and economic conditions have so changed that Federal legislation rarely presents even a sectional aspect. Hostility and discord between the sections are weaker than ever before, since the sections are juster to each other than ever before. We have our share in glories of the Republic. We have thrilled at the thought of a loved Montgomerian, standing under the broad pennant of the Secretary of the Navy, in an American flag-ship, as it ploughed through the waters of the Chesapeake, and he received the salutes

of the navies of the earth. Alabama gave to the country the cavalry leader of the west to win glory at Santiago, at the head of a division of regulars. We have rejoiced at the fame of the Greensboro youth, Alabama's Pelham of the seas, who, rivaling and recalling the daring of that Alabamian who sank the Housatonic in Charleston harbor, sank the Merrimac in Santiago harbor, and then rose in sight of the world. We have watched regiments of our own sons, and wafted prayers with them, as they marched off under the Stars and Stripes.

If slavery was the cause of the war, it has perished in the march of events. Who would bring it back, or war about it now? Its doom was inevitable, as it had served its day in the purpose of the great Creator. That it was fast becoming a very body of death to our advancement and prosperity, is not now denied. It made a wide and ever widening gulf between the man who owned and the man who did not own slaves. It promoted false ideas of the dignity and worth of labor by the white man, and the economic policies which it created, impoverished us, and shut us out from the world. It is far better for us, at least, that it is dead.

It is simple truth, that the institution, as it existed in 1861, was mildness itself compared with its history elsewhere. It was not the slavery of men of our own race, which in substance, though not in name, often haunts civilization elsewhere. The ancestor of the slave did not lose liberty when brought to his master here. The dominion was not based more on force than the ignorance and need for protection of the slave. It is an imperishable tribute to its kindness that throughout a terrible civil war, in which hostile armies traversed a country filled with slaves, they never once rose anywhere in insurrection against their masters. Whether those who, by force of circumstances, maintained it were not as noble as those who, by force of circumstances, opposed it, we may well leave to the calm judgment of posterity, and to the Providence which placed the institution in our midst, with the names of Washington and Jefferson, Madison and Monroe, Marshall and Calhoun, Clay and Crittenden, Davis and Lee, Maury and Manly, and Stonewall Jackson and Stephen Elliott.

But what of the great principles for which we fought? Have we abandoned them? The great substantial, animating principle for which the South struggled was the right of a State to control its own domestic affairs—the right to order its own altars and firesides without outside interference—the right of local sovereignty for which

brave people struggle everywhere, and without which there is no peace. Secession itself was a mere incident in the application of this principle. So great was the attachment to the principles of union, and so little was the right of secession cherished in itself, that its assertion was wrung from the South only by the conviction of some States that they could no longer live in the Union in peace and honor, and by the dread alternative presented others by the call from Washington for troops to draw the sword for or against their own flesh and blood.

If the defeated Confederate soldier did not immediately vindicate the right of a State to order its own domestic affairs, even at the expense of Union, neither did the victorious Northern soldier vindicate any principle of Union, without regard to the just rights of the States. I speak not now of that mere physical Union, like the chain which bands Ireland and England, but of that living, breathing soul of liberty, which binds co-equal States in unison of happiness around the common altar of the Constitution.

The Union of the fathers, like the rights of the States, was dead for twelve long years after the war. Neither came back until the heart of the North, better understanding itself and the South, abandoned the dream of force, and President Hayes—to whom I am glad to pay this tribute—speaking in the name of Union, declared that the bayonet could not rule, and “the flag should float over States, not Provinces.” With that, Union came back inevitably, as night follows day, recognition of the great principle that the safety and happiness of the American people and the future of Constitutional liberty, depend not more on Union than on equality of the States, and the right to work out their own destiny around their own fire-sides; and that one is not complete without the other. This principle, which underlies all real liberty and happiness, stands to-day, thank God, upright and unchallenged in the hearts of the American people. Of a truth, then, we may declare that “the grand army of martyrs, which is still marching onward beyond the stars,” which fought at last, not for secession or slavery, but for the right of a State to govern itself in all that pertains solely to itself, have not died in vain.

“Honor thy father and thy mother, that thy days may be long in the land which the Lord thy God giveth thee”—was written not alone of those whose name and blood we inherit, but as well of generations which have borne the heat and burden of days that are behind us. A people may neglect the command and forfeit the prom-

ise as well as the child. Those were brave words of the statesman who said: "Society has a soul as well as a body. The traditions of a nation re a part of its existence—its valor and discipline, its religious faith, its venerable laws, its science and erudition, its poetry, its art, its wise laws and its scholarship, are as much the blood of its life as its agriculture, its commerce and its engineering skill." Bursting granaries, wide orchards and fields, rushing locomotives, the whirl of spindles, the smoke of furnaces and the white sails of commerce, alone, cannot make a people great. Without manhood and virtue, love of God and native land, no people can become really great or long remain free. These virtues wither and die in the land where the child forgets father, and is unmindful of the heritage of his noble example and sacrifices. We serve humanity and country when we remind the children of the Confederate soldier of his life and achievements.

ALABAMA SHOULD WRITE HISTORY.

Our duty is not ended with the building of this monument. Where may an Alabamian find a roll of the men who made history, and yet left no name on its pages? Where can he find the names of the great throng who died, with no rank to attract the eyes of the country, and went down to death, uncheered save by the firm beating of their own dauntless hearts? Can he find his name among the archives of the State for which they gave their lives? They are not there. In historic publications of her heroic sons? She has written none. Will he find them on the graves of the dead? Some have no headstones, and many are marked "unknown." There is but one sacred spot on earth, where these names are kept. Look in the hearts of our noble women, and there you will find them all. But the gentle lips which said the prayers he could not say, and the white hands which shunned no toil for him, and the pure souls that rose above him with a courage grander than his own, are fast passing away. Almost alone, for thirty-three years, she has guarded the memory of the dead. Her lips have uttered no complaint. Yet one reads in her eyes the wistful thought that the comrades of the dead have not kept full faith with him, when the State for which he died, ruled by his comrades and their children, has not even traced the names of the dead in the chronicles of her history, and leaves the bodies of her dead sons, who perished in prison, far off by the lakes, indebted to the chance kindness of the stranger for the hand-ful of earth and the enclosure that saves them from the beasts of the

fields and the birds of the air. Poverty and despair long pleaded to excuse us, but that excuse is not true now. Let the voice of the people "throng in and become partakers of the councils of State," until the peoples' representatives take away this reproach. It cannot be, as some have urged, that the State which could send over one hundred thousand men to battle and death, may not, under the Constitution for which they fought, rightly expend money for the roll of their names or history of their achievements. It cannot be that the State which can give a money reward to a civil officer for catching a malefactor, cannot give a sword as reward to a soldier for honoring her people in battle. This State were weak, indeed, if so poor in power and right. Long ago, the law was declared in Alabama that the "whole, unbounded power" of man over man, in matters temporal, resides in the government of the State, save as expressly or by necessary implication denied by the State and Federal Constitutions. There is no want of power.

THE PASSING OF THE CONFEDERACY.

That is a masterpiece—the touching Idyl of the "Passing of Arthur." The king, beaten in his last battle, and drawing near to death, commanded his knight to take the blade, "which would be known wherever he was sung in after time," and throw it in the lake. But the knight, believing the king's fame would be hid from the world in after times, if "so precious thing should be lost from earth forever," feigned obedience, and hid the sword among the water-flags. Then came from the king's pale lips the despairing cry; "Woe is me, authority forgets a dying king, laid widowed of his power." Shamed to obedience, the knight threw the blade in the lake, and Arthur, when told of the arm that rose up from the mists and caught it, sure it would never again be seen by mortal eyes, "passed to be king of the dead."

Our Arthur passed to the "island valley of Avilion" with no cry on his lips or thought in his heart that "authority forgets a king, laid widowed of his power;" for here the love of a people touched away the scar of the fetters, and crowned him king again. As the monument, whose foundation he laid, crowned in its finished glory with the statues, is about to be committed to the State and Time, we are looking upon the passing of the Confederacy. No "arm clothed in white sasmite, mystic and wonderful," rises out of earth to bear away our treasures from the sight of men; but here, where the Confederacy was born, and in the presence of God and this multitude, we

reverently dedicate to the glory of a common country, and unfold for the benefaction of mankind, the priceless treasure of the life and character of the Confederate soldier.

COLONEL SANFORD'S ORATION.

To Colonel J. W. A. Sanford had been delegated the privilege of delivering the oration preliminary to the unveiling of the figure emblematic of the Confederate infantry. Upon being introduced by the chairman, Colonel Sanford said:

*Mr. President, Ladies of the Memorial Association,
Confederate Veterans, Ladies and Fellow Countrymen:*

I congratulate the State of Alabama, and I do especially congratulate the Ladies' Memorial Association, upon the early completion of this magnificent monument to perpetuate the memory of the Confederate soldiers and seaman of this grand Commonwealth. It forever memorizes a cordial appreciation of the superb qualities manifested by the Confederate warriors and people during the war between the States.

Its corner stone was laid by the immortal Jefferson Davis, and is a suitable memento of the dead Confederacy. It marks the close of an eventful era, not only in the career of the United States, but also in the history of the world. It defines the limit of a civilization peculiarly Southern, which, in all the attributes that bless and dignify humanity, is the crowning glory of the Christian centuries. The people who established it were characterized by brilliant social gifts and many laudable qualities; by a generous and unstinted hospitality; by pride of race; by a sense of honor which nothing could make them forget; by a conviction that courage was absolutely essential to all true manliness, and that integrity is the fundamental law of society; by a love of liberty and a spirit of independence that no oppression or injustice could destroy. They cherished an ardent devotion to the rights of the State, and an unfaltering allegiance to its authority. They possessed a chivalrous courtesy, and notable deference and delicacy in intercourse with women, who elicited the admiration of the world by their intelligence and purity and modesty and refinement, as by their capability of sacrifice and endurance of privation. It is true that some admirable peculiarities, originating with and inseparable from our condition and system of industry, have gone, like the clouds that Rachel watched by Laban's well, nevermore to be seen by men. This statue, representing the infantry, like the

entire structure, is an institution of education dedicated to heroism. It inculcates a love of the State, and shows the honor rendered to men who encounter hardships and dangers for the liberty, independence and power of their country, and commemorates the virtues of valor and patriotism. It will stimulate youths to admire and cultivate ennobling qualities, and to emulate, if they may not excel, the applauded virtues and glorious deeds of their ancestors. They thoroughly understood the limitations of our governments, both State and Federal. They cheerfully yielded to the Union all its constitutional rights and powers, but were intensely jealous of any encroachments by the general government upon the rights of the State. As the Union was first suggested by Southern statesmen, it was supported by their descendants as long as it accomplished the purposes of its formation; but when these were abandoned and the Constitution was disregarded and violated by many States, and was denounced by popular assemblies as a "Covenant with death and a league with hell;" when what was intended to promote peace and tranquillity became an instrument of unfriendly agitation and hostility, the Southern States seceded. The people preferred the Constitution without the Union to the Union without the Constitution. They knew that the Union, unrestrained by the organic law, would be a despotism of intolerable oppression. They knew, also, that the principles of the Constitution, wherever they obtained, secured the rights and freedom of States and of men. Therefore, to preserve them, the Southern States seceded from the Northern States. Secession was conservative of the Constitution, and was a pacific policy. But war ensued. President Lincoln's proclamation, calling for 75,000 men to enforce the Federal laws, was received with derision, and then from the mountains to the sea, from the Potomac to the Rio Grande, upon every wind that blew, rushed the Southern men to arms. Many of them formed a body of infantry, whose character and achievements have been rarely paralleled in the annals of time. No attribute of heroism, which is next to godliness, was wanting to them. They were intelligent, and fully comprehended the magnitude of the conflict and the importance of the interests involved. They knew the necessity of organization, and notwithstanding their impatience of control and stubbornness of will, they readily submitted to the stern and harsh discipline of the army. Although imperfectly equipped and scantily clad, they bore, without complaint, cold and rain and sunshine and storm and sleet and hunger and the painful fatigue of long marches in wearisome campaigns, and the cruelty of barbarous

imprisonment and disease and wounds and death. Their patriotism was as broad as the Confederacy, and as unselfish as a mother's love. They had a conviction of the righteousness of their cause that no doubt ever disturbed; a faith in their own invincibility and a confidence in their officers that no disaster could diminish; a manly subordination to authority, and a faithfulness in the discharge of duty seldom equalled; a bravery calm as peace and reckless as fire; and a patience which willingly suffered frost and famine, whose fever gave intensity to their purpose and tireless vigils in long sieges, accompanied by the bursting of bombshells and the incessant rattle of musketry, daytime and night-time, through many tedious months. But it was in the forlorn hope, in the desperate assault upon the enemy's works, or in the steady movement upon his lines, or in the dashing charge upon his guns in the open field, their nature most appeared. Then qualities, which, like the Punic characters upon the sword of the Icelandic chieftan, were invisible in repose, like them, too, in battle and deadly peril, gleamed and glowed with a terrifying resplendence, and obtained, even in defeat, the applause our enemies won only by success. Neither victory nor disaster could materially affect the fame of this enrolled infantry. They did not change their virtues because fortune changed her face.

These were some of the traits of the men, whose lives were as thickly strewn with battles, as their graves are strewn with flowers in spring. They were displayed by this matchless infantry, when it starved in the trenches at Vicksburg; or besieged Cumberland Gap, climbed on the hills at Chickamauga or stormed the breastworks at Franklin; or assaulted the fortifications about Knoxville; or held the lines around Petersburg and Richmond; or stood immovably at Spotsylvania; or repelled the invaders at Fredericksburg; or drove them to the music of the rebel yell, from the field at Chancellorsville, or charged the heights of Gettysburg. In every position and in all conditions they exhibited to the admiring gaze of the nations, the finest specimens of real, true, genuine manhood, Christian or pagan, the world has ever seen. Of this famous army, Alabama furnished 122,000 men, thirty-five thousand of whom returned no more to their homes. Some of them repose in graves marked unknown, in distant countries. The remains of others are scattered on every mountain height and plain; upon every hilltop and valley, from Gettysburg to where the Mississippi rolls his multitudinous waters to the sea, and around green boughs.

Their unremembered bones do waste away in rain, and dew, and

sunshine day by day. To them and their comrades on land and sea, their grateful and bereaved countrymen have erected and now consecrate this monument, although their names may be forgotten and their resting places be neglected, their fame shall never pass away. And

“ On some day, before his throne,
We will find where God’s angels dwell,
They are no more unknown.”

And there when, amid the resplendent glories of the supernal world shall be called the roll of the mighty and renowned men who have lived, and labored and suffered, and fought and died for liberty and the advancement of mankind, every Confederate soldier, unrepentant and unabashed, shall answer “ I am here.”

Miss C. T. Raoul, credited with having fired the gun that proclaimed Alabama’s secession, leaning on Colonel Sanford’s arm, crossed the space intervening between the platform and the infantryman’s statue which was yet concealed under the canvas draping. Jerking the string that held this draping in place, Miss Raoul recited her own beautiful lines that are inscribed under the statue:

“ Fame’s temple boasts no higher name,
No king is higher on his throne,
No glory shines with brighter gleam,
The name of Patriot stands alone.”

CAPTAIN SCREW’S ELOQUENCE.

The band played “ My Maryland ” and then came the introduction of Captain Ben. H. Screws. The eloquent diction for which Captain Screws is noted, won for him the closest attention. He spoke as follows:

Mr. Chairman, Ladies and Gentlemen :

Those who followed glorious young Pelham, that true son of thunder, and his terrible artillery over the hills and through the valleys of Virginia, or went with Pickett and Kemper and Armistead up against the hurricane of fire, lead and iron on Round Top, need no monumental marble, to recall the memories of that thrilling era; and those who through the long and bloody hours hurled themselves against the merciless batteries of Rosecrans on the awful field of Chickamauga, withstood the earthquake throes of Missionary Ridge

and Kennesaw, or engaged in the death grapple at Franklin, where the war-gods seemed to scorn to use Jove's counterfeit, and hurled the genuine bolts, need no lettered sculpture to remind them of that struggle of giants. Followers of Lee and Jackson, of Johnston and Hood, of Stuart and Forrest and Pelham and Semple and Rodes and Lomax, Clanton, Holtzclaw and Clayton your memories need no refreshing. This monument, these figures, that mute suggestion of the dread artillery, of the grape whose iron clusters grew so luxuriantly along the ravines and mountain sides of Virginia and Georgia, of Tennessee and Kentucky, even from Gettysburg to the Rio Grande, and whose juice was the red blood of heroes, that sleeping cannon, recalling the matchless valor of the old South, of the young Confederacy, and reviving memories of the days and nights of unyielding defiance, when towns and cities were awakened by the terrible music of the bursting bomb, when green fields were trampled by the hoofs of the invader, and made red with the blood of your countrymen, all this is but to remind those who come after us, even the generation yet to emerge from the stream of time, of the race from which they sprung.

Alabama's record during the great war between the States, the most stupendous, the most stubborn, and the most chivalric conflict in all the chronicles of time, the brilliant, dazzling, unrivalled deeds of her heroic sons, the deathless patriotism and sublime submission to privations and hardships of her peerless daughters, constitute the brightest diadem in the crown of Alabama's wondrous glory. It would require the master mind of him who portrayed the march of the rebel angels across the north plains of heaven, to tell, in fitting verse, of all they did and dared. Then how inexpressibly dear to us should be the memories of our Confederacy. It sank in sorrow, but not in shame, and far, O! far distant, be the time when we shall cease to cherish these proud, though melancholy recollections.

The Ladies' Memorial Association of Montgomery, heaven bless them! For more than twelve years, with unabating zeal, with ceaseless energy and perseverance, overcoming gigantic obstacles with apparent ease, have labored for the consummation of this holy purpose. Their work is finished, the monument is completed. And now, above all others the survivors of that period of courage, of chivalry and of carnage, wish them to be forever assured that their gentle and devoted remembrance of the dead Confederate soldier touches deeply and falls gratefully upon the hearts of the comparatively few Confederate survivors, and we wish the passing stranger,

indeed, all the wide world, to forget not that the first stone of this monumental pile was placed in position by the unsullied hand of the golden-hearted Chief of the Confederacy—peerless, immortal Davis, out upon the shoreless ocean his bark has drifted, and we shall see him no more with our mortal eyes, yet

“ Millions unborn his mighty name shall sound,
And worlds applaud which must not yet be found.”

We wish that whosoever in all coming time shall turn his eye hither, may behold that the place is not undistinguished where young Liberty was cradled, where the Confederacy was born, where the atmosphere all the year round is perfumed with the sad, proud memories of 1861. We wish that this monument may proclaim the magnitude and importance and grandeur and justice of that event to every class and every age; we wish that infancy may learn the purposes of this erection from maternal lips, and that weary and withered age may behold it, and be solaced by the recollections which it suggests. We wish that Labor may look up here, and be proud in the midst of its toil.

Let the stilled cannon sleep on through the ages, faithful reminder of a generation of men the like of which we ne'er shall see again. Let this monument stand, not a record of civil strife, for this great country, let us hope, is sincerely re-united. Let it stand as a perpetual protest against whatever is low and sordid in all our public and private objects. Let it stand for rebuke and censure, if our people should ever fall below the standard of their Confederate fathers. Let this still, solemn testimonial, dedicated to the memory of brave men, of genuine patriots, continue through all time to meet the sun in his coming; may the earliest rays of the morning glorify and gild it, and parting day linger and play upon its summit.

Now, ladies and gentlemen, permit me to discharge the most pleasing part of my duty upon this occasion, to present the accomplished daughter of a noble mother, whose name is revered in every Confederate camp and venerated by every Confederate survivor, the incense from whose gentle and untiring attentions to the sick and wounded, during those long and eventful years, has risen with benedictions and blessings to the great white throne on high. The daughter, inheriting the mother's magnificent traits of character, also embodies within herself all those charming and exalted qualities which are the pride and boast of every Southern gentleman—the noblest thing on earth, a perfect woman, Miss Lena Hausman.

Captain Screws escorted Miss Lena Hausman to the statue, emblematic of the artillery branch of the service.

Miss Hausman, releasing the canvas drapery that enfolded the statue, recited the inscription that is underneath, and which was written by Mrs. I. M. P. Ockenden:

“When this historic shaft shall crumbling lie,
In ages hence in woman’s heart shall be
A folded flag, a thrilling page unrolled,
A deathless song of Southern chivalry.”

“Tenting on the Old Camp Ground” was creditably rendered by Powell’s quartette, and then came the introduction of Hon. Hilary A. Herbert, ex-Secretary of the United States Navy, who had been selected to deliver an oration preliminary to the unveiling of the statue emblematic of the Confederacy.

HON. H. A. HERBERT’S SPEECH.

Ladies and Gentlemen and Ladies of the Memorial Association:

I thank you, ladies, for the opportunity given to me, a Confederate soldier, to say a few words for the Confederate sailor. A simple recital of the circumstances by which our sailors were surrounded and mention of a few only of their achievements will be more eloquent than any eulogy I could pronounce.

When the Confederacy was born on this hill in 1861, it had, in a few days, a Secretary of the Navy, a broad-minded, far-seeing, resourceful statesman, Stephen F. Mallory; it soon had many able naval officers—officers who had parted in tears from their comrades in the old navy to follow the call of duty. But the new government had not a naval vessel for its naval officers to command, not a merchant vessel that could be changed into an efficient man-of-war, no ship yard, save one at New Orleans, and that had never built or attempted to build a naval vessel, no shop that could build an engine complete, no foundry that could cast a large sized cannon or a cannon ball. The Federal government had its naval vessels afloat on every sea; it had numerous ship yards, foundries, machinists and machine shops; it had ports open to the world; it had the shipping that did our vast coastwise trade, and the sails of its merchantmen whitened all the great waters of the habitable globe.

All its vessels could be utilized; there were sailors to man them. The task of the Federal government was, with the vast fleets it could

command, to blockade our ports, to permeate the rivers that ran through our land, to aid its own armies and protect their lines of supply, to cut communications between Confederate armies and destroy Confederate depots of supply. The water was the weak point of the Confederacy; it was the opportunity of the Federal government.

The task before the Navy Department of the Confederacy seemed utterly hopeless, but true courage never despairs. What was accomplished, if I had time to tell it all, would sound like a tale of fairy land. Confederate genius seemed to have discovered anew the Lamp of Aladdin.

When Virginia added herself to the Confederacy, she brought with her the Tredegar Iron Works, which had never cast a large gun, had never made a naval engine, but had a plant which was a foundation on which to build. Virginia brought also the Norfolk Navy Yard, which was a construction yard; but the few ships at the Norfolk yard which could not be carried away had been burned or scuttled and sunk. And yet, in less than eleven months, the Confederate navy astonished the world. The sunken Merrimac, now the Virginia, had been raised, covered with deflective armor, and, on new lines, reconstructed into the grandest fighting machine that up that day had ever fired a gun in battle.

On March 8, 1862, the Virginia appeared in Hampton Roads, and with her ten guns confronted the Minnesota, the St. Lawrence, the Roanoke, the Congress and the Cumberland, mounting altogether 174 guns. The Congress and the Cumberland were destroyed, and every other vessel that could, sought safety in flight.

That was a glorious day for the new navy of the Confederacy, and a glorious day, too, it was for the old navy of the United States. As the Cumberland went down in the unequal contest, the Stars and Stripes still floated from her mast, and her guns still thundered and sent their useless missiles against the impenetrable sides of the Virginia, until they were enveloped in the water.

While dedicating this monument, which is to tell to future generations the story of Confederate valor, let us, as we recall the memories of that combat, recall also the fact that all who are entitled to share in the glories of that day are our countrymen. Buchanan and Catesby Jones and Littlepage and others who fought the Virginia, and the gallant officers and men of the Congress and the Cumberland—they were Americans all, and the memory of the illustrious

deeds of the 8th of March, 1862, is the common heritage of what is now our common country.

On the 9th was the fight between the Virginia and the Monitor, a drawn battle, but in its results one of the most decisive naval contests in history. That battle, coupled with the battle of the day before, which showed that no unarmored could stand before an armored vessel, decided the construction of future navies.

Instantly workshops all over the world resounded with the work of building new navies with deflective armor, high power guns, improved projectiles and improved machinery. But when we trace effect to cause, it was not the battle between the Virginia and the Monitor that begat modern navies; that was but a link in the chain of causation; it was the Virginia that begat the Monitor.

The Navy Department at Washington only listened to and adopted the plans of Ericsson for the Monitor when repeated reports from Norfolk showed that the Virginia, with her deflective armor, was under way, and that in all probability nothing could meet her but another ship with deflective armor. One experiment begat another; one success was met with another. So it is, my countrymen, that in the genius of Confederate naval officers is found the germ of the naval armaments that now attract the wonder of the world.

The Virginia was not the only marvel wrought by Confederate constructors. There were the Louisiana, the Mississippi, the Arkansas, the Albemarle and others. The Albemarle was built in a cornfield in North Carolina, out of timber, some of which was standing when she was started, and of iron that was hunted up here, there and everywhere. The Albemarle went down the sound, encountered a fleet of six vessels off Plymouth, sank one of them, the Southfield, drove the others away and aided the Confederates on land to recapture Plymouth. At another time the Albemarle fought a drawn battle against nine gunboats of the enemy. Eventually it was her fate to be destroyed in the night time by the almost superhuman daring of Lieutenant Cushing of the United States Navy. The Arkansas, with all her guns ablaze at the same time, three on each side, two forward and two aft, perhaps the only vessel that ever made a successful fire in four directions at once, ran through the whole fleet of Farragut and Davis and reached Vicksburg in safety. The Tennessee was built on the banks of the Alabama river at Selma, and who is there that does not know of her brave fight against Farragut's whole fleet after it had passed the fortifications at the mouth of Mobile Bay?

If it had been possible for courage and genius to win with the resources at command, the Confederates would have whipped the fight upon the water, but the task was superhuman. We were not fighting Spaniards then, but men of our own blood, the odds against us were too great.

In the United States Home Squadron and Potomac Flotilla, alone, there were ninety-nine ships. The Federal vessels in our western rivers were almost without number. The Confederate fighting ships, one after another, were destroyed, many of them as they were nearing completion. So successfully were we building ships at New Orleans that Admiral Porter in his naval history expresses the opinion that if Farragut had been three months later we should have driven the Federal fleets North, raised the blockade and secured from European governments recognition of the independence of the Confederacy.

In another branch of naval warfare the genius of Confederate naval officers was similarly conspicuous. They developed the use of the torpedo to an extent never before dreamed of. More than forty United States vessels were badly injured or totally destroyed by this weapon. There is no better illustration of Confederate devotion and daring than the history of the "Fish," a little submarine torpedo boat, that was built at Mobile. There, in the first experiment, the little craft failed to rise and buried her crew of eight in the waters. The "Fish" was raised and taken to Charleston. Another crew of nine went down with her and only one escaped. There were volunteers again, and the third crew went down, only three escaping. Still there were volunteers, a fourth time the little boat went down and failed to rise. Still another crew volunteered and all were drowned. Out of five crews of eight men each, all but four men had been lost, but the spirit of the Confederates was not yet daunted.

Lieutenant George E. Dixon, of the 21st Alabama Infantry, begged to be allowed to take out the "Fish" to attack the iron-clad Housatonic that lay off Charleston harbor. Beauregard consented, but only on condition that the boat should not go under water. The conditions were accepted; the Housatonic was destroyed, but Dixon and all his brave crew went down to rise no more.

When wrecks in Charleston harbor were being destroyed; after the close of the civil war, near the Housatonic lay the "Fish." In it were the skeletons of Dixon and his six companions, every man at his post.

In that other field of naval warfare the destruction of an enemy's commerce, Confederate genius was also resplendent. We had but few cruisers afloat, more than fifty vessels were searching for them, they had no port of refuge, their own ports were blockaded, and yet the Geneva Commission found that three of these cruisers had destroyed ships and cargoes of the value of \$15,000,000. Maffitt in the Florida and Semmes in the Alabama won immortal fame, and the exploits of Waddell in the Shenandoah will ever be remembered with admiration.

When the flag of the new nation was furled forever upon land, the Shenandoah was far off in the Northern Pacific among American whalers, and the last gun for the Confederacy was fired from her deck June 22d, 1865. The Shenandoah found her way to a British port, and surrendered to a British Admiral, November 6th, 1865.

To sum up the history of the Confederate Navy it is an almost unbroken record of energy and devotion and genius making a brave struggle, and often almost on the point of succeeding against odds that were absolutely overwhelming.

We build monuments to heroes, prompted by the noblest impulses of the human heart, and that future generations may imitate their example. In performing our sacred duties to-day let Alabamians rejoice that, as Alabama in the civil war gave Dixon and Semmes and thousands of other brave men to the Confederacy, so now in our war with Spain she has given Richmond Pearson Hobson to the Navy and Joseph Wheeler to the Army of the United States.

At the conclusion of his speech Mr. Herbert escorted Miss Janie Watts to the sailor statue, which she gracefully unveiled while reciting the following anonymous lines which are inscribed on the pedestal:

"The seaman of Confederate fame
Startled the wondering world,
For braver fight was never fought,
And fairer flag was never furled."

The band rendered "Southern Marsellaise" and as the last notes of the martial air died away, the chairman introduced Major J. M. Falkner who had been selected to speak for the cavalryman's statue.

MAJOR FALKNER'S WORDS.

As a member of General Wheeler's corps, Major Falkner had

seen many things that formed material for an interesting recital yesterday. He said:

Ladies and Gentlemen :

It was an inspiration on the part of the good women of the Ladies' Memorial Association in selecting granite for the statues representing the different arms of the Confederate service, nothing else could so truly represent the courage, the firmness of purpose, the stability, and their determination to dare all things in defence of a cause which they believed to be just, and in behalf of which they risked all they had or hoped for in this life. While this granite shall last, the history of their unflinching courage will not die.

I can only speak of the men who came under my own observation, and of the things that I saw myself, and therefore, will have to content myself in what little I have to say, chiefly with a recital of the operations of Wheeler's Cavalry, having been with it from its organization until the end of the war.

It may be interesting to some of you to know that the very first cavalry attached to what was afterwards known as the Army of the Tennessee, were from Alabama. These consisted of two companies, one commanded by Captain Bowie, of Talladega, and one commanded by my father, then Captain Jefferson Falkner. These companies were really ordered out to be sent to Ben McCullough in Missouri, but at the request of General Polk the orders were countermanded by the War Department, and we were stopped in transit at Corinth, Miss., and a few days afterwards we went to Union City, Tenn., where we were soon joined by a cavalry company commanded by Captain Cole, of Louisiana. We remained at Union City, at which point several regiments of infantry and several batteries of artillery were camped until the Federal Government sent a gunboat as far South as Hickman, on the Mississippi river, thus disregarding the neutrality of Kentucky; we then moved to Columbus, Ky., the cavalry moving ahead of the trains, protecting bridges, etc. So far as I now remember, these three companies were the only cavalry I saw until about the time of the occupation of Columbus, Ky., at which point other companies and battalions were added from time to time.

Since the days of the Krag-Jorgensen rifle and the Mauser rifle, it has been said that the whole plan of fighting must be changed; that the distance between combatants must be greater than heretofore,

and that we would have battles taking place where the distance between contending forces is a thousand yards or more.

What would you think of a body of cavalry to-day, going out armed only with muzzle-loading shot guns and pistols and sabres, to contend against cavalry armed with Krag-Jorgensen or Mauser carbines? It must not be forgotten that in 1861 the Federal cavalry were armed with the Burnside carbine and Maynard carbine, and the Colt's repeating rifle, either of which was capable of killing a man more than a mile distant; and yet the majority of the Confederate cavalry, in the beginning, were armed only with muzzle-loading shot guns, only a very few of them having pistols and sabres in addition. Yet, with these crude weapons the Confederate cavalry did not hesitate to face the superbly equipped Federal cavalry. Knowing that they stood no chance whatever at long range they adopted at once the tactics of hurling themselves into the midst of the enemy and making the fight as sharp and swift as it was possible to do it. By this method of fighting we found that there were few weapons more effective at short range than a double barreled shot gun loaded with buckshot. It must not be forgotten that every Confederate cavalryman had to furnish his own horse, bridle and saddle, and keep himself mounted during the term of his service. The Confederate government furnished none of these things. When one of our horses was killed there was no market so inviting as the camp of the enemy, and there were few dark, rainy nights in which some Confederate trooper did not furnish himself a mount from the camp of the enemy. And I believe it can be said without successful contradiction that when the war closed in 1865, more than fifty per cent. of the arms, accoutrement and equipment generally of the Confederate cavalry, bore the imprint of the United States.

These men performed the severest duties. Exposed to all kinds of weather, always moving; without exaggeration, there was scarcely a pig path between the Tennessee and Mississippi rivers, from Cairo, Ill., to Corinth, Miss., that was not traversed by the small bands of cavalry then connected with the army, locating the enemy, ascertaining promptly every move that was made, and not a movement of our own army was made without the presence of this cavalry, always leading the advance, and covering the retreat of our army. They were in hundreds of engagements where men were killed, of which no mention is made in history, but in which engagements as heroic, deeds were performed as any of those ever chronicled in song or story. In the general engagements as a rule, the cavalry were upon

the flanks of our army, and on many occasions assaults were made with a view of turning our flanks, and the cavalry, both on foot and on horse, would contest with the enemy every inch of ground, and history fails to record an instance where the flank of our Army of the Tennessee were ever turned by reason of the cavalry giving away.

Do you recall the battle of New Hope Church? I had the honor on that occasion, to carry the news to our gallant Kelley, and to the immortal Pat Cleburne, that Hooker's corps was then in the woods, advancing on the line then held by Wheeler's cavalry dismounted, with no entrenchments and breastworks whatever. On that occasion the fight was made principally by Cleburne's Division and Wheeler's Cavalry, and Hooker's Corps was driven in confusion from the field, and in this battle more men were left dead upon the field than were killed during the entire war between Spain and the United States.

During the battle of Murfreesboro, Wheeler's cavalry more than once, made a complete circuit of Rosecrans' entire army, destroying practically every wagon and team that he had, making it absolutely impossible for Rosecrans to make an attempt to follow Bragg for more than twenty-four hours after Bragg had retreated. I was in the city of Murfreesboro, Tenn., myself, with a squad of cavalry the night after Bragg had retreated therefrom.

I can truthfully say to you from my own observation and experience, that Wheeler's cavalry fought every branch of the Federal army, including such armored vessels as they had upon the rivers and streams of the country in which this cavalry was located. For instance, only a short time after the battle of Murfreesboro, Colonel William B. Wade, that gallant and noble son of Mississippi, Colonel of the 8th Confederate cavalry, to which I was attached, contrary to orders, stole our little regiment away, together with two pieces of artillery from Wiggin's battery, while Wheeler was on a raid in the rear of Nashville, and stationed us upon the banks of the Cumberland, where the snow was not less than a foot deep. Very soon a transport came along, when only a few shots from the small arms were necessary to effect the capture of the vessel. In the course of half an hour another transport came which was captured in like manner. Then a third came, which, after an attempt to run by us, notwithstanding our fire, was also compelled to surrender. It is needless to say that after each boat was tied to the bank a visit was made by details specially made for that purpose to each one of the

boats, where an abundance of supplies, both solid and liquid, were obtained and enjoyed by the men. Finally a very suspicious smoke was seen up the river and a gunboat hove in sight, commanded by Lieutenant VanDorn, who at once took in the situation, increased his speed and prepared for action. But he had no sooner come within range of the small arms than volleys were fired into each and every port hole and at the pilot, until they were compelled to surrender, the artillery, at the direction of Colonel Wade, having "fired a salute." Three of these boats, including the gunboat, were burned, and all the prisoners taken from the several boats were placed upon the largest vessel and sent on their way rejoicing. A short time after this I read what purported to be an account of this action in a Southern paper, the headlines of which characterized Wheeler's Cavalry as "Wheeler's Horse Marines."

As the war progressed, and as our men became accustomed to the ways and tactics of the enemy, who would often times charge upon our outposts immediately upon seeing the picket, with a view of capturing the grand guard or picket reserves, it became seldom that we would lose one of our men in that way. Although it was impossible to mount their horses and form themselves before the enemy would be upon them, each and every man would mount and fly in different directions, in a few moments rallying again at the proper place. As evidence that this was not the result of demoralization or cowardice, I will tell you of an incident in which one of our Alabama boys, not exceeding fourteen years of age, was the principal actor. In front of Luverne, between Murfreesboro and Nashville, a part of the 1st Alabama Cavalry, which was Clanton's old regiment, was on picket duty on the pike. A battalion of Federal cavalry under a gallant officer came up, and upon approaching our picket post he instructed his men that immediately upon the firing of our picket, for every man to rush in and capture his man, so that when the picket fired they all came with a yell and a dash. This little boy, with no arms but an old Austrian rifle, and riding a little gray pony, dashed down a lane leading due south, toward where my own command was on picket. The Federal officer, thinking he had a safe thing, selected the boy as his man, and pursued him down the lane for two or three hundred yards. Finally the little fellow leaped off his pony and over the fence. The Colonel dashed up and demanded his surrender, but the little fellow, with his old Austrian rifle resting on a rail and with his finger on the trigger said: "I guess I've got you! I guess I've got you!" Whereupon he made the Colonel drop his pistol and

his sword and move off a few yards. He then pulled down the fence and crossed it, putting on the Colonel's sword and pistol, strapping his Austrian rifle on his back and proceeded to march his prisoner to headquarters.

Looking back through thirty-three years, in the light of all I have seen and read, I do not believe that any country in the world's history, before or since, has produced a braver or nobler set of men than those who constituted the Confederate cavalry. There is, first of all, our own glorious Wheeler, Bedford Forrest, J. E. B. Stuart, Hampton, our own gallant and chivalrous Kelley, our own W. W. Allen, Fitzhugh Lee, Martin, Humes, VanDorn, Robinson, Chalmers, Hagan, Adams, Armstrong, Ashby, Brewer, Williams, John H. Morgan, Basil Duke, Iverson, Brewer, Wade, Clanton, John T. Morgan, Roddy, Buford, Wailes, Prather, our own Tom Brown, Terry and Wharton, Charley Ball and a host of others, good and true men, of whose heroic deeds it would be pleasant to tell you, but time will not permit.

I did not mention the name of poor Clay King. He deserves a better fate. Let me tell you one instance showing the gallantry of of this man: At Booneville, Miss., while we were led by General Chalmers, with the 8th Confederate on the left, Clanton's 1st Alabama in the center and Wirt Adams on the right, we charged upon a force under General Sheridan at Booneville, Miss. Clay King's battalion was left to protect our rear. We had driven the Federal cavalry away while they were feeding their horses on wheat, and Clay King permitted his men to take the bits out of their horses' mouths and let them turn into the fence corners and feed, while the other forces were fighting in the front. While in this position a column of Federal cavalry charged them in the rear. King then caused his men to mount, without bits in their horses' mouths, and charged the enemy and drove them back.

Happy am I at the recollection of having been associated in those days with such men as the gallant McEldery, who fell, with many others, at Varnell Station, near Dalton, in as gallant a charge as was ever made in war. There was Knox Miller, Charley Pollard, Tim Jones, Tom Hannon, David T. Blakey, Warren Reese, Barron, Crommelin, Anderson, Chambliss, Moore, John Clisby, George Allen, Clay Reynolds, Powell, King, Bob Snodgrass, Ed. Ledyard, Pete Mastin, John Leigh, Jim Judkins, and hundreds of others whom I remember with pleasure who risked their lives on many bloody fields, and showed to the world what only a Confederate cavalryman

could do; and there are hundreds of our comrades whose life blood has made sacred the soil of the South by reason of their having sacrificed their lives in defence of the cause which they believed to be just.

Wheeler's Cavalry was the veritable eyes of the Army of the Tennessee. They were here, there, and everywhere; in the enemy's camps, counting their camp fires, their stacks of guns; being able to tell with almost absolute accuracy the number and character of the troops of the enemy and their location, burning wagon trains and destroying bridges, harrassing the enemy in their flanks and rear, and in every conceivable way; always on picket duty, and always between our main army and that of the enemy.

Only a few weeks ago I met a gallant officer, who is now in the Federal Army, who was from Georgia, and who told me that when he was a little boy he saw a charge made by one of Wheeler's cavalry regiments, and that he had never forgotten it. This was the charge made at Cassville, Ga., by the 8th Confederate Cavalry, in which they captured about 100 wagons, all loaded with army baggage, each having from four to six mules. These were brought safely out, and added very much to the equipment of our own army. In the Sequatchee Valley, according to the best estimate, we captured between 400 and 500 of the enemy's wagons, but which we were compelled to burn.

From time to time there has been much criticism of the cavalry. In some instances it was stated that a visit from them was as disastrous as a visit from the enemy. Doubtless in many instances this was true, for the simple reason that they had no means of subsistence, except upon the country through which they passed, and as they were always moving away from supply trains and the like, there was no other recourse, except to subsist upon the resources of the country in which they happened to be for the time being.

In these various movements of the cavalry away from our own lines, our men were often shot down and we were compelled to leave them upon the field, and they were never seen again. There is not a State through which this body passed that is not hallowed by the blood of our valiant comrades, and made sacred by the fact that their bones were bleached on, or lie buried in its soil. The cavalry participated in every important engagement of the Army of Tennessee, commencing with Shiloh, April 6th, 1862, and ending in North Carolina in 1865.

Well do I remember the teachings of the gallant and lamented

General Bowen, of Missouri. While we were at Camp Beauregard, some twenty-five miles east of Columbus, Ky., in the winter of 1861, when we were threatened with an attack by a very large force of Federals, these three companies that I first mentioned were addressed by this gallant officer. By order of General, Polk, we had been furnished with some old guns, known as "Hall's Carbines"; up to that time we had nothing but pistols and sabres. General Bowen told us that these carbines were worthless, that he had tried to get the order sending them to us countermanded, but he said, "We have a chance to get rid of them, and will do it to-morrow. I will only furnish you one round of ammunition to the man," said he, "and I wish you to fire that before you leave camp, and then throw your guns away. After that, depend upon your pistols and your sabres, and you will come out victorious." Acting on his suggestion, we threw the guns away, and from that time the companies composing the 8th Confederate Regiment were armed only with pistol and sabre, and in the light of our experience, I am sure our efficiency was in no way impaired by not being provided with guns.

When our army left Columbus, Ky., the cavalry was the last to leave that city; when we retreated from Corinth the cavalry was in the rear. As you doubtless remember, as a matter of history, we went as far South as Tupelo, and from there we were transferred to Chattanooga, Tenn. Thence we led the way for Bragg through Kentucky; we fought with him at Perryville; we fought over practically all the ground leading back through Cumberland Gap to Knoxville, and at many points, until we got to Murfreesboro. There we located at Stewart's Creek, and there is not a foot of land between Stewart's Creek and the outposts of the enemy around Nashville that was not traversed by this cavalry hundreds of times. When Rosecrans commenced his advance on Murfreesboro, as I now remember, it was six days we fought this army before it came in contact with our infantry. That night, at 12 o'clock, after our horses had been groomed and fed, we left for his rear, and we continued in his rear practically until after Bragg had retreated from Murfreesboro; in fact, Bragg had retreated, leaving only Cleburne's Division, with one or two batteries of artillery and a regiment of cavalry between Murfreesboro and the enemy, leaving Wheeler in the rear of Rosecrans.

Leading back from Murfreesboro to the Tennessee river, and in the direction of Chattanooga, and Decatur, Ala., every portion of the ground was traversed by Wheeler's Cavalry, and there are but few

places where fights did not occur. But why recount these details? From Chattanooga, leading towards Atlanta, Chickamauga, Missionary Ridge, step by step, town by town, in fact, there was not sufficient to make a respectable farm land between Chattanooga, Tenn., or, I might say, from Nashville, Tenn., to Savannah, Ga., where Wheeler's Cavalry did not have a fight of some kind. From then to the last days in North Carolina, it was day by day, and every day, losing a man here and yonder, but at the close there was no command that presented a more solid front, or stood more firmly together, boot to boot, than those gallant boys who followed the fortunes of Wheeler from beginning to end.

I believe that what I say of Wheeler's Cavalry is also true of Forrest, Hampton, Stuart, and all those other gallant leaders of the Lost Cause.

At Thompson's Station, in Tennessee, Wheeler's Cavalry had the honor of capturing one who is now one of the heroes of Santiago, our own distinguished General Shafter, and I believe he was promoted for gallantry on that occasion.

Only a short time before the end, the gallant Shannon, who commanded what was known as "Wheeler's Scouts," captured in one night about seventy-five men who were doing picket duty for General Kilpatrick, and in this way enabled Wheeler to surprise his camp the next morning.

Did you ever see a cavalry charge? Imagine a thousand imps of darkness! a thousand fiends incarnate! drawn up in battle array. In front of them is a line which must be broken. You hear the cannons roar! The bursting of shell! The crashing of the grape and canister! You see the men with sabre drawn, with eyes flashing fire; every horse with head erect and champing his bit, as though he, too, were conscious of what was about to take place. They start! the tramping of hoofs resembling the roll of distant thunder; first a trot, then gallop, then they charge with yells and loud huzzas, and, like maniacs, they rush upon the enemy. See the gaps in the lines as the grape and canister crashes through them; you see them close up, boot to boot. There is no halting, but with a determination to do or die they rush their steeds ahead; then you hear the roll of musketry, the rattling fire of pistols, the clank of sabres, the shrieks of the wounded, and the groans of the dying; in a moment the vanquished ran madly from the field, pursued by the victors, dealing death to their fleeing adversaries. These are the times that try men's souls, and call for heroic action.

From Shiloh to the last days in North Carolina, such scenes as I have here depicted occurred on many occasions, but whether successful or not the boys who wore the gray honored it and never faltered, and when the end came there was no better organized command in the entire Confederate Army than Wheeler's Cavalry Corps.

Fellow soldiers, this monument is not complete. We soldiers should add to it a statue showing the most queenly woman of which the human mind can conceive, to represent the most queenly women the world ever saw. These, the grandest, greatest, purest, noblest and best of God's handiwork, who went about as ministering angels during that dark period and who never faltered in caring for our sick and wounded, and giving us courage in every way—to them we are indebted for this and every other monument which has been erected, and for much of the history that has been written. While our best men were slain in that struggle, we saved our jewels, consisting of our women and our children and our honor.

Major Falkner led the way to the cavalryman's statue for Miss Laura Elmore, who, revealing the sculptured form, repeated the inscription that is carved under it. The lines are from the pen of Francis O. Ticknor :

"The knightliest of the knightly race,
Who, since the days of old,
Have kept the lamp of chivalry
Alight in hearts of gold."

MONUMENT PRESENTED.

Miss Gorman sang "Bonnie Blue Flag" to the accompaniment of the band, and then Colonel A. A. Wiley, representing Mayor J. H. Clisby, presented to Governor Johnston, in behalf of the Ladies' Memorial Association, the Confederate monument. Colonel Wiley spoke briefly and with characteristic eloquence.

Governor Johnston had delegated his private secretary, Chappell Cory, to respond. Mr. Cory said:

*"Mrs. Bibb and Ladies of the Memorial Association,
"Mr. Mayor, Ladies and Gentlemen:*

"Through your devoted labor and patriotism this memorial has been reared upon the grounds of the State, and with this last act of consecration your work is complete. It remains now for the State to accept it at your hands, and to guard the sacred trust through the

passing years, an inspiration and a blessing to the people in their generations as they come and go. Deputed by the Governor to perform this pleasing but solemn duty, and speaking in his stead, on behalf of the great people who make the State, I accept it for them as a shrine where their patriotism will never forget to pay its worship. Let us remember, according to the inscription on its base, this monument has been secured and consecrated by the women of Alabama a memorial to the heroism of all our soldiers and sailors, of those who are living as of those who are dead. That devotion to duty which marked the shining pathway of the Confederate soldiers and sailors, to their own undying fame, is not merely a glorious episode of the past, a thing for memory and for epitaphs, but in the persons of those who survive is still a living and a breathing claim on our gratitude and reverence. As the State and people shall honor them, so shall this pile of stone and bronze be not a tribute which we have gathered to feed our vanity and pride, but a blessed emblem and outward show of what is in our heart of hearts."

IMPRESSIVE TABLEAU.

The prettiest feature of the exercises was furnished by the tableau, which concluded Miss Sadie Robinson's recitation of "Furl That Banner." Miss Robinson was tastefully costumed in gray to represent "The Southern Confederacy." She illustrated her recitation with the torn and tattered battle-flag of the 60th Alabama.

The thirteen pretty sponsors who represented the various States, clustered around Miss Robinson, their fair hands resting on the battered flagstaff.

Attired in gowns of immaculate white, with grey uniform caps and bright, crimson sashes, the bevy of pretty girls presented an unusually attractive spectacle. The sponsors, all Montgomery young women, were:

South Carolina—Miss Jean Craik.

Mississippi—Miss Maggie Crommelin.

Florida—Miss Joscelyn Fisher Ockenden.

Alabama—Miss Rebecca Pollard.

Georgia—Miss Katie Burch.

Louisiana—Miss Sarah H. Jones.

Texas—Miss Mattie Thorington.

Virginia—Miss Caroline Hannon.

Arkansas—Miss Mamie Holt.

North Carolina—Miss Eliza Arrington.

Tennessee—Miss Mattie Gilmer Bibb.

Missouri—Miss Alabama Brown.

Kentucky—Miss Martha E. Bibb.

Rev. Dr. Eager invoked Divine blessings for the concourse, “ taps ” were blown on a clarionet and the gathering dispersed.

THE MONUMENT.

History of the Movement that Resulted in its Erection.

The articles of incorporation of the Monument Committee or Association, were filed on Tuesday, Sept. 30, 1885, the incorporators being E. A. O’Neal, W. S. Reese, W. L. Bragg, Josiah Morris, William B. Jones, W. W. Screws, William W. Allen, Jacob Griel, John W. A. Sanford, H. A. Herbert, J. B. Gaston, Thomas G. Jones, H. C. Tompkins, J. H. Higgins and D. S. Rice. W. S. Reese was elected chairman and T. J. Rutledge secretary of the board of incorporators.

It was under the auspices of this organization that Mr. Davis came to Montgomery in April, 1886, and laid the corner stone of the present noble and everlasting monument to the Confederate soldiers of Alabama.

The men who started the work of building the monument, and all who aided them, have cause to feel grateful for the glorious result.

It took only a short while to develop the fact that no matter how earnest or industrious they might be, they would not be able to carry out their plans.

In this emergency, the Ladies’ Memorial Association, established to keep alive and perpetuate the memories of the Confederate soldiers, stepped into the breach. They undertook the arduous task, and yesterday’s work tells how nobly they have succeeded. By constant effort they raised a portion of the funds through their individual labors. They also obtained two appropriations from the Legislature. It was eminently fit that the State should aid to the extent that it did, for no true Alabamian or genuine American can object to the State’s paying proper tribute to the Confederate soldier.

With the placing in their appropriate spots on the monument of

the four statues, representing the Infantry, Cavalry, Navy and Artillery, the task, so patriotically assumed, was finished.

DESCRIPTION OF THE CONFEDERATE SOLDIERS' AND SAILORS'
MONUMENT.

The pile that commemorates those who fought on land and sea for the Confederacy, will win universal attention. Its unveiling is the last chapter of the post-bellum sentiments that follow the Lost Cause.

The base of the monument consists of four successive layers of stone, making as many steps. This base is about thirty-five feet square. These four steps lead up to four pedestals, upon each of which is now a statue. They emblemize the four branches of the military service: the cavalry, the infantry, the artillery and the marine. The monument being to the soldiers of Alabama, it is intended that these typical figures shall do honor to those who fell in each of those grand divisions of the army. From out of a common center within these surrounding figures rises a circular shaft of stone to a height of seventy feet; at its base this shaft is about three feet in diameter, tapering up to an apex of thirty inches in diameter. The lower part of the shaft is, in the technical language of sculptors, a sculptured drum, a circular bas relief representing a military march. The shaft is surmounted by a column with a Corinthian cap. Upon this the pinnacle rests, a female figure in bronze, typifying "Patriotism," and the womanhood of the South as well. The figure upholds a broken flag in one hand, and with the other tenders a sword to her sons, as if sending them forth in defense of the flag. This figure adds ten feet to the height of the monument, making it reach upward altogether over eighty feet. The height of the cornice on the State Capitol is about sixty-five feet, so that the monument towers above the roof of that building. Thus the monument stands forth on Capitol Hill, a reminder to all Alabama of the men who fell in the cause that is lost. It is clearly as visible as the Capitol itself in all directions.

NOTES.

Considerable disappointment was manifested at the fact that Lieutenant R. P. Hobson did not come to Montgomery. The members of the Ladies' Memorial Association shared keenly in this disappointment. Yesterday afternoon, the President, Mrs. Bibb, received the following explanatory telegram:

"Duty has detained me, but I am with you in the thought in the beautiful tribute to the memory of our gallant dead.

"R. P. HOBSON."

One of the handsomest banners exhibited on Capitol Hill yesterday was that of the Sophia Bibb Chapter, U. D. C.

The Mounted Rifles were drawn up in line, uncovered and at attention as Miss Elmore unveiled the statue to the cavalry arm of the Confederate service. The company presented a handsome appearance.

The Montgomery Field Artillery fired salutes during the progress of the exercises.

[From the Charleston, S. C., Sunday *News*, Nov. 20, 1898.]

HEROES OF HONEY HILL.

MAGNIFICENT WORK OF THE FIELD ARTILLERY.

Brief Sketches of Stuart's, Kanapaux's and Earle's Batteries—An Enemy's Praise of the Conduct of the Confederates and their Management of the Fight—Splendid Discipline of the Infantry, Cavalry and Artillery Forces Engaged.

[Reference may be made to preceding articles by Hon. William A. Courtenay, *ante* pp. 52 and 62. This was received from the accomplished writer since they were printed although it preceded them in the date of original publication.

Whilst the articles are mutually illustrative they are not affected in their value by being printed as they are in this volume. Major Courtenay writes as to the artillery heroes of the Battle of Honey Hill: "It was just wonderful what the boys did—Why, a rabbit could not have crossed the road.—ED.]

It is remarkable enough to be particularly mentioned that field pieces from three separate commands should have been brought together hastily for this fight, without opportunity of choice in guns or artillerists, and yet, had time and preference been possible, none

better could have gone into action than those who so distinguished themselves at Honey Hill. Having gathered a good deal of information about the coast defence, and of this decisive battle, and believing that the particulars of each of these artillery commands would be interesting to the South Carolina public, I write this communication.

BEAUFORT VOLUNTEER ARTILLERY (STUART'S BATTERY).

Our historian, the late William Gilmore Sims, is authority for the statement that this command was founded in 1776, and served during the war for independence; it was on duty at the siege of Charleston, and of course, was included in the surrender of May, 1780. The commanders from 1776-1865 have been Captains Burke, Henry, Grayson Zealy, George P. Elliott, B. J. Johnson, J. G. Barnwell, Stephen Elliott, Jr., H. M. Stuart. In the early days of this organization its services were presumably for heavy artillery, a similar organization existing in Charleston at the same period, and now maintained only as a social one, "The Charleston Ancient Artillery."

As far back as present memories go, the company had field pieces, but did not use horses. The light battery gun drill was kept up, and the members were familiar with the light artillery manœuvres, the mechanism of guns, carriages, caissons, and familiar with the different projectiles in use according to the United States artillery manual of that date. The high character of its membership, and its efficiency gave it prominence at the opening of "the war between the States." At the Battle of Port Royal, November 7, 1861, this command, under Captain Stephen Elliott, Jr., (later brigadier-general, C. S. A.) was assigned to duty on the Bay Point side of the harbor, and it was the only artillery garrison on that side. Colonel Dunovant's infantry regiment was in the rear of the fort as a supporting force, but took no part in the action. The lieutenants were Baker, Rhodes and Stuart.

No reference to the Port Royal battle can properly be made without mention of the artillery garrison on the Hilton Head side, which comprised the German Artillery batallion, Colonel John A. Wagener, from Charleston; Company A, Captain D. Werner, Lieutenants D. Leseman, G. Linstedt, F. W. Wagener; Company B, Captain H. Harms, Lieutenants F. Melchers, B. Meyerhoff (killed), H. Klatte; who as bravely shared the honors and sacrifices of that day. In 1871 General John A. Wagener was elected Mayor of Charleston by a very complimentary vote.

The Federal fleet of eighteen ships, carrying 200 guns, sailed around an elliptical course, between the shore batteries, delivering their broadsides with terrible effect against the Bay Point and Hilton Head forts. It was a day of disaster to the Confederate arms; a most unequal combat, but the Beaufort and German artillerists stood at their posts of duty through the battle. The Wabash, the flag ship, it is now known, was struck thirty times and set on fire once; other ships bore the evidence of resistance to the invasion of our State. It was a grand fight between war vessels and land batteries, and yet I have never read any proper Confederate narrative of it.

The late Hon. William Henry Trescot, in his eloquent eulogy on General Stephen Elliott, thus alludes to it: "Early in November, 1861, the greatest naval armament the United States had ever put to sea was collected in the waters of Port Royal. It is strange now to think that with a year's warning, with full knowledge of the danger, the only resistance to this tremendous power was left to two earth-works, two miles apart, hastily erected by such civil skill as could be found, and with the aid of native labor from the adjoining plantations, and garrisoned by a few hundred citizens—militia, who had never known a harder service than the weariness of a Governor's review. And still stranger that the neighboring population went on quietly with their accustomed life—not a household disturbed, not a piece of property removed—and all waited with undisturbed confidence the result of this desperate contest; but so it was. The attack opened soon after sunrise on November 7th, and for many hours the forts were exposed to a fire which, even in the annals of this war, was almost unparalleled. It was soon evident that all the soldiers could do was to show their powers of endurance; for by midday the forts were demolished, the guns dismounted, and the fleet safe within the lines of defence."

Soon after the abandonment of Bay Point, the Beaufort Artillery was thoroughly equipped as a light battery, and did most effective service on the coast line or defence, being engaged in a number of combats, in which the company record was maintained on the highest plain, notably in the unequal fight at Pocotaligo. I cannot write of the Beaufort Artillery in this fight without further mention of it. I therefore digress for the purpose of showing the character of the defence of our coast line; the heavy odds encountered in every effort of the enemy to break our lines. This was by no means the only affair of the kind; many similar attacks were made, but uniformly defeated.

On the 22d of October, 1862, a Federal column under General Brennan, consisting of the following commands, advanced to seize the railroad at that point.

From that valuable contribution to our war history, "A Sketch of the Charleston Light Dragoons," by Captain E. L. Wells, a member of that veteran corps, we get the names of these several regiments, batteries, etc.:

Infantry, 47th, 54th, 76th Pennsylvania, 3d, 4th New Hampshire, 5th, 6th Connecticut, 3d Rhode Island, 48th New York; nine regiments, say 400 men, 3,600.

Cavalry, part of the 1st Massachusetts.

Artillery, a Rhode Island battery, 4 guns, two sections, four guns, 1st regiment, United States regulars, three howitzers, manned by sailors, eleven guns.

It is safe to estimate the total force at 4,000 men. The Confederate force was, by actual count, 405 men for duty, under the command of Colonel W. S. Walker, who earned the sobriquet of "Live Oak" in this fight, and was subsequently promoted brigadier general.

The Charleston Light Dragoons, dismounted as infantry, Captain B. H. Rutledge; Lieutenants R. H. Colcock, L. C. Nowell, James W. O'Hear; Rutledge Mounted Riflemen (on foot), Captain W. L. Trenholm, Lieutenants Legare, J. Walker, first; Ed. H. Barnwell, second; John C. Warley, third. This command was armed with breech-loading carbines, very thoroughly equipped, and in a very high state of discipline. I heard an inspecting officer speak once of the clean condition of the carbines, that he thought a white cambric handkerchief could be passed through the barrel without soiling.

Beaufort (Elliott's) Light Battery, four guns.

Lampkin's (Va.) Light Battery, four pieces.

Major Morgan, with two companies of cavalry.

Captain Izard's company, of the 11th regiment, infantry.

Captain Joseph Blythe Allston's company, of Abney battalion of sharpshooters.

Charleston was well represented at Pocotaligo, a battle of most desperate character in attack and defence! for a part of the day the field pieces were engaged at the short range of from sixty to eighty yards; the odds were ten to one, but the enemy finally abandoned the field, and retreated to their water base, protected by gunboats. The Confederate casualties were 145—36 per cent. of the force en-

gaged—in killed and wounded; the Federal losses are believed to have been three times as many.

But to return to my narrative of the Beaufort Artillery. Three years of active service on the coast, with and near the other commands brought together for the fight at Honey Hill, was the best introduction for Captain H. M. Stuart to the command of the artillery there. He was everywhere regarded as a brave soldier and experienced, steady fighter, and might have been aptly described, as Macaulay alluded to some of the officers of the civil war in England, as having the essential military requisites of “the quick eye, cool head and stout heart.” He and his efficient cannoneers, at the head of the Grahamville road, certainly made a splendid record on November 30, 1864, at Honey Hill. As soon as the carpet-bag government of South Carolina ended, and Governor Hampton took charge of the Executive office, the Beaufort Volunteer Artillery reorganized, under Captain Stuart, and still continues in State service.

THE LAFAYETTE ARTILLERY (KANAPAUX’S BATTERY).

This command dates its origin to the early years of the century, as “the Fusiliers Francaise;” the company was composed of Franco-American citizens of Charleston, and very handsomely uniformed in blue dress coats, with buff breasts, such as are shown in pictures of Napoleon as consul.

As a boy, I have often seen the company parading as infantry in that beautiful uniform; a prominent corps, and was part of the escort to Lafayette in 1824. About the year 1840 it changed its service to light artillery, and was the first light battery seen on the streets of Charleston with guns and horses; followed soon after by the Washington Artillery, Captain Peter della Torre; the German Artillery, Captain John A. Wagener, and, after the Mexican War, the Marion Artillery, Captain A. M. Manigault. Not only was the “Lafayettes” the pioneer light battery in Charleston, but it was kept up with *esprit de corps*, and was a well-drilled artillery company. At the opening of “the war between States,” it went into service under J. T. Kanapaux, a son of the early captain, Charles Kanapaux.

The records of the corps have been lost or destroyed, so that a full roster of commanders is not possible, but the following names are recalled: Victor Durand, Charles Kanapaux, Peter B. Lalane, A. Roumillat, Gustavus Follin, Charles Emile Kanapaux, J. J. Pope.

From the beginning of the century, the French element of Charleston's population has been uniformly public-spirited and devoted to the best interests of city and State. The following were officers in 1861: Captain John T. Kanapaux; Lieutenants M. P. O'Connor, L. F. LeBleux, G. W. Aimar, A. Victor Kanapaux. By assignment to special duties and other causes, changes occurred during the war, and at the date of the Honey Hill battle (1864) the following were commissioned officers: Captain John T. Kanapaux; Lieutenants, senior first, C. J. Zealy; junior first, A. Victor Kanapaux; second, T. W. Bolger.

Two guns and thirty-six men, under Lieutenant Zealy, were detached from Bee's Creek Battery and sent to Honey Hill. No passing commendation does justice to that meritorious officer, Lieutenant Zealy, whose career in the war was marked by devotion to the cause and a cheerful and most efficient discharge of duty. If he had done no more than serve his guns in the desperate fight down the road in the morning fight near Bolan Church he would be entitled to the highest praise. He still survives; resides in Charleston, and is richly entitled to the "well done" of the community. The other two guns, under Sergeant Joseph Bock, acting lieutenant, remained in position at Bee's Creek, and the surplus men were equipped as infantry, under Lieutenant T. W. Bolger, as a support for the guns there. Captain John T. Kanapaux remained in command of that post. An incident in the fight at Honey Hill in this Lafayette detachment is worth recording, showing the character and military spirit of the men. Sergeant Julius A. LePrince was at one of the guns; he was a sufferer from chills and fever, and that was the alternate day for his attack; sure enough, in the very midst of the fight the gallant sergeant was shaking very perceptibly, and burning up with fever, but by sending spare men off to the rear, to fill his canteen with water, which he was drinking in large quantities, he kept to his gun. An officer finally noticed him and promptly said:

"Sergeant, you ought not to be here; go the rear!"

But the sergeant quietly remarked:

"If I go to the rear, shaking as I am, people might think I am scared!"

He stayed by his gun until the action was over, late in the evening.

My youthful friend of November 30, 1864, as modest as he was brave, who was then scarcely of military age, is now among the "Survivors" with streaks of silver in his hair; he will, I hope, ex-

cuse me for publicly recording how he did his duty to South Carolina and the South, under very serious disabilities, in perilous times.

As soon as it was possible after the election of Governor Hampton, the "Lafayettes" resumed their position in the volunteer military of the State, and are still in that service.

THE FURMAN LIGHT ARTILLERY, (EARLE'S BATTERY.)

One day in 1862 a tall, well-mounted artillery officer rode up to my quarters, near Hardeeville, and inquired for me; he introduced himself as Captain Earle; said that his light battery had been ordered to the vicinity, and asked my advice as to a good locality for a company camp. I mounted my horse and rode with him, pointing out different localities that were suitable, one was finally selected, and later in the day the command arrived. In the course of conversation Captain Earle remarked upon the disabilities encountered in drilling and preparing the men in the light artillery service. He had found it impossible to obtain a hand book for the light artillery drill, and had to be dependent upon such verbal instructions as he could obtain. By a singular coincidence I owned a copy of the very latest edition of the United States Light Artillery Manual, descriptive of and illustrated with plates of each and every part of the gun, carriage, caisson, projectiles and every detail of the drill, etc. I mentioned this, and said I would send to Charleston and get the volume for him. This I did, and I record here that I never in the army, or out of it, witnessed more painstaking, constant work done than went on in "Earle's Battery." Hour after hour, day after day, for months the drills were kept up, and the result was very soon seen—one of the best disciplined and most efficient light batteries in the service. The personal friendship thus begun lasted uninterruptedly until Captain Earle's recent lamented death.

The company known during the war as "Earle's Battery" was organized in August, 1861, by (Rev.) W. H. Campbell as captain, for service in Colonel Maxcy Gregg's infantry regiment. It soon attracted a large membership, and the lieutenants were: G. W. Holtzclaw, first; W. E. Earle, second; James Furman, third. There being need for artillerists, Colonel Gregg consented to release the command; in numbers it was large enough for two companies. Captain W. H. Campbell was promoted major, and Lieutenants Holtzclaw and Earle were made captains. Captain Earle's company as a compliment was named for Dr. James C. Furman, a prominent and highly esteemed citizen of Greenville city. Its three officers

were Lieutenants James Furman, a son of Dr. Furman; E. H. Graham, Jr., S. S. Kirby (Citadel, 1860), and Anderson. (In United States War Records and other war publications Earle's Battery is not reported at Honey Hill—a strange neglect and unexplained.)

The battery at Honey Hill had Lieutenant Kirby sick in the hospital, and Lieutenant Anderson absent on leave. Sergeant J. P. Scruggs, acting lieutenant, was in charge of a gun on the extreme left of the line, commanded by Major John Jenkins. The other guns, with those of the "Beaufort" and "Lafayettes," were in battery at the head of the Grahamville road. Earle's Battery was in a number of engagements on the coast line during the war; did tours of duty at Fort Sumter and at Battery Wagner, and was with the army when it surrendered at Goldsboro, N. C.

In conclusion, I remark that Captain Stuart was fortunate in his command, having the entire confidence of the well-drilled veteran artillerists guarding the key of the battle line at Honey Hill. I doubt if any better light artillery battle service was ever directed or performed in any war! The best evidence of this may be to take the enemy's account of it.

In Captain Emilio's (U. S. A.) book we get an idea of the confusion and demoralization caused by Captain Stuart and his artillerists at the head of the road after three hours' service of his guns. I quote:

"The 35th United States colored troops, Colonel Barber, charged up the road; it went forward with a cheer, but receiving a terrible fire, after some loss, was forced to retire." * * * "Colonel Hartwell, with eight companies 55th Massachusetts, ordered a charge in double column. Twice forced to fall back by the enemy's fire, their brave colonel gave the command, 'Follow your colors!' and himself led a charge on horseback; the 55th turned the bend, rushed up the road, and in the face of a deadly fire advanced up to the creek. But it was fruitless; the pitiless shot and shell so decimated the ranks that the survivors retired, after losing over one hundred men in five minutes! Colonel Hartwell, wounded and pinned to the ground by his dead horse, was rescued and dragged to the woods." * * * "The noise of the battle at this time was terrific; the artillery crashing away in the centre, while volley after volley of musketry ran down both lines, and were reverberated from the surrounding forests." * * * "As we approached, they took off their hats and shouted, 'Hurrah! Here's the 54th! Go in, boys; no loading in nine times there.'"

“At 1:30 o'clock I saw General Hatch speak to Colonel Bennett, chief of staff, who at once rode to me and said, 'Follow me.' I replied, 'I would like a moment to close up my men, Colonel,' when he said, in a most excited manner, 'General Hatch's orders are for you to follow me.' Well, after Bennett's remark I had only to follow, which I did. Arriving near the section of artillery, he said, 'Go to the rear of that battery, file to the left and charge!' I obeyed orders—all but the charging! On the right of the battery I looked around and found Lieutenant Reid and eight men. How the cannon shot tore down that hill and up that road. I could see where the 55th had charged and the dead lying there. 'Wagner' always seemed to me the most terrible of our battles, but the musketry at Honey Hill! ('Georgians,' under Willis, Edwards, Wilson, Cook and Jackson, and '3d South Carolina cavalry,' as infantry, under Major John Jenkins responsible), was something fearful. The rebel yell was more prominent (artillery, cavalry and infantry, all responsible) than ever I heard it!”

“GOOD MANAGEMENT OF THE ENEMY.”

“It is only fair to say that the Confederate management seems to have been excellent from first to last. The energy which brought a force from Western Georgia to the coast of Carolina so opportunely that it got in position only ten minutes before the main action opened, the audacity and adroitness which checked the advance of a whole brigade for several hours with one (2) gun and a few dismounted cavalry, and the soldierly ability with which artillery and infantry were so handled, as to inflict a loss of 750 men, while losing only 50, all deserve the highest praise; on their side good generalship, on ours the reverse.”

On the day of Honey Hill the disastrous Battle of “Franklin” was fought; then quickly followed the burning of Atlanta, the fall of Savannah, the burning of Columbia, Averysboro, Bentonville and the surrenders at Goldsboro and Appomattox! The Confederate armies! how memory goes back to their wonderful achievements! Their high soldierly qualities! Their whole career, marked by a virile spirit; a decisive energy; a brave persistence; a patient endurance, which reflect the high military qualities of the men of the same race, “kin beyond sea,” who won victory for Wolfe at Quebec! Made Ingliss hold Lucknow against fearful odds! and who planted the Cross of St. George on the walls of Delhi, in the midst of the mutiny! If a like success did not attend finally the grand achieve-

ments of the soldiers of the South the causes may be traced, partly to disparity of numbers and resources, and partly to other serious disabilities of a different kind, which the loyalty of the armies to the flag and the forbearance of the people in their homes for the sake of "The Cause" have forbid all reference to or mention!

"Lee wore the gray! Since then
'Tis right's and honor's hue!
He honored it, that man of men,
And wrapped it round the true."

WM. A. COURTENAY.

Innisfallen, October, 1898.

[From the Richmond, Va. *Dispatch*, May 22, 1898.]

THE OLD CAMP LEE.

Its first Commandant writes an Interesting Sketch.

STORY OF THE CAMP'S FORMATION.

It was First Used as a Camp of Instruction for Infantry as well as Cavalry—An Artillery and Conscript Camp, Finally.

Colonel John C. Shields, the commandant at old Camp Lee, furnishes the *Dispatch* with a most valuable article, giving the history of the camp from its establishment in the earliest days of the Confederacy, until the close of the war.

Colonel Shields was the editor of the *Richmond Whig* for a number of years, and among older newspaper men in Virginia, his name is very familiar. He was the founder of the *Lynchburg Virginian*, which was for many years one of the widely influential papers of the State. He stood in the front rank of Virginia journalists in his day, and some of his contributions to the historical data of early Virginia, especially the Valley, are very valuable.

Colonel Shields has for several years been retired from journalism, living with his family at his beautiful home in Rockbridge county, where he leads an ideal existence among his books, fruit trees, and flowers.

COLONEL SHIELD'S SKETCH.

The *Hérmitage* Fair-Grounds were chosen first for an infantry camp of instruction as well as for cavalry. This was in April, 1861. The Hanover Troop and the Henrico Troop were, perhaps, the first regular commands to enter the grounds. The late General W. C. Wickham was captain of the Hanover Cavalry, and Colonel J. Lucius Davis, of Henrico, was the captain of the cavalry from that county.

About the same date the Chesterfield Cavalry, Captain William B. Ball; the Powhatan, Captain Phil. St. George Cocke, and the Richmond, Captain J. Grattan Cabell, and others were early at the rendezvous. Among the first infantry commands were the First (Richmond) Regiment, Colonel P. T. Moore, and then followed company after company, and many regiments were soon organized.

THE CORPS OF CADETS.

The corps of cadets of the Virginia Military Institute were soon in place under command of Colonel William Gilham, commandant of the corps and professor of tactics. The corps was detailed as instructors. Colonel Gilham, who had been for a while commander of the post, was made colonel of the Twenty-first Regiment, and went to the field.

(I cannot call to mind any person who can probably furnish information at this late day more accurately, perhaps, than Major T. G. Peyton, who was assigned to the Fifteenth Regiment of infantry. Being in the Howitzers, I was first with my command at Richmond College, then at Chimborazo, and moved with my battery as captain of the First Howitzers to Manassas early in May. Perhaps Major Peyton can fill the space from where I leave off to December, 1861, when I took charge.)

During the fall months of 1861 a very large authority was issued for the formation of artillery companies in Virginia, as well as in other States of the Confederacy. At the conclusion of the first year, for which many companies and regiments of Virginia had entered the service, some which had served as infantry had authority to change to artillery.

In November, 1861, there were about twenty-five companies recruited for artillery then in different camps around Richmond. Each company reported to the department headquarters, known as Henrico, which embraced Richmond and several miles around the city. General J. H. Winder, an old army officer, was in command, with

headquarters in the Valentine building, corner Broad and Ninth streets. Hon. Legh R. Page was his assistant adjutant-general. The late General Charles Dimmock, ordnance officer for Virginia, and commandant of the State Guard and the armory, gave General Winder valuable aid in the commencement of the preparation of the various companies adverted to, but a regular station or camp and bringing all the companies into one station and under trained officers in charge was essential.

GENESIS OF CAMP LEE PROPER.

Hon. Judah P. Benjamin was then acting Secretary of War. The late General George W. Randolph, who had been major of the Howitzer Battalion, was then in command of a brigade at Suffolk. He, with General Dimmock, were trained and finely equipped artillery officers. Mr. Benjamin, at the suggestion of General Winder, consulted with Generals Dimmock and Randolph as to the best course to pursue with the artillery companies then here, and about the thirty to forty more to come in from several other States. The result was that an order was issued for the formation of an artillery headquarters, and that Captain John C. Shields, then serving at Leesburg with his battery, the First Howitzers, should be promoted and assigned to the command of the camp of artillery instruction.

At that time there were still some infantry reporting at Camp Lee for regimental organization, notably the 56th Regiment, which was the last to complete its formation at that place.

In the mean time Colonel Shields established his artillery camp at a fine spring on the farm of the late John N. Shields, of Richmond, where he commenced his work. Troops had been at that location previously and it was known as "Camp Jackson." Knowing that the artillery camp would soon be changed to Camp Lee, where were stores and staff officers, a temporary organization sufficed at Camp Jackson.

On taking command at Camp Lee, December, 1861, Colonel Shields found Dr. Memminger, surgeon; Major John C. Maynard, quartermaster; Captain D. C. Meade, commissary; Lieutenant West, of Georgia, adjutant, and Rev. Dr. M. D. Hoge, chaplain.

Companies reported very rapidly for instruction and equipment till about July, 1862, the conscription law having taken the place of replenishing the army by the assignment of those liable to service under that law.

SOME OF THE BATTERIES.*

In all, there were seventy-five batteries trained and equipped and sent to the field from Camp Lee during the time which elapsed between November, 1861, and June, 1862. Among them may be mentioned some which can be called to mind, commanded by Captain Marmaduke Johnson, John L. Eubank, N. A. Sturdivant, Captain J. Taylor Martin, and two other batteries, which constituted the battalion of Rev. F. J. Boggs, W. G. Crenshaw, G. G. Otey, the old Fayette Artillery, Captain Henry Coalter Cabell, all of Richmond. Then there were those of W. D. Leake, of Goochland; Charles Bruce, of Charlotte; Joseph W. Anderson, of Botetourt; Pichegru Woolfolk, of Caroline; Henry Rives, of Nelson; Colonel J. W. Moore's Battalion, of North Carolina; the battery of Captain Dawson, of Georgia; Latham, of Lynchburg; Lewis, of Halifax, and many others from Virginia, Mississippi, one from Maryland, and others which cannot be recalled now.

General George W. Randolph in the meantime had become Secretary of War, and during his term in that office the conscription law went into effect. In addition to his other duties as the commandant at the post of Camp Lee, Colonel Shields was made commandant of conscripts for Virginia, with headquarters at Camp Lee for that purpose, as well as the general duties incident to a military post.

Major Thomas G. Peyton, of Richmond, was assigned to the immediate command of men reporting under the regulations of the conscript law for assignment. This was a large duty, and well executed. An additional camp was also established for some months under command of Major James B. Dorman, at Dublin, Pulaski county, reporting directly to Colonel Shields as commandant for the State. The law was well executed in Virginia through the enrolling officers of counties and congressional districts. Not a solitary jar occurred between the authorities of the State, Governor Letcher, and the Confederate authorities of General John S. Preston, Chief of the Confederate Bureau of Conscription, and the commandant for the State. Shortly before the war ended, the Confederate Bureau was dispensed with, and General James L. Kemper became the intermediate officer between those of the conscript armies and the War Department. This arrangement continued until the end, in April, 1865.

A FINE SPECTACLE.

It should have been previously mentioned that in December, 1861,

Colonel Shields at one time had eight batteries ready for the field, and so reported. General Winder authorized him to move them on a wide field under the tactics practiced by the French army, designated "Associated Batteries," translated from the French by Major Robert Anderson, of Fort Sumter memory.

This he did under the inspection and review by President Davis, General Braxton Bragg, General Randolph, Secretary of War, and other officers of high rank, firing by single batteries, then by four batteries, and lastly by the entire line of eight batteries of four guns in each battery.

The late Dr. W. P. Palmer, of Richmond, who had served as lieutenant, as well as captain, of the First Howitzers, was appointed surgeon in the early part of 1862, and assigned to Camp Lee by request of Colonel Shields, and remained there till the close of the struggle in 1865, in charge of the entire medical department, where there were sometimes not more than 500 men, and then, again, there would be from 10,000 to 15,000. Camp Lee was the post at which the parolled and exchanged Confederate soldiers were sent from northern prisons, and there drew pay and clothing and subsistence till they could be exchanged and returned to their command in the field. From that point also emanated all the exemptions under law, and all the details for every service of men liable to military services not only to army rolls. Lieutenant James H. Binford, who had served with Colonel Shields in the field, was adjutant of the conscript department, and Major W. H. Fry was adjutant of the post.

The late Captain W. L. Riddick, of Nansemond county, who had served on the staff of a Louisiana brigadier before Norfolk was evacuated, was in charge of the large department of exemption and details in the conscript service. The order and letter books of that branch of the service were under the direction and care of Mr. John W. Bransford, who at this time is Treasurer of the city of Lynchburg, or holds an important place in the government of that city.

JOHN C. SHIELDS.

EARLY PREPARATION OF THE HOWITZERS.

Colonel Shields, in a recent letter to a friend, gives an interesting explanation of the thorough preparation of the Richmond Howitzers for field service before the war came on.

The Howitzer Company was organized in 1859, and instructed in 1860 in artillery tactics prepared by a board of artillery officers—

Generals Barry, Hunt, and French—but not issued to the Federal army till 1861.

Colonel Shields, as a publisher, had facilities for obtaining a copy of the tactics from the publishing-house in the summer of 1860, and so it was that the Howitzers were equal to the Federal artillery in that respect before the war commenced. Every battery equipped at Camp Lee under his command was instructed in the new tactics.

[From the Richmond, Va., *Times*, May 22, 1898.]

THE RIDE AROUND GENERAL McCLELLAN.

Colonel John S. Mosby tells about General Stuart's Brilliant
Feat of War.

THE COLONEL ON SCOUT DUTY.

**He Brought Information About McClellan's Movements, Which
Induced the General to Move on the Enemy.**

In June, 1862, the battle of Fair Oaks, or Seven Pines, had been fought, almost in sight of Richmond; the Army of the Potomac was lying on the peninsula between the James and Pamunkey, and astraddle the Chickahominy, a narrow, deep and sluggish stream that meanders between them and empties into the James. Its base of supply was at the White house, on the Pamunkey—once the property of Martha Washington—which was connected with the army by railroad and telegraph. The left wing extended to within three or four miles of the James; its front and flanks were supposed to be protected by the swamps and the river. The infantry pickets were in sight of each other; cavalry videttes were not needed to give notice of the approach of an enemy. For the first time since the war began, Stuart's cavalry corps was idle and behind the infantry; his headquarters were on the Charles City road, about two miles east of Richmond. Men who had been educated in war by service on the outposts soon grew restless and weary of inaction in the rear.

During the greater portion of the first years of the war I had been a private in Stuart's Regiment—the 1st Virginia Cavalry—and had

been made Adjutant when Stuart was promoted to be a Brigadier-General, and my Captain (William E. Jones) became the Colonel; but lost my position on the reorganization of the army in the spring of 1862.

The Confederate government ordered elections for officers in all the regiments, and thus attempted to mix democracy with military discipline. Jones, who was one of the ablest officers in the Southern army and a stern soldier, was rotated out; Fitz Lee was elected, and wanted another adjutant. So I gave him my resignation. A smile of fortune was really masked under a frown.

When our army retired from Centreville, two months before, my regiment had been the rear-guard, and I had conducted several scouting expeditions for the purpose of discovering McClellan's movements, which had elicited Stuart's commendation in his report to General Johnston. So Stuart asked me to come to his headquarters and continue to do that kind of work for him. This was the origin of my partisan life, that was far more congenial to me than the dull, routine work of an adjutant. According to my estimate, the loss of my commission did not weigh a feather against the pleasure of being directly under the orders of a man of original genius.

AN OPPORTUNITY.

One morning he invited me to breakfast with him—none of the staff were at the table. Stuart asked me to take a small party and find out whether McClellan was fortifying on the Totopotomoy. This was a creek on McClellan's extreme right that emptied into the Pamunkey. That was the very thing I wanted; an opportunity for which I had pined. In a few minutes, my horse was saddled. I rode over to the camp of the 1st Virginia and got three men from my old company, who had marched with me from Abingdon the year before—Pendleton, Crockett and Williams. We started off as joyful a party as if we were going to a wedding. When we reached the road leading to the Totopotomoy I learned that there was a flag of truce on that road that day. Not wishing to disturb a peaceful meeting, but not willing to lose a chance for adventure, we determined to move on farther north toward Hanover Courthouse, and explore the region along the Pamunkey. So, making a wide detour to the north the next day, we got down among McClellan's outposts that had never been disturbed since his advance on Richmond. His headquarters were a few miles off at Cold Harbor; the White House on the Pamunkey was the depot where military stores were landed

and forwarded to the army by railroad. The line of supply was therefore parallel, and not perpendicular to his front. This formation is called in technical language forming front to a flank.

The infantry outposts did not extend to within several miles of the river. For a considerable distance on his right, therefore, McClellan's communications were not covered by his infantry. I learned from citizens that the only protection to the railroad was a thin veil of cavalry. Of course, if there were no infantry there would be no fortifications about there.

I saw now that I had discovered McClellan's vulnerable point—the heel of Achilles, and hastened to give Stuart the information. It was a hot day in June; I found him sitting out in the front yard in the shade. All were in high glee; news had just come that Jackson had defeated Fremont and Shields at Cross Keys and Port Republic. Being worn out by a long ride, I laid down on the grass and related to Stuart what I had learned, and told him he could strike a heavy blow at McClellan's communications. After I had finished, he said, "Write down what you have said," and called to a courier to get his horse ready. I went to the adjutant's office and wrote down what I had told him, but thinking he only wanted it as a memorandum, did not sign it. It was addressed to no one. When I returned, an orderly with two horses was standing ready for them to mount. Stuart read the paper, and told me I had not signed it. So I went back to the office and put my signature to it. He went off at a gallop, followed by the courier. They rode to General Lee's headquarters, a few miles off, and returned in the afternoon. General Lee's orders authorizing the Pamunkey expedition is dated June 11th, the day after my return. Stuart's quick penetration saw the opportunity and instantly seized it. Orders were immediately issued to get ready to march. Activity now succeeded inaction in the cavalry camps. On the 12th we started with about 1,200 cavalry and two pieces of artillery, and, marching through Richmond, moved in a northerly direction on the Brooke road. I rode that day with the old company to which I had belonged when I left Abingdon in the beginning of the war. I knew where we were going, but said nothing. The cavalry headquarters were left in charge of the adjutant. I was present when Stuart told him goodby. The adjutant asked him how long he would be gone. There was a poetic vein in Stuart, as there is in most men of heroic temperament. His answer was "It may be for years and it may be forever," which suggested the parting from Erin and Kathleen Mavourneen.

A SHARP COLLISION.

From the direction we took the impression prevailed that we were going to reinforce Jackson in the Shenandoah Valley. The command bivouacked that night about twenty miles from Richmond, and a few miles from Hanover Courthouse.

Early the next morning Stuart asked me to go in advance with a few men to the court-house. This settled any doubt I may have had about the expedition. I had not asked him a question and he had not spoken to me on the subject of my recent scout since our interview on my return. I started off and soon struck the same road over which I had ridden four days before. Just as we got in sight of the village, a squadron of the enemy came, reconnoitered us, and as we simply halted and did not run away, rightly concluded that a support was behind us and left in a hurry. One of the men was sent to inform Stuart of their presence, but they had gone when his column came up. The column pushed on and in two or three miles came upon the enemy's pickets, and now began a running fight, or rather a fox chase for a mile or two. The 9th Virginia Cavalry, commanded by W. H. F. Lee (a son of General Robert E. Lee), was in advance, and as we were ascending a hill, one of the men came dashing back and said the enemy's cavalry was coming down upon us. We could hear but could not see them. I was sitting on my horse by Stuart, who had halted to close up the column. Latane's squadron was in front. There was an order to draw sabres; Lee said "charge men." The squadron dashed forward with that wild demoniac yell which the enemy often afterward heard and can never forget.

There was a sharp collision in the road. Latane was killed; Captain Royall, commanding on the other side, was wounded, and his squadron routed. It was a detachment of the 2d U. S. Cavalry we had met; Fitz Lee had been a Lieutenant in the regiment. He came on the ground in a few minutes, and several of his old company, who had been captured, recognized him. We could not stay to perform for Latane the last duty we owe to the dead—

" Not a soldier discharged his farewell shot
O'er the grave where the hero was buried."

From prisoners, it was learned that their camp was about a mile away. The column moved on. When we got there we found the tents, camp utensils and commissary stores, but Royall and all his

men were gone. McClellan's headquarters, surrounded by camps of cavalry, infantry and artillery, were only a few miles away. We were on their flank and had simply broken through the shroud of cavalry that covered his depot and line of communication. To have done this and no more with all the preparations that had been made would have been a good deal like the labor of a mountain and the birth of a mouse. It would have been easy for Stuart to have retraced his steps; the way was open and could not be occupied by the enemy's cavalry, even if there were no resistance for several hours. The Southern cavalry was in its prime; the Northern cavalry was just going to school.

It would have been impossible to place any obstacle in the way to prevent our return. The danger was all in front; not behind us. A mile or so on one side was the Pamunkey, an impassible river; within six miles on the other were the camps of Fitz John Porter and a division of cavalry. A man of mediocrity would have been satisfied with what he had done; to have gone back would have been a grand anti-climax to such a beginning. But if he had had no choice between going back or going on there would have been little merit in what he did. While the men were plundering the camp, Stuart had a few minutes conference with the two Lees. I was sitting on my horse within a few feet of them, buckling on a pistol I had just got, and heard all that passed. Stuart was urgent for pressing on to Tunstall's station, on the railroad, nine miles ahead, in McClellan's rear; Lee of the 9th agreed with Stuart.

A BIG BLUFF.

Stuart decided to go on. Here was not only the turning point in the expedition, but in Stuart's life. If he had failed to grasp the opportunity then he would never have reached that height on which his fame now rests. He took counsel of courage and read his fate in the stars. Just before he gave the command to move forward he turned to me and said: "I want you to ride on some distance ahead." I answered: "All right, but I must have a guide; I don't know the road." So two cavalymen who were familiar with the country were sent with me. That day I was riding a slow horse I had borrowed—mine had been broken down in the scout a few days before. We had not gone far before a staff officer overtook us and said the General wanted us to go faster and increase the distance between us. The reason was he did not want to run into an ambuscade. So we went on at a trot. It was important to reach the rail-

road before dark, and before troops could be sent there to stop us. Infantry did come on the cars that night; but we had gone. All they saw by the moonlight were our tracks in the sand. As we were jogging along a mile or so ahead of the column we came upon a sutler's wagon. About a mile to the left could be seen the masts of some schooners at anchor in the river. A wagon train was loading at the wharf with supplies for the army. I sent one of the men back to tell Stuart that the woods were full of game; to hurry on. The sutler's wagon was condemned as prize of war and left in charge of my other companion. Tunstall's was still two or three miles off. I had never been there, but the road was plain and I jogged on alone. When Stuart got up to the sutler in the road he sent a squadron to burn the schooners and wagon trains. I believe this is the only instance in the war where cavalry operated on water. As I turned a bend in the road I came suddenly in sight of Tunstall's, half a mile off, and a few yards from me was another sutler's wagon, and a cavalry vedette, who had dismounted. Just then a bugle sounded, and I saw a company of cavalry, to which the vedette belonged, only a few hundred yards off. My horse was pretty well fagged out. The vedette and sutler surrendered, but I was in a quandary what to do. I thought there would be more danger in trying to run away on a slow horse than to stand still. So I concluded to play a game of bluff—I drew my sabre, turned around, and beckoned with it to imaginary followers. Fortunately, just then Lieutenant Robins, commanding the advanced guard, came in sight at a fast trot. The company of Pennsylvania (Eleventh) cavalry left in a hurry. Robins captured the depot and guard without firing a shot. Stuart soon rode up at the head of the column just as a train of cars came in sight. There was no time to pull up a rail; logs were placed on the track. The engineer discovered the danger too late to reverse his engine, so crowding on a full head of steam he dashed by, receiving a salute as he passed. He carried the news to the White House, four miles off. The critical condition we were in would not allow us the time to go there and destroy the stores. They were under guard of gunboats. If we had had a pontoon train on which to cross the river this could have been done. We were now on McClellan's line of communication. News of the affair with Royall had by this time spread through the camps. As soon as the telegraph lines were cut it was noticed to McClellan that Stuart was in his rear. General Ingalls, who was in command at the White House, says that he received a telegram from McClellan warning him of danger. It is a

mystery that McClellan, knowing that it must be impossible for Stuart to retreat up the Pamunkey, should have made no attempt to capture him when returning up the James. To have done so he would only have had to spread a wing. Hooker's division was camped in three or four miles of the only road on which he could escape. The guard at Tunstall's didn't even have their guns loaded. In order to return to Richmond it was necessary to make a complete circle of McClellan's army and go up the left bank of the James. Of course, it was taken for granted that a large force would be sent in pursuit.

PANIC REIGNED.

As some evidence of the panic that reigned, I will mention the fact that after we had passed Royall's camp a body of twenty U. S. regulars followed under a flag of truce, and surrendered. They were dumbfounded. Stuart had done something without precedent in war, which was not provided for by the cavalry tactics they had been taught. Before McClellan recovered from his shock, the raiders were back in their camps. Their escape was due to the novelty of the enterprise, and the courage and skill with which it was conducted. The column halted at Tunstall's long enough to close up ; there were a good many prisoners and the cavalry only marched as fast as they could walk. About dusk it moved on through New Kent towards the Chickahominy; we had crossed it once, but would have to cross it again. It was a glorious moonlight night; there were sounds of revelry all along the line of march. The way was strewn with the wrecks of burning wagons; the forests were ablaze, and the skies red with light reflected from them. We only lost one man; a Dutchman drank too much of a sutler's Rhine wine and had to be left behind. It made us sad to see the flames destroying the plunder we could not carry off. Two brigades of cavalry, one of infantry, and a battery of artillery were in pursuit. They got to the railroad several hours after the Confederates left. The only ones who overtook us were those under a flag of truce. General Emory, who commanded their advance, says that he got to Tunstall's about 2 o'clock that night. Here, he says, he lost Stuart's trail, and could not find it until 8 o'clock next morning. It is a miracle that 1,200 cavalry and two pieces of artillery should have passed over a dirt road without making a track. It is more wonderful than Mahomet's escape from Mecca. It is clear that Providence was on the side of the Confederates. General Warren says: " It was impossible for the infantry

to overtake him, and as the cavalry did not move without us, it was impossible for them to overtake him. The moon was shining brightly, making any kind of movement for ourselves or the enemy as easy as in the day light." Fitz John Porter regrets, "That when General Cook did pursue he should have tied his legs with the infantry command." About day light we reached the Chickahominy. Stuart had expected to ford it, but it was overflowing. He did not appear in the slightest degree disappointed or discouraged. He was just as bouyant with hope and joy as when he left Royall's camp. Fortunately he had two guides—Christian and Frayser—who knew all the roads and crossings on the river. Christian knew of a bridge, or where there had been a bridge, a mile lower down, and the column was headed for it. But the bridge was gone and nothing left but the piles in the water. He was again lucky in having two men—Burke and Hagan—who knew something about bridge-building. Near by were the relics of an old warehouse, out of which they immediately began to build a bridge. It seemed to spring up by magic like the enchanted palace in the Arabian Nights. It was not such a bridge as Ceasar threw over the Rhine, whose strength increased with pressure upon it, but it was good enough for our purpose. While the work was going on Stuart was lying down on the bank of the river in the gayest humor I ever saw. He did not seem oppressed with any care. During the night I had foraged among the sutlers and brought off a lot of their stores. Out of these I spread a feast. While we were waiting for the bridge no enemy appeared. At last, about 2 o'clock, when all had passed over, and the bridge fired, Rush's lancers came up on a hill and took a look at us as we disappeared from view. General Emory received news of the crossing eight miles off, at Baltimore Store.

THE FEAT HAS NO PARALLEL.

In his report of what he did not do, he says the Confederates crossed at daylight, and left faster than they came. There is no evidence either of haste in Stuart's march or in Emory's pursuit of him. About 1 P. M. on the 13th, Royall's camp at Old Church was captured; about sunset we reached Tunstall's, nine miles distant, and at daylight on the 14th got to the Chickahominy, after a night march of twelve miles, where we stayed until noon. If, therefore, we had been pursued at the rate of a mile an hour, General Emory would have overtaken us. As no enemy molested our rear, there was some

apprehension that McClellan was allowing us to cross in order to entrap us in the fork of the Chickahominy and James. We got in and got out of the fork. No enemy was there. As we passed up James river that night we could see the gunboats on one side of us; McClellan's camps were a few miles off on the other. The great result of the raid was not in prisoners and property captured and destroyed, or in the information obtained, but in the electric effect it produced on the morale of the army. It raised Stuart to an eminence as a cavalry leader, where he stands, like a glacier on the summit of Mount Blanc, solitary and alone—without a rival, ancient or modern. The feat has no parallel in the annals of war. He had ridden continuously around McClellan two days and nights, in a circle of a radius of not more than six miles. This raid is unique, and distinguished from all others on either side on account of the narrow limits in which it was performed. From the time when he broke through McClellan's lines until he had passed entirely around him, he was enclosed by three unfordable rivers, without bridges, one of which it was necessary for him to cross. There is as vast a difference between the difficulties and dangers of Stuart's ride around McClellan and Sheridan's towards Richmond in 1864, as between the voyage of the great Genoese over an unknown sea and the passage of an Atlantic liner from New York to Liverpool. It was the first and greatest cavalry raid of the war. The Count of Paris, who was on McClellan's staff, speaking of it, says: "They had, in point of fact, committed but few depredations, but had caused a great commotion, shaken the confidence of the North in McClellan, and made the first experiment in those great cavalry expeditions which subsequently played so novel and so important a part during the war."

JOHN S. MOSBY.

San Francisco, Cal., May 16, 1898.

A MEMORIAL.

MOSES DRURY HOGE, D. D., LL.D.

“And now abideth Faith, Hope, Charity, these three; but the greatest of these is Charity!”—1 *Corinthians*, *xiii*, 13.

[In this hastily put-together and crude offering, free use has been made of current relevant publications in the *Richmond Dispatch*.

It is humbly felt, that in the exemplification adduced, the premises are inherently sustained.—ED.]

The dawn of Friday, January 6th, 1899, brought with it to the people of Richmond, Va., the knowledge of an event, which in the heart of every one, was as a public calamity; and the occasion of grief to all.

The animating spark of the so-endearred citizen and minister “Doctor Hoge,” had passed gently to God who gave it, at twenty minutes past two o’clock. His death was not unexpected, but, it was not the less sorrowful.

Scarce ever, has the rubric gem—“Faith, Hope, Charity,” been more impressively and touchingly exemplified in man, and in not another, have the elementary virtues, it is felt, more abounded.

Indeed, words seem at fault, and inadequate to depict a life so benignant, so beneficent.

It was one, in its purity, devotion and absence of thought of self not often realized in such harmonious grandeur of simple blessedness.

His adoration of, and his humble submission to every dispensation of The Omnipotent was sublime—as the trust of a little child.

He was upheld in every visitation of seeming calamity; and there was no cloud in life to him, that had not its silver lining, whate’er the gloom of its cast.

His tender and expansive heart was eager in its response to every cry of woe, to all knowledge of want, and suffering, was, to him, as an atoning mantle for human fraility.

Still, he desired not that the world know of what was his paramount enjoyment.

Constant was his succor of the needy, and the effects of his benefactions may never be measured.

A countless multitude have successively rejoiced, in his blessedly protracted ministrations, in his unheralded bounties.

Whilst the current subtle influence of a character so nearly unique cannot be calculated, it, as absurdly, was not bounded.

Truly, it permeated ducts of thought broadly, and its influence, contagiously impelled action in others, whilst the personal medium, never cared to reckon its inspiring potency.

Dr. Hoge was of us, he could not tear himself from us whatever the dazzling offer, the attractive advantage to allure.

Nothing, it seemed, could make him forgetful of endeared association, of cherished and familiar objects, of the heart-flood of reciprocative affection incidentally attendant upon a loving ministration, so sweetly and so evenly protracted.

It is transparent that there were no restricting lines with him in heart or hand; in gracious ministration, in succoring benefaction.

As a citizen, whilst it is palpable there could have been no expectancy of personal profit (certainly this is clear to the world now), there was never a call upon him, and his physical ability permitted, for furtherance of any proper object; of devotion, of honored rite, of intellectual advancement, of public good, nay, of innocent enjoyment, to which he did not contribute by his honored presence and by invocation and words of cheer.

It is simply true that every one who knew him, or who ever came within the radiance of his remarkable personality, was attracted to him.

Every man, woman and child here in the compass of his immediate labors, loved him and revered his virtues. Comprehensive of country of birth, of sectarian tenet, of diversity of avocation, of condition in life; because all felt his influence.

This charm, as well as his intellectual gifts, swayed whithersoever he went, however distant; thus two continents delighted in honoring him.

All this came not by endowment alone. It is held that virtuous ancestry will constrain in successive generations, and there could scarcely be inheritance more worthy than that of our loved minister.

Constant still is the publication of tribute to his memory, of his useful offices in comprehensive offering, and in expressions of sorrow from distant points.

Rev. Dr. Moses Drury Hoge was born at Hampden-Sidney College, Prince Edward county, Virginia, September 18th, 1818. He was descended on his father's side from ancestors who emigrated

from Scotland and settled in Frederick county, Va., in 1736, on the domain of Thomas Lord Fairfax, of Colonial memory. His grandfather was Dr. Moses Hoge, President of Hampden-Sidney College, one of the most eminent among great and good ministers, who have so richly blessed the Presbyterian Church in Virginia. John Ranpolph says in one of his letters that the Doctor was the most eloquent man he ever heard in the pulpit or out of it. Three of his sons became ministers of the Gospel—Dr. James Hoge, of Columbus, O.; John Blair Hoge, of Richmond, Va.; and Samuel Davies Hoge, Professor of Natural Sciences in the Ohio University, at Athens. The last named died early in life, leaving two sons, who became ministers of the Gospel, the younger of whom was the late Rev. W. J. Hoge, D. D., and the elder the late Rev. Moses D. Hoge, D. D., of this city.

The youngest son of Dr. Moses Hoge, of Hampden-Sidney College, was Dr. Thomas P. Hoge, the only one of his four sons who did not become a minister of the Gospel. He was a popular physician, and at one time a large planter in Halifax county and an elder in the Presbyterian Church. He had two sons—one of them captain of an artillery company—and both of whom were killed in the same battle during the war.

When Dr. Hoge's uncle, Dr. James Hoge, was a young man, he removed to Ohio, then a frontier State. He went as a domestic or home missionary, and settled at Franklinton, where there had been a fort for protection against the Indians. He purchased a farm on the opposite side of the Scioto river, and built the first house where the city of Columbus now stands. It was through his influence that the asylum for the deaf and dumb and other philanthropic institutions were built in Columbus. He induced Dr. Hoge's father, soon after he had been licensed to preach, to remove to Ohio. He was a man of such studious habits, of such conciliating manners and ability as a preacher and a college professor, that he would have attained great distinction but for his death at thirty-three years of age. After his death all of his family returned to the South.

On the maternal side Dr. Hoge was descended from the Lacy family, which emigrated from England to Virginia in early Colonial times. His grandfather was the Rev. Drury Lacy, D. D., President of Hampden-Sidney College, a minister of great eminence and worth. Two of his sons became ministers—the Rev. William S. Lacy, of Louisiana, and Rev. Drury Lacy, D. D., formerly President of Davidson College, and late of Raleigh, N. C. Many of the

descendants of both Dr. Hoge and Dr. Lacy also entered the office of the ministry. On both sides, therefore, Dr. Hoge was undoubtedly of the annointed of the Lord.

Dr. Hoge was educated at Hampden-Sidney College. When he graduated there Dr. Wm. Maxwell, (whose widow died in this city a few weeks ago, of venerable years) was the president of the institution, and he was a man of fine attainments, and an ornate and finished speaker. Among his classmates were Colonel Charles S. Carrington, a whole-souled, splendid man; Judge F. D. Irving, whom the lawyers called "the grand old man;" Dr. William T. Richardson, afterward editor of the *Central Presbyterian*, and Dr. R. L. Dabney, one of the profoundest thinkers of the day.

Out of all these distinguished men Dr. Hoge won the first honor, and was the valedictorian. While at college he gained a widespread reputation as an orator. Members of his society used to say that his speeches in debate were brilliant and powerful.

BEGAN HIS MINISTRY HERE.

From college Dr. Hoge went at once to the Union Theological Seminary, and he came direct to Richmond after his ordination, as the assistant of Dr. Plumer, pastor of the First Presbyterian church. In this capacity his pastoral work had special reference to the supply of a mission chapel. His success in gathering worshippers there opened the way for organizing the Second Presbyterian church. He was naturally called to be its pastor, and was duly installed. This is the only pastorate that he ever had, although tempting and pressing calls time and time again came from great cities North and South, and invitations to the presidency of Hampden-Sidney College, and other literary institutions; to become a pastor in Lexington, Virginia; St. Louis, Brooklyn, New York, Nashville, Philadelphia, New Orleans, Charleston, and elsewhere, none of these ever tempted him from the field of his first labors.

WHY HE CAME HERE.

The circumstances under which Dr. Hoge came to Richmond seem of moment and interest. As he drew near the end of his course in the Theological Seminary, a little church in Mecklenburg county signified its wish to engage him as its pastor as soon as he obtained his license. About that time, however, Dr. Plumer visited Prince Edward county, and told Dr. Hoge that he would probably be invited to Richmond to become assistant at the First Presbyterian church.

Dr. Hoge said that he would prefer a small country charge, at least until he gained some experience, and had composed some sermons. Dr. Plumer requested a meeting of the faculty of the Theological Seminary, explained his wishes to the members, and sent for Dr. Hoge. They united in advising him to come to Richmond if he received an invitation. There was another small church in another county to which Dr. Hoge had been recommended, but an influential elder opposed the call on the ground that he did not think the young minister qualified for the position.

LICENSED TO PREACH.

Dr. Hoge was licensed to preach at a meeting of the Presbytery in Lynchburg. The circumstances were without parallel. It was the same church in which his father had been licensed, and what made the event unique was that Dr. Hoge's father was Moderator of the Presbytery and gave the charge to his son. Thus three generations of the same family were connected by this strange sequence of services in the same church.

AS DR. PLUMER'S ASSISTANT.

It was in the year 1844 that Dr. Hoge was invited to Richmond by the session of the First Presbyterian church. The invitation was accepted, and an arrangement was made by which he was to assist Dr. Plumer until a lot could be purchased and a small church erected, with the view of ascertaining whether another congregation could be collected in a new locality. The site on which the Second Presbyterian church now stands was purchased, a lecture-room built, a congregation gathered, and on the 27th of February, 1845, Dr. Hoge was installed as pastor—the Rev. Dr. Leyburn preaching the ordination sermon, Dr. Plumer delivering the charge to the pastor, and Rev. William Lyon the charge to the people. In a few months it was found that the lecture-room was too small for the needs of the congregation, and plans were adopted for the erection of a more commodious house of worship. Dr. Hoge went, with Mr. Samuel P. Hawes, to New York to obtain a model for the new church building; an architect of that city was chosen, who drew the plans, in accordance with which it was erected. It was dedicated in the year 1848, a dedication hymn having been composed by the late John R. Thompson, and introduced into the hymn-book subsequently authorized by the Presbyterian General Assembly. In the process of time the edifice was found too small for the requirements of the con-

gregation, and it was enlarged by throwing a transept across the eastern end, thus adding two wings to the building, enlarging and beautifying it at the same time. These alterations were carried out by Mr. George Gibson, an honored deacon of the church, and perhaps the only original member now living.

An incident connected with the early history of the church illustrates the growth of the city in a westerly direction. When the officers of the First Presbyterian Church proposed to purchase the lot on which the Second Church stands, it was earnestly opposed by an influential member, on the ground that it was too far up-town, and that a congregation could not be gathered at such a remote region.

SENT OUT ITS FIRST COLONY.

In the year 1882 the Second Presbyterian Church sent forth its first colony, now known as the Church of the Covenant. It occupied the building erected on west Grace street, near Richmond College, the chief contributor being the late Dr. James McDowell, son of Governor McDowell, of Rockbridge county. Its first pastor was Rev. Peyton Harrison Hoge, under whose ministry it was steadily advancing until his removal to Wilmington, N. C. He was succeeded by Rev. A. R. Holderby, who was succeeded by Rev. J. Calvin Stewart, under whose administration another locality was chosen and a new church erected. This is now one of the most flourishing churches in the city.

THE OLD-MARKET MISSION.

The second colony sent out from this church was the Old-Market Mission, which has now become the the strong and well-organized Hoge-Memorial Church. This proved to be one of the most successful enterprises of Dr. Hoge's life. About twenty years ago he commenced services in the spacious hall over the Old Market, and it was a success from the first. The size of the congregation was limited only by the size of the hall; a flourishing Sabbath-school was established, Bible classes, weekly lectures, visitations from house to house, and all the agencies by which the temporal and spiritual good of the people in that part of the city could be advanced were employed. So large did the work become that Dr. Hoge found it impossible to continue to preach three times every Sunday, and personally to satisfy the requirements of two congregations, as he wished to do, and in consequence the Rev. L. B. Turnbull was called as an

assistant to Dr. Hoge, his chief charge being the Old-Market Hall Mission. No better choice could have been made. Mr. Turnbull became pastor of the Old-Market Hall Church, after its organization, and it flourished greatly under his care. Owing to impaired health, he was compelled to resign his charge, and Rev. James E. Cook, one of the young ministers who grew up in the Second Presbyterian Church, and who had just completed his theological course, was ordained and installed as pastor of the Old-Market Hall Church.

DEVOTED TO THE CONFEDERACY—SERVED IT IN EVERY WAY
POSSIBLE.

During the civil war Dr. Hoge was greatly interested and exercised in the welfare of the Confederate soldiers, temporal as well as spiritual. He preached to them regularly every Sunday, and did loving pastoral work in the hospitals. Judge Farrar, in some reminiscences written for the *Dispatch* several years ago, had this to say:

“During the war I was closely thrown with Dr. Hoge. The winter of 1862 was a period of disaster to the Confederate cause. My company was ordered to Richmond to recruit. Sickness prevailed in the camp, and almost every day some brave fellow was carried to his grave. We had but few comforts. The men were dispirited. I went to see Dr. Hoge and told him the condition of things. He did what he could for us. Without hesitation he consented to do so. Rain, hail, or shine, every Sunday night he was at his post, preaching and visiting the sick, giving words of comfort and encouragement. I say this: If the Confederate soldier ever had a friend, that friend was Dr. Hoge. The old veterans loved him. This love was beautifully illustrated at the meeting of Lee Camp, shortly before Dr. Hoge celebrated the golden anniversary of his pastorate. Before adjournment an old soldier arose and said: “Mr. Commander, I hear that the people are going to give Dr. Hoge a public reception. Lee Camp ought to be there. Dr. Hoge is one of the best friends the soldier ever had. Why, last week he buried a man from the Soldiers’ Home when the snow was up to his knees.” The camp resolved at once to attend.

WENT ABROAD FOR BIBLES.

Dr. Hoge’s most signal service during the war was in 1862, when he ran the blockade from Charleston and went to England by way of Nassau, Cuba, and St. Thomas to obtain Bibles and religious books for the Confederate army. Lord Shaftesbury, the president of the

British and Foreign Bible Society, gave him a hearty welcome, and invited him to make an address to the society in explanation of the object of his mission. The result was a free grant of 10,000 Bibles, 50,000 Testaments, and 250,000 portions of the Scriptures, such as single Gospels, Epistles, the Psalms, and Proverbs bound in black glazed covers, with red edges and rounded corners, of a size most convenient for the soldiers' pockets. The value of the donation was £4,000. Dr. Hoge remained during the winter in London, superintending the shipment of the books by the blockade runners to the Confederacy. He also obtained a large supply of miscellaneous religious books adapted to camp life, which were sent over in the same manner, and though some of the vessels on which the books were transported were captured, at least three-fourths of the Bibles reached the Confederacy.

Dr. Hoge used to say that this splendid donation of the English Bible Society was the biggest fee he ever got for a speech, and that he reaped a rich reward on his return to Virginia in visiting the camps and hospitals and lines of battle seeing so many of the soldiers reading the little red-edged volumes.

It has been stated here that Dr. Hoge was thoroughly Southern in his allegiance. Endeared customs and familiar objects could but hold in his leal heart. It was in seemingly fixed surroundings, inevitable that he should hold relationship to that vexed element in national politics—the negro. He was a holder of slaves—most likely by inheritance. In apology, if it be so, for that in which the Virginian was simply an involuntary medium of Providence and benefaction, what follows may be admissible:

AS A SLAVE-HOLDER.

Polk Miller, that wonderful tradacteur, whose delineations of the slave, as he knew him by association, are so readily recognizable that they have constrained the common judgment, "Polk is the nigger himself!" testifies.

Mr. Miller is a deacon in the Second Presbyterian Church, and was loved by Dr. Hoge as he is by everybody.

It should not be forgotten that Polk, in his way, is an "Evangel" himself. In witness, we have only to state his appealing exposition of the mutual tie which bound the Southern "master and slave"—provider and servitor—educator and civilized—mutually regardful.

Mr. Miller, in his broad compass of visitation of entertainment and instruction, with audiences who have been misled by mistaken

representation, has done more, it is believed, to dispel evil fancies and idle phantasies born in misguided philanthropy, than have all the cascades of inflated oratory and the mountains of tractates shed and strewn.

He has a "little story" in his mirthsome repertoire, which he had from a member of the household of Dr. Hoge. It is somewhat illustrative of what has been just stated, and is, furthermore, not without humor in the realization of some exemplifications of the ante-bellum slave:

Among the slaves owned by Dr. Hoge was one who had faithfully served him as "carriage driver"—Ambrose.

Upon the promulgation of the proclamation of President Lincoln, freeing the slaves, Dr. Hoge informed Ambrose that he had no longer any right to his service.

"What for?" earnestly asked Ambrose.

Dr. Hoge fully explained, stating that, in law, Ambrose was as a white man, and invested with all the prerogatives held by his late master.

Ambrose appeared to be stunned by the announcement of his beloved master; gloom overspread his face, for a moment he was dumbfounded, then he stammered forth in demurrer of his cruel fate:

"I'se bin free all my life; I'm gwine to stick to my white people,"—and remain he did for eighteen years. Finally, demands of blood relationship called him to the locality of his birth, in a distant county.

But, when opportunity permitted, Ambrose would come "home" to see his old master and his household, and, as has been the experience with faithful "domestics" of old, always returned with some gratuity bestowed.

On one occasion Ambrose came with a piteous category of calamity: "I's bin havin' a hard time dis year anyway. Las' Jenewary, or Febewary, I disremember which, some 'possum hunters come thu my place an' sot de woods afire, an' de fire crope upon my house an' sot dat a fire, an' when I come out from dar, I never save nothin, but a counterpin'. Den I got me a house on Briery River an' de freshet wash me out from dar. Den I had some as nice Pigs an' Chick'ns as ever you wish to see, an' de Kolry got in amongst de Pigs an' kilt 'em all, and de Chick'ns all died wid de gyarps. And if t'warnt for de comfort I gits out'n de Bible, I couldn't stan' it."

Dr. Hoge listened patiently to the recital, and then, with a twinkle

in his eye, asked: "From what portion of Scripture do you get so much comfort?"

"You knows Marse Moses de Bible says, dem dat de Lord loveth, he chases, an' de way He has bin a chasin o' me for de las' year, I know I mus' be one o' He favorites."

SOME OF HIS PUBLIC SPEECHES.

On his return from England, Dr. Hoge delivered an address at an anniversary of the Virginia Bible Society, in St. Paul's Church, to one of the largest audiences ever assembled in that spacious building.

By invitation of the Virginia Legislature, Dr. Hoge delivered an oration at the unveiling of the Jackson statue, by Foley, presented by English gentlemen to Virginia, in October, 1875. The ceremony took place on the Capitol Square, where there had gathered an immense throng of people, and the scenes and incidents of the memorable day are yet fresh in the minds of hundreds of Virginians who were present. It was a grand and imposing scene. A great assembly of brave men and fair women gathered around the pedestal. In the full blaze of the mid-day sun, the orator faced the surging multitude. With the touch of a master hand, he outlined the wonderful achievements of the great commander who had filled the world with admiration. Portraying the characteristics of the unique life of the Christian hero, in closing the faithful picture, one could almost see the dying soldier as he looked beyond the dark, chill flood to his home and rest in the peaceful land.

"Over the river, now a heavenly guest,
Under the shade of the trees forever at rest."

Fresh in the memory of many will be Dr. Hoge's address at the Second Church, in Richmond, on the occasion of the reinterment of the remains of Jefferson Davis. With an abiding conviction of the justice of the South's cause, and an intense admiration for the heroic devotion of Mr. Davis, he spoke in no uncertain tone; yet the address was characterized by such perfect taste, glowing with such lofty sentiments of patriotism, that one never heard of an adverse criticism, even from the bitterest enemies of the Confederacy's Chief Executive.

At the commencement at Washington and Lee University about

1867 he was the orator of the occasion. It was a memorable event, being the first time that General Lee had presided. With matchless grace and dignity he introduced the speaker. A vast audience of representative people from all parts of the country was present. Dr. Hoge was in splendid mental trim, and for more than an hour he held the great assembly spellbound with the witchery of his resistless power. One who was reporting that speech for a Richmond paper says of it: "I followed the speaker for awhile with my notes, but gave up the undertaking. I looked around, the other reporters had dropped their pencils. I said to one of them: 'Why don't you report the speech?' He replied: 'I can't report the surging of a mountain torrent.'"

One of the most attractive efforts of Dr. Hoge was in 1876, at the centennial celebration of Hampden-Sidney College. He was on his old tramping-ground, amid the friends of his boyhood. He gave the reminiscences of the old college. The address was intensely interesting, sparkling, glowing, and facetious. He related a great many amusing things. In speaking of the changes he told how old Mr. Ritchie, of the *Enquirer*, had announced in his paper as a startling piece of news that a steamboat was approaching Richmond at a wonderful rate of speed—seven miles an hour, up stream. He said in old times, when the General Assembly of the Church met in Philadelphia, Dr. Alexander was always sent as a delegate from his presbytery, because he was the only member of that body who knew the way.

ORTHODOX; NOT SECTARIAN.

Dr. Hoge was thoroughly orthodox. No member of the Westminster Assembly was more so, nor more devoted to the Presbyterian polity, but he had nothing of the narrowness of a sectarian. His Christianity was broad enough to embrace all who love Christ. As a consequence, he was beloved and admired by all denominations, and members of other churches were constantly found among his congregations. His success as a preacher was due to a variety of causes all of which conspired to make him a great pulpit orator. His profound Christian experience and his thorough knowledge of the human heart enabled him to suit the Gospel message to every class of sinful humanity.

His mind was eminently logical, but his reasoning was overlaid with an exquisite rhetoric, which, while it detracted nothing from its strength, imparted to it a never-failing charm.

A ripe scholar, he enriched his discourses with treasures gathered in every field of knowledge, but whatever passed through the mint of his mind came out impressed with the stamp of his genius. His unerring judgment and taste enabled him to select for his quotations the best thoughts of the best authors, and his illustrations beautified while they illuminated his subject. He kept fully abreast of the times, and invariably recognize and attacked the multiform foes of a pure Christianity, whether open or covert.

HIS POWER OF DESCRIPTION.

Dr. Hoge excelled in his powers of description. With a few bold strokes, and with the hand of an artist, he could bring out his pictures with wonderful distinctness and power, and added the shading with a delicacy of touch which bespoke the master. He usually spoke without a manuscript, and this gave full play to a voice and action which were exactly suited to be vehicles of his eloquent thoughts. His preaching satisfied both the intellect and the heart, however enlarged they might be.

No more conclusive evidence of his power as an orator could be given than the eagerness with which the people among whom he had always ministered crowded to hear him. They never tired of his preaching, and no stranger who might occupy his pulpit, however great his reputation, could draw the extraordinary congregations of the pastor.

IN POSITIONS OF HONOR.

Dr. Hoge had often been appointed to positions of honor and responsibility by the Southern General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church. In 1875 he was unanimously elected to the moderator's chair in the assembly, which met in St. Louis. In 1876, when the assembly convened in Savannah, Ga., he advocated and carried by overwhelming majorities two measures, greatly opposed at that time by some of the most distinguished members. These were the establishment of "fraternal relations"—not "organic union"—with the Northern Presbyterian Church, and the sending of commissioners to represent the Southern Church in alliance of the reformed churches of the world. In 1877 he was a delegate to the Pan-Presbyterian Council, which met in Edinburgh.

His paternal ancestor fleeing from persecution for his religious faith, was of that worthy strain which has entered so influentially

into the elements of Virginian character, which has made it so distinctive—the Huguenot—as referred to in the following statement:

A very graphic letter was written by Moncure D. Conway, and extensively published in this country, describing Dr. Hoge's appearance and the effect of a speech he delivered in the Council, especially the impression produced when he spoke of the old Bible which one of his family ancestors, fleeing from persecution, had carried to Holland—the Bible often wet with the salt spray of the sea and the salt tears of the sorrowing exiles, its leaves yellow with age, and the names of the family register faded and dim, but bright, as the speaker believed, in the Book of Life.

Dr. Hoge was also a delegate to the meeting of the Evangelical Alliance, which met in New York in 1873, in which he made an address in vindication of the civilization of the South. He also attended the Alliance of the Reformed Churches of the World, which met in Copenhagen in 1884, and made there an address, which obtained for him an invitation to visit the Crown Princess of Denmark at the Palace.

He was sent as a commissioner to the Alliance of the Reformed Churches, which convened in London in 1888, and his subject before that body was "The Antagonisms of Society and How to Reconcile Them."

His last mission of the kind was eight years ago, when, at the Conference of the Evangelical Alliance in Boston, he delivered a speech which was pronounced by the press of that city to have been one of the most effective of all that were made at that meeting, and extracts from which were frequently published and commented on by the newspaper press.

PASTOR FOR FIFTY-THREE YEARS—HAD SERVED BUT THE ONE
CHURCH—NOTABLE ANNIVERSARY CELEBRATION.

When at home Dr. Hoge, up to a few months ago, usually occupied his own pulpit during both services on the Sabbath, though it would often give him rest were he to invite some other minister to take his place. Until recent years he preferred to go abroad for recreation. The bracing effect of the sea voyage and the mental and physical invigoration derived from the social life and ever varying scenes and incidents of travel in the Old World, secured for the overworked pastor not only needed rest, but fresh stores of information which he turned to good account on his return for the benefit of his own people.

His longest absence was during the year 1880, when he visited Egypt and Palestine, returning through Bulgaria and Hungary by way of Rustchuck, Bucharest, Budapest, and Vienna to Paris. This tour embraced the Oriental cities of Cairo, Jerusalem, Damascus, Constantinople, and Smyrna.

DEGREES CONFERRED UPON HIM.

The degree of D. D. was conferred on Dr. Hoge by Hampden-Sidney College in June, 1854, the degrees of LL. D. by Washington and Lee University at the commencement in June, 1886. That commencement was a centennial celebration. At the invitation of the Board of Trustees, Dr. Hoge delivered an historical discourse. There was a peculiar propriety in selecting him as the representative of the University on that occasion, as his grandfather, Dr. Moses Hoge, was a member of the first class on which degrees were conferred by that institution (successively known as Liberty Hall Academy, Washington Academy, Washington College, and Washington and Lee University), one hundred years before.

HIS FORTY-FIFTH ANNIVERSARY.

In February, 1890, the forty-fifth anniversary of Dr. Hoge's pastorate being near at hand, the session of his church made arrangements for a public celebration of the day (27th), and it was agreed that the chief ceremonies should take place in the Academy of Music. And so, on that occasion that spacious edifice was crowded to overflowing with an audience thoroughly representative of the worth and intelligence of the city and country, and, among the distinguished people occupying seats on the platform were the Governor and Lieutenant-Governor of the State, the Mayor of the city, and representatives of the various religious denominations. Governor McKinney presided, and addresses of congratulation were made by the Hon. W. W. Henry; Rev. John Hall, D. D., of New York; Rt.-Rev. A. W. Wilson, D. D., of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South; Hon. J. L. M. Curry, LL. D., of the Baptist Church; Rt.-Rev. A. M. Randolph, of the Protestant Episcopal Church of Virginia; Rev. R. P. Kerr, D. D., of the Southern Presbyterian Church, and the following also had voice in the programme of the evening: Rev. H. C. Alexander, D. D., Rev. J. Calvin Stewart, Governor McKinney Lieutenant-Governor J. Hoge Tyler, Colonel C. R. Barksdale, Rev. P. H. Hoge, D. D., and Rev. H. H. Hawes, D. D.

The concluding address of the evening was that of Dr. Hoge, returning thanks for the congratulations extended to him, and reviewing briefly, but with exceeding eloquence, the chief events of his pastorate.

Altogether, the celebration of February 27, 1890, was a great popular recognition of the services of Dr. Hoge, and an unmistakable expression of the confidence of the public in his piety, zeal and ability.

The success of this celebration was the chief topic of conversation of the day, and an account of it, in book form, was issued. But great and impressive as was the observance of the forty-fifth anniversary of Dr. Hoge's pastorate, it was transcended by that commemorating his fiftieth anniversary. The dissimilarity between the two was remarkable, great care being taken to avoid the repetition of anything that occurred at the former anniversary. Each was unique in itself, and each of its kind was an unsurpassable tribute of admiration and affection to a minister in whom the world found a rare combination of goodness and greatness.

HIS SEMI-CENTENNIAL.

The movement to celebrate the golden anniversary of Dr. Hoge's pastorate originated with the Ladies' Benevolent Society of the Second Presbyterian Church. The organization presented the pastor with a durable souvenir of the event, which took the place of a high relief bust portraiture of himself, with the inscription, "Rev. Moses D. Hoge, 1845-1895," and on the reverse the words, "Second Presbyterian Church, Richmond, Va."

A reception was held in the Masonic Temple on Tuesday, February 26, 1895, that building being tendered for the occasion by the Masons of the city. The programme included a banquet, at which were present the Governor of the State, the clergy of the city, and Dr. Hoge's immediate relatives. The public reception followed. The hearts of the whole people, irrespective of religious affiliations and convictions, was in the movement to do Dr. Hoge honor, and until nearly midnight there was a surging throng pressing through the portals of the Temple to meet him, to greet him, and testify their love and respect for him. The occasion was made a testimonial of affection and admiration for the eminent divine such as it falls to the lot of few men to receive. Indeed, it was a grand civic and military demonstration that would be unique in the history of any city and State—a centering of all creeds, all classes, all professions, to

bear eloquent witness to the fact that Dr. Hoge belonged to the entire community.

The members of his own congregation and choir, the veterans of the Soldiers' Home, Confederate societies, the congregation of Beth Ahaba, the Church of the Covenant and the Old-Market Church presented to Dr. Hoge substantial tokens of their love and admiration, and gifts from private sources, telegrams and letters of congratulation poured in upon him from persons of every shade of religious conviction and every class.

The formal celebration of the semi-centennial anniversary closed on the night of February 27th in a manner that was a fitting finality of the two days' jubilee, and the demonstration passed into the history of Richmond as constituting a tribute to a citizen seldom, if ever, equalled in the experience of a community.

The programme, which was carried out at the Second Presbyterian Church consisted of elaborate music, devotional exercises and a reminiscent discourse by Dr. Hoge. There was another vast outpouring of the people, but hardly a tithe of those who surged to the church succeeded in gaining admittance.

SOME LUMINOUS DISCOURSES.

Those who have listened to Dr. Hoge during the past thirty years often refer to certain of his luminous discourses when he seemed full of divine afflatus, and certain of his pathetic appeals, when saddest music sounded in the tones of his voice; a discourse, for example, such as he delivered with startling power, many years ago, from the text, "The Kingdom of God is within you;" or a discourse of a different kind, delivered on a dreary, soulless day, from the text, "We have piped unto you and ye have not danced, we have mourned unto you and ye have not lamented," the former strikingly brilliant and animated, the latter a classic—a prose poem attuned to a minor key. The solemn warnings to the unconverted, the prophetic words of wisdom to the church, and the gracious words of sympathy and consolation that have fallen from his lips, can never, never be forgot.

Notable, too, have been those mournful addresses, like sobbing threnodies, delivered with almost measured cadence, on the occasion of state funerals. The last address of this character was made over the bier of United States Senator Vance, in the Senate chamber. President Cleveland and his Cabinet attended the obsequies, and

some time afterwards the President spoke of Dr. Hoge's perfect taste and profoundly impressive style as a funeral orator. Among his more lofty and elaborate orations, the one which will probably live longest on the printed page and in the memory of those who heard it, was that on "Stonewall" Jackson, delivered to a throng at the unveiling of the bronze monument in Capitol Square in 1875. It was a sublime effort.

The earliest literary production in print is probably a lecture delivered by him at the University of Virginia, Session of 1850-1, on the Evidences of Christianity, and published, with others, with portraits of the lecturers, in a Royal 8vo. volume, New York, 1853.

Dr. Hoge was an LL. D., as well as a D. D., but he never attached the LL. D. to name. He was the only man in this part of the world, perhaps, on whom the degree of D. D. had been twice conferred. He received the degree of D. D. from Hampden-Sidney College many years ago, and from Princeton University in 1895.

HIS FAMILY.

Dr. Hoge married April 19, 1844, Miss Susan Wood, of Prince Edward county. The good wife, who was so long the joy of his life, died in this city twenty-four years afterwards. Four children survive him. Dr. Moses D. Hoge, Jr., who has an extensive medical practice here, is his oldest son, and Mr. Hampden Hoge is in business in New York city. His oldest daughter, Mary R., is the wife of M. M. Gilliam, Esq., attorney at law, in this city. She was active in assisting her father in his work, and Miss Bessie L. Hoge, the youngest child, was his loving and helpful companion, taking the keenest interest in all his church work. Besides the above, Dr. Hoge had one son and two daughters, who died in infancy. His grandchildren are Mr. Hoge Gilliam, Miss Mary Marshall Gilliam, and little Alice Aylett Hoge, the last-named being the infant daughter of Dr. M. D. Hoge, Jr., who married Miss Alice Aylett, daughter of Colonel Wm. R. Aylett, of King William county, three years ago.

MADE A MASON LATE IN LIFE—AN HONOR CONFERRED UPON
HIM WHICH NO OTHER MAN EVER ENJOYED.

Dr. Hoge died a Mason. He entered the noble brotherhood but a few weeks before his death, having become a member of Dove Lodge, No. 51, of which Captain J. W. Lockwood, Jr., is worshipful master. The eminent minister had the distinction of being the

only man upon whom the Grand Master of Masons of Virginia fever bestowed the honor of conferring the degrees in person at a private residence. This interesting ceremony occurred in Dr. Hoge's chamber on the evening of November 22d, and was witnessed by a number of distinguished members of the craft. Dr. Hoge had been balloted for as a member of Dove Lodge, and was not, therefore, made a Mason at sight, though Grand-Master R. T. W. Duke, Jr., communicated the degrees and declared him a Mason.

It was through the instrumentality of Worshipful-Master Lockwood that this great Masonic honor was conferred upon this distinguished man. The matter had been under consideration for nearly a year, but the details were not arranged until after the severe accident to Dr. Hoge. As soon as the candidate was strong enough to sit up and receive the degrees, which were, of course, conferred under special dispensation and without the usual form and ceremony, Grand-Master Duke came to Richmond for the purpose, and, accompanied by the officers of Dove Lodge and a few others, repaired to Dr. Hoge's home, where he was made a Mason. Worshipful-Master Lockwood appointed the new member one of the chaplains of the lodge, and Dr. Hoge, who had previously made a beautiful address, expressive of his appreciation of the honor and of his admiration for the institution of which he had just become a member, offered the prayer, with which the meeting closed.

The occasion was one of profound interest, and marked an unique epoch in Masonry in Virginia.

Early in the present year Dr. Hoge, with the demands upon his time constantly multiplying and his labor as well as his years increasing, began to feel the need of a co-worker in the pastorate, and Rev. Donald Guthrie, as though sent by Providence, came to Richmond on a visit for the benefit of his wife's health, and such mutual attachment sprang up as resulted in his becoming co-pastor with Dr. Hoge. Mr. Guthrie is a brilliant young man, an exceptionally logical and eloquent speaker, and has completely won the hearts of the Richmond people. He is a native of Ontario, Canada, and was pastor of Knox church, at Walkerton, for three and a half years before coming South. The weak state of his wife's health made a change of climate necessary last winter, and his church gave him three weeks' leave of absence in order that he might come South with Mrs. Guthrie. By chance he met Mr. W. G. Higginbotham, from Richmond, a fellow Canadian, and at his suggestion he decided to come here with the intention of proceeding to other points in the South. He brought letters of in-

introduction to Dr. Hoge, whose advice and influence he sought with reference to securing a settlement somewhere in the South. Mr. Guthrie preached at the Second Presbyterian church twice and at the First church once, and was offered by Dr. Hoge a position as assistant for three months, with the understanding that if there was mutual satisfaction some permanent relationship would be entered into. In April, just before the three months' term as assistant came to an end, Mr. Guthrie was invited to Baltimore to preach at the First church, the pastorate of which Dr. Witherspoon had resigned to come here, and later he was extended a call at a salary of \$5,000, the free use of a manse, and two months holiday every summer. The Second church here about the same time extended Mr. Guthrie a call to become co-pastor at a salary of \$2,500 a year, and having become attached to the congregation and having a deep personal regard for Dr. Hoge, he decided to remain here, feeling perfectly satisfied that this was the right thing for him to do.

The installation of Rev. Mr. Guthrie as co-pastor was to have taken place on Sunday afternoon, November 20th, but Dr. Hoge's physicians felt that it would be unwise for him to attend the service, over which he had been appointed by Presbytery to preside, and it was postponed—first, for a week, and then indefinitely.

DECLINE IN HIS HEALTH.

While Dr. Hoge's death was probably hastened by his recent accident, in having an electric car to collide with and overturn his buggy, his strength had been failing for some time. For eighteen months he struggled heroically against incurable diseases, and no one but a man of his tremendous will power would have attempted to withstand their onslaught and continue at his daily task. It was often predicted by those who knew him, that the eminent divine would die in his pulpit. It was especially characteristic of him that during his long illness at the White Sulphur Springs last summer, it was not the pain he suffered that wrung a complaint from him, but the fact that he was losing precious time from his work, and he was wont to say that he would not mind his ailments if he could only be at his desk again.

As the shadows lengthened around him, what blessed memories must have filled his mind, what glories of brightness must have halloed the retrospect of a life so gracious, devoted and true!

DR. HOGE'S LAST HOURS.

Dr. Hoge's last hours were calm and serene. Life ebbed with him so low all day Thursday that it was realized that the end was close at hand. He slept fitfully, but was too weak to talk. Shortly after 9 o'clock at night his daughter read to him the twenty-third Psalm. It was one of his favorite portions of the Scriptures, and as she read the latter verses, of which he was particularly fond, his lips framed the words they could not utter. At 10 o'clock Mrs. Gilliam left him folding his hands upon his breast, and so he fell asleep like a little child. He never moved again, and at twenty minutes after 2 o'clock of the morning of January 6, 1899, his life went out with softest respiration. There was no struggle or movement, even when the end came at last, and he lay with his hands clasped just as his daughter had left them, his face serene and smiling, grand in the awful majesty of death.

The final resting place of Dr. Hoge is in the old part of the cemetery past the ravine, and almost opposite the graves of the Presidents Monroe, Tyler and Davis. In this lot there now lie the remains of Rev. Dr. William J. Hoge, brother of Dr. Hoge, and his wife; Mrs. Moses D. Hoge, wife of the deceased, and the four children who preceded him to the grave.

The elders and deacons of the Second Presbyterian church, met at 5 o'clock Friday evening, and after adopting a series of resolutions, undertook the arrangements of the details of the funeral services. The Rev. Donald Guthrie presided. It was decided that the funeral should be held at 2 o'clock on Sunday afternoon in the Second Presbyterian church. A great number of applications from various organizations wishing to be represented at the funeral were received and considered. The conclusions arrived at were that if one were recognized then all would be entitled to recognition, and the church could not possibly accommodate all who would come in that way. The elders and deacons said they would be pleased to see such committees, but they could not undertake to reserve any special place for them. They felt that Dr. Hoge belonged to the whole city, and they could not, without depriving many, make any special reservation for the members of the congregation even, could only be set aside for the members of the family, the pall-bearers, the ministers of the various churches in the city, and the officers of the church. There was some discussion as to whether or not admission should be by ticket, but the suggestion was not entertained, and it

was decided to open the doors of the church at 1:30 o'clock. By express request of Dr. Hoge the obsequies were simple and unostentatious. The pall-bearers were chiefly from the membership of his church. No military cortege followed, although many organizations solicited the privilege. Yet the loved remains were met at the gates of beautiful Hollywood by the sered inmates of the Soldiers' Home and by the Veterans of Lee and Pickett camps—through whose parted ranks, with bowed and bared heads, the mournful line passed and repassed.

The funeral took place Sunday afternoon, January 8th, from the church of which Dr. Hoge had been pastor for over half a century, and was attended by a great concourse of people. The service was quite simple.

From the many tributes to the memory of Dr. Hoge and the several analyses of his gifts and characteristics, the following may be cited:

Rev. Richard McIlwaine, D. D., President of Hampden-Sidney College, writes of his interest in education:

HIS INTEREST IN EDUCATION.

Nowhere outside the circle of his immediate family and church will the death of this honored servant of God be more lamented and occasion a deeper sense of loss than at Hampden-Sidney. He was born at this place during the presidency of his grandfather and while his father was a professor in the college, in a building still standing and in use. He was graduated here with the highest honors of his class, along with such men as Hon. W. C. Carrington, Colonel Charles S. Carrington, Judge F. D. Irving, and Rev. W. T. Richardson, D. D. When still a young man he was elected a member of the Board of Trustees—an office the duties of which he punctually and regularly filled throughout life, being seldom absent, and often presiding over the deliberations of the board. He was twice called to the presidency of the college, a position which he did not see his way clear to accept. He never seemed to be in finer spirits or to enjoy himself more than during our annual commencements, using every power in public and in the social circle to lend eclat to the occasion and promote the enjoyment of others. He was a conspicuous figure at the last commencement and made one of the finest brief addresses of his life to the graduating class immediately after they had received their diplomas. So accustomed were the people of Prince Edward to hear him, and such delight did they take in lis-

tening to his charming utterances, that for years, no matter what other speakers were present, they were wholly dissatisfied with the exercises unless his voice had been heard. The common feeling was expressed some years ago, when he was not present, by a lady who had ridden twenty miles to see and hear him, as she had been accustomed to do, and has regularly done since, when she said: "This is no commencement at all. Dr. Hoge is not here."

INTEREST IN EDUCATION.

The explanation of all this, besides the fact of his wonderful power of speech and his attractive grace as a man, is to be found in his deep devotion to the place, his pride in its history, his sympathy in its aspirations, and his thorough and absorbing belief in Christian education as auxiliary and essential to the real and permanent progress of the Christian religion. Dr. Hoge was not only a Christian, a gentleman, a minister of the Gospel, a scholar, and a man of the finest culture, but he was educator. He believed in it. He distrusted that kind of religion which willingly remains in ignorance or willingly allows others to continue in this deplorable state. Immediately after graduation he was chosen to teach in the college. During the earlier years of his ministry, under the force of circumstances, he conducted in his own house a seminary for young ladies which gained high repute and at which many of the finest women of the land were trained. He was for years a valued trustee of Union Theological Seminary, and had much to do with the founding and success of "The Home and School" at Fredericksburg and of "Hoge Academy," at Blackstone. He was always in thorough sympathy with the young. He understood their possibilities and was anxious to see them make the most of themselves, and in order to do this, to afford them the best opportunities for improvement. His sincerity in the cause of education was abundantly shown by his generosity in bestowing his time, his efforts, and his money in its behalf. He was not only a benevolent but a beneficent man, and gave of his means freely and to nothing more liberally than to the Christian educational institutions. Hampden-Sidney has again and again participated in his bounty. He once spoke to his congregation in my presence almost in these identical words: "I have often thought that if I were suddenly endowed with wealth, the first use I would make of it, before attending to any other claim or even making provision for the members of my own family, I would adequately endow Hampden-Sidney College in order that it may be fully prepared for the great

work before it." Few men in the country have had more to do with educational institutions than he or been more honored by them. He loved to breathe their atmosphere and was refreshed in spirit by contact with them. Only in June last he remarked to me that he did not know any one who had attended more college commencements.

Besides Hampden-Sidney for the past fifty years, he mentioned Randolph-Macon, Richmond College, the University of Virginia, Washington and Lee University, the universities of North Carolina and Mississippi, Princeton, Yale, Harvard, Oxford, in England, and then added, "many others in this country and in Europe."

Perhaps no man in the commonwealth has been so identified with our higher institutions by the delivery of literary addresses and special sermons on important occasions. Many of these have been published, either in volumes along with the addresses and sermons of other distinguished gentlemen, or in pamphlet form. If gathered together in a separate volume they would constitute a valuable contribution to the literature of the South, and give an admirable picture of the man of letters and of wide and accurate culture; the devoted servant of God; the sympathetic mentor of youth; the scribe widely instructed in all useful knowledge, bringing out of his treasures things new and old for the delectation and improvement of his fellow-men. It thus appears that few men have been more honored in their generation by those whose recognition is the highest praise, and that none have more worthily responded to the calls made upon them. Early in life he was thought worthy of the degree of Doctor of Divinity by his Alma Mater. He received the degree of LL. D. from Washington and Lee University on the occasion of its centennial celebration in 1886. Princeton University honored itself in selecting him for the degree of D. D. from among all the ministers of the South two or three years since, when it ceased to be the College of New Jersey and took on the form of a university.

Rev. Robert P. Kerr, D. D., writes of him as a minister, and further portrays his character as follows:

AS A PRESBYTERIAN MINISTER.

I experience a mournful pleasure in complying with the request of the *Dispatch* that I write a brief tribute to the memory of Dr. Hoge as a minister of the Presbyterian Church. There are many reasons of a personal nature, growing out of my close relations with him for the fifteen years of my residence in Richmond, which constrain me,

with affection and gratitude, to pen the following inadequate sentences:

From my earliest recollection, Dr. Hoge has been the one of all our ministers who most frequently, and always with honor to himself and his denomination, represented the Presbyterian Church in great Ecclesiastical assemblies of Christians in America and Europe. By reason of his breadth of sympathy, his wide acquaintance with public men, and his splendid ability as an orator, there was no man of his time who could, with more propriety, grace and impressiveness, rise to an occasion. He always challenged first the attention, and then the confidence and admiration of his audience, whether in an American city or beyond the sea. We have lost the man who most represented the Southern Presbyterian Church to the Christian Church at large, and to the world; the man of whom, whenever he appeared in the arena of a national or international assembly, we were always proud.

In our own church courts Dr. Hoge had little interest, and took small part in the details of Ecclesiastical procedure. He was not given to much speaking, but only on occasions of importance did he take the floor. When he did, it was with a gentle and easy grace, coupled with masterly eloquence, and always on broad lines and for peaceful measures. He was never polemical, always irenic. Probably there is no living man whose feelings Dr. Hoge ever wounded in the least degree in debate. His courtesy was a principle and an instinct.

HIS PULPIT CHARACTERISTICS.

As to Dr. Hoge's pulpit characteristics, these are well known in most cities of the English-speaking world. Partly from his natural endowments, and partly from his wide studies and careful preparation for preaching, he spoke with an exquisite grace of thought, diction and manner, that caused him to be regarded as a model sacred orator: There was in his style a charm, a fascination, difficult to analyze, and yet impossible to resist. No one who heard him could help listening, and was bound to acknowledge that the speaker felt every word he uttered. He was an evangelical of evangelicals, and held unwaveringly to the time-honored doctrines of the Church. He espoused no novelties in theology, but preached Christ and Him crucified, revealed by infallible Scriptures, as the only hope of sinful men, and the sufficient Gospel, for a lost and ruined world.

Few men have had so great a gift in comforting the afflicted, both

by public and private ministrations, and from the faces of hundreds who weep for him now, has he often wiped away the bitterest tears in time of sore bereavement.

In public prayer he was recognized as a model. Almost any one of his extemporaneous prayers was worthy of being kept for permanent liturgical use. He voiced the aspirations of those whom he led at the throne of grace, saying what they felt but knew not how to express, in such a way as to kindle and intensify devotion, and to infuse a calm and peaceful resting at the feet of the great High Priest of our profession.

When he read a hymn, he made it a sermon, a prayer and a vehicle of praise. It is safe to say no man could do it better. Each thought and shade of thought were interpreted by the silver voice, and the heart that responded to each holy impulse of the sacred lyric.

TRUE, BEAUTIFUL, AND GOOD.

So one might go on at any length to speak of the power of this remarkable man, in his chosen sphere, and in his own and only pulpit which he illuminated for fifty-three years, which was the focus, and object of all his study—the throne from which his influence went forth far and wide. His whole life and work stood as a protest against what was not true, beautiful, and good, and were an inspiration to everything that looked towards the advancement of the best interests of men, and the glory of the God whom he faithfully served.

AS A COMFORTER AT THE SICK-BED.

Among the most precious memories of the dead minister, cherished are by those whose privilege it was to receive his tender and soothing ministrations, and the many who were the recipients of his sympathetic attentions and consolations on the bed of suffering. He was so careful of causing anything of surprise or shock, so noiseless in entering the sick chamber, so soothing in voice and so soft in touch and so comforting and sustaining in counsel and sympathy. The invalid always testified, warmly, as to the benefit received; fever seemed to be abated, pain subdued, and anguish tranquilized. "Oh you make me feel so much better, you comfort me so," was the constant assurance.

His personality was truly winning and his very touch was magnetic, was the grateful meed.

The gentle Doctor had a way of his own of taking both hands of

the sufferer or distressed in his, and softly holding them; as it were, to lift up, to render by double current from the heart, all the sympathy and comfort he could give.

Dr. McGuire has often said that Dr. Hoge in his singular aid, was the most potent assistant he had in the recovery of his patients. Dr. Kerr says:

AS A GENTLEMAN, CITIZEN AND FRIEND.

“If the subject assigned, permitted me to write of Dr. Hoge as a gentleman, a citizen, and a friend, I would speak of him as one who constituted the radiant centre of any circle in which he appeared, as a man ready to serve in all proper ways the community that always delighted to honor him, and as one who, under no circumstances, would fail to take the part of those who enjoyed the privilege of his regard. The principles that underlay his character as a gentleman, a citizen, and a friend, were fidelity to truth and a generosity that knew no bounds. Now that he is gone, all must feel that a personality of the first magnitude is removed from the Church, the city and the State, and thousands do rise up to call him blessed, and I, with a hand trembling from sorrow, beg to lay this humble tribute along with those of many others, beside the bier of my great and noble friend.”

As has been stated, our various city papers were crowded with tributes of regard for Dr. Hoge, from prominent ministers of varied sectarian tenets, from veteran bodies, charitable institutions, fraternal orders, and admiring friends—and still expressions of reverence continue to come from distant points.

Judge George L. Christian, so regardfully held in this community for his fidelity and unassuming worth, and for his constant and useful service in various positions of honorable trust, contributory to enterprise and progress—and who has been associated with Dr. Hoge as an Elder in the Second Presbyterian church for a number of years—writes of him as

PREACHER, MAN AND FRIEND.

One of the strongest points about Dr. Hoge as a preacher was that, whilst a fine scholar, and a faithful student in the preparation of his discourses, he did not shut himself up in his study or cut himself off from contact with his fellow-men, either in their business pursuits or social enjoyments. He felt that the best way to help in lifting fallen humanity was that of the Master, “who went about doing

good;" and hence he was a member of the Chamber of Commerce, and was frequent in attendance at its meetings, and was also a conspicuous figure at nearly every public and private entertainment given in the city.

He was a man of great public spirit, lending his influence and presence to any and every measure instituted in the community for the advancement of good or the suppression of vice, and was ever ready with his talents, time and purse to contribute to the promotion of the public weal.

He thus, in earnest desire and in sympathetic contact, saw many phases of character, and could realize contingent want as might no other minister of the Gospel, who followed beaten paths.

And Dr. Hoge had the faculty of using these experiences in his sermons with marvelous tact and taste.

He was really a born leader of men. He knew how to harmonize and tranquilize the conflicting elements with which he was brought in contact, as well, if not better, than any other man I have ever known, and this characteristic may doubtless account, in a great degree, for a fact which he often referred to with pride and pleasure: That, in the more than fifty years' pastorate of one church, there was never a disturbing element or wrangling of any kind in that church.

His taste of manner and expression was even more wonderful, if possible, than his tact in guiding and controlling men. I never heard him say or knew him to do anything in the pulpit that was not almost rigidly clerical, and his taste of expression far surpassed that of any speaker I ever heard.

I have heard this remarked on frequently by some of the best scholars and critics in this country, and it has been a common thing to hear it said of him that he always said the right thing, at the right time and in the right way. He had the best command of language of any man that I ever heard, and could express the most delicate shades of meaning with a fidelity and aptness that was simply wonderful.

I cannot better illustrate the impression made by his preaching on those who were competent to judge, than by relating what was told of himself by a distinguished preacher, in a distant city, who had invited Dr. Hoge to preach for him.

He said that when Dr. Hoge arose in the pulpit, and (as was his wont) looked over the congregation, looking first in front of him, then on one side and finally on the other, he thought to himself: "Jones, that man is sick; you will have to preach to-day." That

after thus hesitating, Dr. Hoge began in a low, melodious, yet distinct, tone, which could be heard in the remotest corner of the church, and after proceeding about five minutes, the visited said to himself: "Jones, you will not have to preach to-day;" and after listening fifteen minutes, he said to himself: "Jones, you never did preach in your life!"

Dr. Hoge really loved to preach, and could do so with more ease than any one I ever heard. He often preached three sermons a day, after he had almost attained the age of four score years.

I have heard him say that he was sermonizing nearly all the time, and he was certainly the readiest and ripest man in his line that I ever knew.

A striking illustration of this occurred whilst he was on a visit to Baltimore, not many years ago. He was stopping at the Rennert Hotel, and as he was alone and it was Wednesday evening, he determined to go to the nearest church to the appointed service.

It was a Methodist church; the services had commenced. The minister had not only risen to preach but had announced his text; when some one went to him and said that Dr. Hoge was in the congregation.

The preacher then invited Dr. Hoge to sit with him in the pulpit. This request Dr. Hoge, in courtesy, was constrained to accept.

The preacher then said: "The Reverend Dr. Hoge, of Richmond, is 'present, and he will confer a great favor on me and my people if he will preach for us to-night," and turning to Dr. Hoge, he pressed him to do so.

Dr. Hoge was, of course, totally unprepared for such an exigency, but nevertheless, he acceded to the request.

Taking for his text that given out by the pastor of the church, he delivered, as has been stated to me, one of the very best sermons ever heard in Baltimore.

Within my knowledge, in several instances, when speakers for special and important occasions have been unavoidably absent, he has been asked to supply their places and I never knew him to fail in the slightest degree in any expected requirement.

He was a great worker, and although of such advanced age, and of physique, seemingly so frail, he could yet by evidence in dutiful performance and general presence, endure more, and more unremittedly than any one I have ever known. He gave himself to the public, and was at work practically all the time, for general weal.

I have heard him say, that too often he had not the time at his

command to begin preparation for his regular Sunday sermons, until after 10 o'clock the Saturday night preceding, and that he had to go from his study to his pulpit on Sunday morning, without having been able to take a moment of rest the night before.

A qualification of Dr. Hoge has been referred to—his quenchless zeal in good works—his remarkable will-power.

In instance it is apposite to present a statement from the eminent surgeon and physician, Dr. Hunter McGuire, whose intimate association with Dr. Hoge is so well known.

In a conversation of the writer with Dr. McGuire, occurring during the last illness of Dr. Hoge, Dr. McGuire stated that so severe had been the shock sustained by the feeble and frail tenement of the mighty spirit, that he could not hope for Dr. Hoge to recover, and he added, that the patient himself did not cherish this delusion.

At the White Sulphur last summer, when Dr. Hoge experienced so prostrating a visitation, and when his whole system was so gravely involved in threatening complications of disorder, that everybody was painfully apprehensive, "Dr. Hoge did not give up," said Dr. McGuire.

One day he cheerfully remarked to his anxious physician, "Doctor, I am going to get up again" and "I'll yet ride Lucille (his favorite old mare), all around your place,"—referring to a country place near the city, owned by Dr. McGuire.

He was a man of marvellous will-power, and this, with his sweetly sympathetic heart, sustained to a degree of accomplishment, that but few even aspire to.

As to this exemplification, of all sacrifice of self in undertaking doubtful or tributary performance, the Editor would fain bear testimony. In the trying heat of August, in making preparation for the interment, but recently, of an endeared connection, and a member of Dr. Hoge's congregation, he conferred with the pastor as to the hour for service and subsequent interment. Something of preparation had been interposed by undertaker and brick mason. The admirable pastor simply said, "before the sun sinks, it will be found the most trying time of the day, but I am thinking only of those who will attend, I will go." The plea was inexpressibly touching. The hour was made later—and everything went well.

But, to resume the extracts from the loving tribute of Judge Christian—he states as to the fixed fidelity of Dr. Hoge, to principle, right and controlling associations: "Dr. Hoge was in sentiment an intense Southerner. He believed that the Southern Confederacy

was justified in the position taken by it in the War between the States; and, whilst he never obtruded his views about this, or any other political matter, on the public, he never swerved one iota from his opinion on this question, or hesitated to express it on proper occasion.

“ There was scarcely a Confederate demonstration in Richmond, for which he was not called upon to offer invocation or to take a prominent part, and whatever he said on such occasions, was in every instance pronounced by those who heard them as matchless gems of happiest utterance.

“ He loved the Veterans of the Confederacy and would never allow any one else to officiate at the burial of those who died at the Soldiers Home, when he was able to do so.”

He was for a score of years or more a member of the Executive Committee of the Southern Historical Society, and his zeal was constant in behalf of its interests and the fulfilment of its justly reverent objects.

Of him, the now aged Chairman of the Executive Committee, the oldest surviving Major-General of the Confederate Army, but whose life-long animus holds with his heart-beat—General Dabney H. Maury, writes to Judge Christian recently from Peoria, Illinois, where he is on a visit to his son:

“ I have just heard of the death of Dr. M. D. Hoge, our friend and associate in the work of the Southern Historical Society. It has been a source of manly pride to me, that from the first [institution of the Society, in May, 1869], I was associated with the great Dr. [B. M.] Palmer, of New Orleans, and have been since, continuously with Dr. Hoge in the worthy work of our Southern Historical Society; and feel that when our children and our children's children point to that proud record, they will rise up and bless us. Much has been done righteously and effectively to its end.

“ High courage is the very foundation of high and noble manhood.

“ Dr. Hoge had courage of the highest order.

“ All our good people will mourn his absence from our noble community. He was worthy of the highest place in it. Had he been a soldier, he would have been a brave soldier—a great general—as he was a brave man, and dared do what became a brave and good Christian gentleman. I hope and know that our people will honor his memory, as they loved and honored him when alive.”

The following may be embodied as additionally illustrative:

BROOKLYN, N. Y., *January 7, 1899.*

DR. R. P. KERR, *502 Grace Street, Richmond, Va.:*

The tribute of his Northern brethren to beloved Dr. Hoge is found in II Samuel, third chapter, thirty-eighth verse.

(Signed)

THEODORE L. CUYLER.

The passage alluded to is:

“And the king said unto his servants, Know ye not that there is a prince and a great man fallen this day in Israel?”

LOOKS NATURAL IN DEATH.

A few friends were admitted to see Dr. Hoge's body. His face looked younger than in life, and all traces of emaciation which were evident during his last illness had disappeared. His countenance was natural and untroubled, and his figure, as he lay upon a couch, with his head and shoulders slightly raised upon a pillow, looked majestic. A photograph was taken of the deceased for the members of the family.

THE CASKET.

The remains were placed in a casket made of cedar wood, covered with black cloth. It was very neat but entirely simple. A small silver plate on the lid bears the following inscription:

REV. MOSES D. HOGE, D. D.,
BORN 18TH DAY OF SEPTEMBER, 1818;
Died 6th day of January, 1899.

TRIBUTES OF RESPECT.

Among the bodies that took action upon the death of Dr. Hoge were the First Presbyterian Church, First (colored) Presbyterian Church, and the Soldiers' Home Board of Visitors.

The resolutions of the Soldiers' Home Board contain a tender reference to his love of the Southern cause and his devotion to those veterans who suffered for it. The preamble calls to mind Dr. Hoge's readiness at all times to officiate in the chapel of the home, and to perform the last sad rites for any of the veterans who passed away.

The resolutions convey to the family the “heartfelt sympathies” of the Board.

FROM DR. KERR'S PEOPLE.

At a meeting of the session of the First Presbyterian Church, the following action was taken:

The session of the First Presbyterian Church convened to take action on the removal from his earthly labors of the Rev. Moses D. Hoge, D. D., LL. D., on January 6, 1899, would place on record an expression of our sense of bereavement, as a session, and in behalf of the church we represent, in the loss of one so useful, honored and beloved, and who for so many years has been a leader in the work of the denomination, and an exponent of true religion in the Church, the city and the State.

The First Presbyterian Church recalls with pride that during the pastorate of the Rev. Dr. William S. Plumer, in 1844, Dr. Hoge preached in our pulpit his first sermon in Richmond, where he had been called by the session to lead a movement for the establishment of another congregation. In the selection of a man for this work, the session of that day were divinely guided, as subsequent history has abundantly shown.

In February, 1845, seventy-four members were dismissed to organize the Second Presbyterian Church, under the pastorate of the Rev. Moses D. Hoge, who came fresh from the hall of Union Theological Seminary to this, his first, and, as it proved, his only charge. The splendid history of his nearly fifty-four years of service in our midst cannot be written here. Suffice to say that the mother church has ever regarded with affection and gratitude the steady growth and increasing influence of the Second Church, under the wise and able leadership of their noble pastor, up to the present moment, when it stands as one of the strongest congregations of the denomination. Few churches and few pastors have made such a record, and now that he, by whose labors and prayers it was mainly accomplished, has finished his course, we stand with uncovered heads, remembering the years that have come and gone during which Dr. Hoge was a witness for truth and righteousness, and say: "Servant of God, well done; thy toils are over; thy race accomplished; the victory won." And we doubt not he has already heard from the lips of that Master whom he loved: "Enter thou into the joys of thy Lord."

We tender to the Second Presbyterian Church our deepest sympathy in their bereavement, commending them to the care of the Great Shepherd, whose "rod and staff will comfort them still."

Especially do we offer to the family, bereft of a devoted father, our hands and hearts, accompanied by our prayers, that in this time of sore distress they may feel "underneath them the everlasting arms," and that they may hear the voice of Jesus saying: "Let not your hearts be troubled; ye believe in God; believe also in Me. In my Father's house are many mansions. I go to prepare a place for you."

As for ourselves, in view of the event which calls us together to-day, each one of us would say: "Let me die the death of the righteous, and let my last end be like his."

Copies of this action of the session are ordered to be sent to the family of our deceased brother, and to the session of the Second Presbyterian Church.

ROBERT P. KERR, *Moderator*.

ROBERT T. BROOKE, *Stated Clerk*.

Richmond, Va., January 7, 1899.

THE COLORED PRESBYTERIANS.

The resolutions adopted by the First (colored) Presbyterian Church say in part:

"In view of his eminent piety, his fruitfulness in Christian labors, his willingness to render service, whether among the lowly and unlearned or among the influential and learned, we feel that our church, in common with his own Zion, has sustained a loss in the death of this Christian friend and brother.

"The Presbyterian Church of Virginia, and all other Christian churches of the State, deeply regret the death of Dr. Hoge, who, taken for all in all, was a Christian whose concern for the salvation of man was as broad as humanity.

"As a church, we tender his family and the Second Presbyterian Church our sympathy, and this tribute of respect to the memory of the sainted man—of whom it may be said he

"Was fashion'd to much honour from his cradle;
He was a scholar, and a ripe and good one;
Exceeding wise, fair-spoken, and persuading;
* * * * *
— to those men who sought him, sweet as summer."

STREW FLOWERS AMONG THE POOR.

How it does seem, sometimes, that every act and word of a good

man turns to some blessing to the community in which he lives and dies!

Only yesterday a gentleman made a contribution of \$10 to the Citizens' Relief Association, and gave a peculiar, and yet such a happy, reason for it. He said when he first learned of Dr. Hoge's death he laid aside \$10 to purchase flowers to lay as his simple tribute of admiration and affection upon the grave of the departed nobleman. Later, he heard that Dr. Hoge had requested that no flowers be used, and that his wish would be respected. Then he bethought himself what to do with the \$10. He concluded that no disposition of it would be so pleasing to Dr. Hoge—friend of the poor, the widow, and orphan, and servant of the orphan's God—if he could know of it, as to have it given to the poor of Richmond. No disposition of it would be in such consonance with the life of this good man, and in such harmony with the chords of gentle piety of his heart, which vibrated into loving action when the poor stood at his door empty handed and pleaded to be filled.

So the flowers for Dr. Hoge's grave will be strewn among the living poor.

WHERE HE FIRST PREACHED.

A special to the *Dispatch* from Pamplin City says :

The announcement of the death of Dr. Hoge, the beloved minister, recalls the fact that his first sermon as an ordained minister of the Gospel was preached in Walker's church, near this place, then an old weather-beaten building, with a central aisle dividing the sexes, as was the custom at that time.

On his return from Lynchburg, whither he had gone on horseback to receive his "license" from presbytery to preach, he stopped on a Saturday afternoon at the house of a friend to spend the night and ensuing Sabbath. The next day he accompanied the family to church. A revival was in progress, conducted by Rev. William Taylor, of Buckingham, a very popular minister of the Baptist denomination. The church was crowded with people, who had come to hear their favorite minister, and sectarian feeling in that day was very strong.

Under these circumstances Dr. Hoge was invited into the pulpit, and accepted an invitation to preach. As he went into the pulpit, an old lady was overheard to remark, "It is just like Brother Taylor to invite that stripling to preach at such a time as this."

The sun of Dr. Hoge's career, afterwards so bright and lustrous,

had its dawning on that day. The old lady who made the invidious remark above quoted rode seven miles on horseback that afternoon to hear him preach again. He was urged to remain and assist in the revival, and did so for several days, winning many souls to Christ by his persuasive eloquence and fervor.

During the session of 1850-51, of the University of Virginia, Dr. Hoge was one of a number of prominent ministers, who, by invitation, delivered a series of lectures before the students on the Evidences of Christianity (which was published in a handsome volume, with portrait, in 1853), and so signally logical and convincing was that of Dr. Hoge, that it resulted in the conversion of many students. Among them may be named Rev. Richard McIlwaine, D. D., President of Hampden-Sidney College, and the late Professor William J. Martin, of Davidson College, North Carolina. Thus for the magnification of the glory of God, was Dr. Hoge an early instrument in sowing the seed.

Reference has been made to a fellow graduate from Hampden-Sidney College, of Dr. Hoge, the late Rev. W. T. Richardson, D. D., who preceded Rev. James Power Smith, D. D., as editor and owner of that influential church organ, the *Central Presbyterian*. In the conduct of this valued household visitant, Dr. Hoge ever took the deepest interest, and many of its ablest editorials during the ownership of the late Rev. William Brown, D. D., were written by Dr. Hoge. Thus, also, he contributed materially to the cause of education, and the furtherance of the work of The Master.

Our heart-impelled but hasty tribute to commanding excellences of purest ray, is almost done. No medium of The Maker, we feel, has ever in devoted and useful life merited more lasting remembrance than has Dr. Hoge. Now, there remains but the reiteration, of a sublime trait.

He was thoroughly self-abnegative.

It is supererogatory with us of his home and the scenes of his devoted labors, to repeat this.

Although he had received for many years an appreciative salary, he died without estate and without a home of his own to shelter his honored head. The remuneration of his life work, was all expended in the Master's Cause, and in the alleviation of the wants of the needy and suffering—in Sweet Charity.

Of strongest devotion to local habitat, he had occupied the same domicile for two-score years, paying for it latterly, a rental, which its

exterior, would in the estimation of any other, hardly have been held warranted.

“Dr. Hoge’s life was a prodigiously busy one. He never seemed to be in a hurry; but he was never idle. He was at work all the time.” A year or two ago in deference to pressing request, he promised friends to commit to writing the so-appealing incidents of his blessedly protracted life.

It is feared that he had found the time to prepare but little of his “Reminiscences” which would have proven so delightful, so helpful.

A distinguished divine in pithy review of the life of Dr. Hoge, recently urged that he had been kept so busy in the Master’s Cause and in helpful deeds to his fellow-man that he had not taken the time to secure personal reward, or for any aggrandizement of his reputation and, in cogent summary, said: “He never wrote a book, he did not own a house!”

Dr. Hoge’s accustomed mode of address was extempore. Although no one exceeded him in the study of printed sources of information and in power to apply illustration, he but seldom committed to paper more than a skeleton of his line of exegis, and often made a jotting, simply, of illustrative points.

Consequently, of his wealth of itellect, but little tangible for print survives.

This is truly lamentable. It has been stated that his nephew, who is happily competent, the Rev. Peyton H. Hoge, D. D., has undertaken the preparation of Memoirs of his distinguished relative.

A GRACIOUS DEED.

A lady, a resident of Richmond, returning from a visit northward, during which she was at Morristown, New Jersey, attended divine worship there, on the 8th of January, on which day the pastor of the church, Rev. Dr. Erdman, announced feelingly to the congregation the death of Dr. Hoge.

In referring to the ability and excellences of character of Dr. Hoge, he stated in illustration, the following signal incident, which is in due evidence of Dr. Hoge’s attributes:

Shortly after the war, that period of vital grapple, which held the world in awe, Dr. Hoge visited Morristown and preached in the church of Dr. Erdman, then just erected, and heavily in debt, and struggling with all the difficulties which beset the exigencies of a new church.

"The Southern preacher was not received with great warmth," for the mighty contention was too close with its significance and results, and its reminiscences were too bitter and too sorrowful.

"With such power" did Dr. Hoge preach, however, that, "when one year later the building was dedicated, the text of his appealing discourse was chosen to be inscribed on the wall," just over the pulpit, and it remains there, a memorial to him, to this day.

A Great Man in Israel has been taken!

The grateful incense of his memory remains!

The world is better that he lived!

GENERAL JOSEPH WHEELER.

The Visit of the Hero to Richmond, Va., Dec. 16-17, 1899.

ON THE OCCASION OF THE PRESENTATION OF A PORTRAIT OF
"THE GALLANT PELHAM," TO R. E. LEE CAMP
CONFEDERATE VETERANS.

With Addresses by Mr. E. P. Cox, General Wheeler, Gov. J. Hoge
Tyler, Judge D. A. DeArmond, and Hon. W. A. Jones.

Richmond, Virginia, had a visit from the virile veteran, General Joseph Wheeler, in January, 1899.

The hero of two wars, at the close of the Civil War, by his skill and indomitable courage, had won the high rank of Lieutenant-General, and been assigned to the command of a corps. In our last war, it has been urged that he was the chief propeller to successful issue, and that his coolness and courage at Santiago (although he arose from prostrating illness in an ambulance and pressed to the front), saved our army, at least, from temporary disaster.

Rev. J. William Jones, D. D., who has lately examined the official reports of the war, 1861-1865, states that General Wheeler had sixteen horses killed under him in that gigantic conflict.

General Wheeler came to Richmond at the invitation of R. E. Lee Camp Confederate Veterans, to accept on its behalf, the portrait of Major John Pelham, presented to it by the Sons of Veterans. He was accompanied by Hon. David A. DeArmond, Member of

Congress from Mississippi, and Hon. W. A. Jones, Representative of the First Congressional District of Virginia.

He was met at Milford Station by a Committee from Lee and Pickett Veteran Camps, and from that of the Sons of Veterans, and arrived on the evening of the 16th instant. At Ashland he was received with joyous acclaim by the students of the Randolph-Macon College and citizens *en masse*, and acknowledged the welcome with a brief address. At Elba Station, despite of the persistent and drenching down-pour of rain throughout the afternoon, there was a large crowd assembled to greet him.

Lee Camp Hall was filled to its full capacity and upon the entrance of General Wheeler (accompanied by the Committee, the distinguished gentlemen named, Gov. J. Hoge Tyler, Hon. John Lamb, and others), the audience rose with one accord and cheered him to the echo.

Commander E. Leslie Spence called the assemblage to order and Chaplain J. E. Cook, of the Camp of the Sons of Veterans, offered a beautiful prayer.

"In Silent Mead" was then sung by a quartette composed of Messrs. Frank W. Cunningham, Lohman, Cardozo and Triplett.

The portrait in oil, which was executed by Mr. William E. Trahern, a veteran, was highly complimented for its fidelity, by those who had known the gallant Pelham in life.

Commander Spence now gracefully extended the greeting of the camp, and in a few well-chosen words introduced Mr. Edwin P. Cox, who had been chosen on behalf of the Sons, to make the presentation address.

THE PRESENTATION SPEECH.

Commander, Comrades, Ladies and Gentlemen:

The days when Pelham and Stuart rode together and won immortal fame and deathless victory have passed into another age. The men who "though vanquished yet conquered disgrace and preserved unharmed the shrine of the public honor," are the foremost figures in the brilliant achievements of these modern times. When the word was telegraphed from the trenches before Santiago, that to the terror of death from the bullets of the enemy, there had been added the dread of fever, stalking like some death-dealing phantom among the men, in effect so terrible because so silent, the great heart of the nation throbbed with fear. Alarm gave place to reassurance when

the message was received that General Wheeler was in the trenches with his men. This son of the great State of Alabama has won the love of our entire country by his high honor and great daring.

Amid all clamor and criticism, by friend and foe, his name is never uttered save with praise. Alabama, in former times, sent forth another son who, on the battle-fields of Virginia, gained the names of "gallant" and "vigilant." This is, therefore, an auspicious and fitting occasion, chosen by R. E. Lee Camp Sons of Veterans, to present to the sponsor Veteran Camp, the picture of him who so worthily won, and wore his characteristic designations. Major John Pelham was a marvellous development of the age in which he lived. Great was he of whom the *London Times* could say, "no one of an equal age in either army has won an equal reputation." Lovable was his character, which drew from an enemy in arms the praise: "I rejoice, dear Pelham, in your success."

Useful was the man, whose loss at the early age of twenty-four was mourned as an irretrievable disaster to the Cause for which he fought.

Loved, honored and admired by friend and foe, at home and abroad, had he lived longer, his name would have been written higher and his fame would have shone brighter in that galaxy of heroes whose memories shed brilliant lustre on the annals of our stupendous struggle.

REVIEW OF PELHAM'S LIFE.

Mr. Cox gave a very interesting review of Major Pelham's brief but brilliant career. The speaker told of his birth in Calhoun county, Ala., September 7th, 1838; of his parentage; early life; of his entrance of the Military Academy at West Point at the age of eighteen; of his success there, of his leaving with his class-mate, General Thomas L. Rosser, as soon as Fort Sumter was fired on, although he was certain of graduation at the close of the session. After spending a few days at home young Pelham went to Montgomery, whence he was ordered to Lynchburg, as inspector of ordnance.

Continuing, Mr. Cox briefly reviewed some of Pelham's greatest military achievements.

Soon he was placed in command of the artillery on the left wing at Sharpsburg. General Stonewall Jackson, observing his action in that battle, said: "Every army ought to have a Pelham on each flank." A few days before the battle of Fredericksburg, at Port Royal he attacked the terror of those gunboats, with such success that they were driven down the Rappahannock River. His daring and dashing

courage in directing a detachment which checked the opposing army at Fredericksburg, impelled General Lee to exclaim: "Is it not glorious to see such courage in one so young!"

Mr. Cox added: "In general orders that of Major John Pelham was the only name mentioned below that of a major-general, and that which was worth more than any rank in any army—more valuable than any title of nobility or badge of any order, General Lee bestowed on him the name by which he was afterwards known, "the gallant Pelham."

BURIED BY HIS MOTHER.

Mr. Cox related the circumstances under which Pelham was mortally wounded at Kelly's Ford, March 17, 1863, quoted General Stuart's tribute to him, and concluded: His ashes sleep now in the village grave-yard of Jacksonville, Ala., by the side of his mother, who loved him, and whom he loved so well. The night his body reached home was beautifully clear. The moon, at its fullness, silvered over the whole landscape, and changed the sombre funeral procession from dark to white. The Spartan mother determined that come in whatever condition the boy should, she would meet him on the threshold of his home; and so she was at the door awaiting the arrival of his form, now cold in death. She looked upon the scene, so pure and bright, and whispered through her tears: "Washed white in the blood of the Lamb that was slain." When future ages shall read the story of Major John Pelham, the hero of the artillery of the Army of Northern Virginia, may they not also say, though war is terrible and its bloodshed tinges the pages of history, these red stains are washed white in the blood of this fallen hero? Rome had her Pantheon dedicated to all her gods. England erects monuments to her mighty dead in her ancient Westminster Abbey. The South shall, in this hall, find her Pantheon consecrated to the recollection of her heroes; her Westminster Abbey devoted to the memorials of her great men. The "gallant Pelham" is in their illustrious ranks. Through more than a quarter of a century, which intervenes between his time and ours, his life affords the best example of purity in heart, nobleness of purpose, grandeur in aim, bravery in action and devotion to duty. The recent actions of sons of Confederate veterans under the burning tropical suns of Cuba sublimely show that the same warm blood of the South is coursing through their young veins, and that the story of his life is not forgotten or unremembered.

As Mr. Cox concluded, he was very loudly applauded. His address made an excellent impression, and its delivery was particularly facile.

THE GOVERNOR'S REMARKS.

Another selection by the quartette followed, and then Captain Laughton, as Chairman of the Portrait Committee, introduced Governor Tyler, who, he announced, would, in time, introduce "the most distinguished exponent of patriotism of the State of Alabama." Governor Tyler, who was warmly greeted, said:

Ladies and Gentlemen:

In the short span of years allotted to man, it falls to the fortune of but few to serve through two wars and be a hero in both. Who that saw the gallant boys in gray, so bravely led under the Stars and Bars, could, even in fancy, in little more than a quarter of a century, see the same brave spirit leading the boys in blue on to victory beneath the Stars and Stripes? But such has been the fortune of the gallant hero whom we have with us to-night, and to whom we shall have the pleasure of listening, as he will receive the portrait that has just been presented to this camp of one of the bravest and knightliest of our Southern sons.

With equal fortitude and courage General Wheeler has met the duty of the hour, and has been crowned with the laurel wreath of victory, leading Southern boys on Southern fields of glory, and at the head of the soldiers of a reunited country at Santiago and up the bloody heights of San Juan. He has come to attest by his presence his unchanging interest in the old Confederates. With him the gray and blue threads have been woven into the beautiful fabric of devotion to country. May we, in the rush of the onward destiny of our republic, never forget those who wore the gray, but keep their memories green and ever sacredly enshrined in our hearts.

The presence among us here to-night of our old Confederate leader recalls to many of us scenes, incidents, and emotions of a past that has been immortalized in history by the achievements of the Confederate soldier. He needs no introduction. He is one of us. His battles have been our battles, his cause our cause, his achievements our admiration, his fame our joy, his services our nation's pride, and his whole life an offering to the welfare of his countrymen. I therefore simply present him to his people.

LOUD CHEERS FOR WHEELER.

As Governor Tyler uttered these words the audience rose and cheered to the echo. So great was enthusiasm that it was fully two minutes before General Wheeler could make himself heard.

Enthusiasm at length gave way to curiosity, and then General Wheeler, in clear, penetrating tones, said:

*Mr. Commander, Governor Tyler, Members of
General Lee Camp of Veterans:*

It affords me great pleasure that I am permitted to be with you on this interesting occasion. It is especially a pleasure to find here an interest in those days and scenes which cause the soil of Virginia to be held in such veneration, and to find that that interest is not diminished by time. It is also a pleasure to find the sons of Virginia taking such deep interest in those things which commanded the attention of their fathers. It might be expected that we would find that sentiment in Virginia, the birthplace of patriots, the home of heroes, the grave of liberty's martyrs! It is a privilege to stand upon her historic soil. How overwhelmingly rush upon us thoughts of her past! Here Washington first saw the light, and Jefferson, Madison and Monroe, as they grew to manhood's prime, learned to be great, and here is enshrined their hallowed dust.

Virginia gave to the world Gaines, Harrison, Taylor, Scott, Johnston, Stonewall Jackson, Stuart and the long roll of the chivalric Lees, above all, the one colossal Lee, whose fame challenges the ages from the topmost heights of glorious renown; the gallant, superb, chivalrous Robert Edward Lee, a general whose victories have no parallel in history, a man whose unblemished character stands before the world as a model of the purest virtue and highest type of manhood. Blessed be this beautiful historic city, so closely identified with his chivalrous life.

“ But Lee has a thousand graves
In a thousand hearts, I ween;
And teardrops fall from our eyes in waves
That will keep his memory green.
Ah, Muse! you dare not claim
A nobler man than he,
Nor nobler man has less of blame,
Nor blameless man hath purer name,
Nor purer name hath grander fame,
Nor Fame—another Lee.”

Forty-three years ago, a tall, erect, handsome young man reported for duty at the Military Academy at West Point. His blonde hair, fair complexion and blushing cheeks giving him a delicate, refined appearance, in spite of his athletic form and well-known superiority in manly sports, would have attracted attention in any assemblage. His general bearing gave proof of firmness and integrity of character, and in the retrospect, we can readily understand that he possessed characteristics which enabled him to rise to the superb heights he so rapidly attained. It is the portrait of this manly form upon which we gaze to-night.

THE CAREER OF PELHAM.

John Pelham was born near Alexandria, Calhoun county, Ala., in September, 1838. He entered West Point in 1856, remaining there until the spring of 1861, when the thunders of war summoned him back to his native State, a week before the graduation of his class, when he would have received his commission in the United States Army. He was immediately put in charge of the Confederate Ordnance at Lynchburg, Va., with the rank of first lieutenant, and was shortly after assigned as drillmaster to Albertus's Battery, at Winchester. His handling of the guns at the first Battle of Manassas established his reputation as a fearless officer and a skilful artillerists, and he was entrusted by General Stuart with the organization of a battery of six pieces of horse artillery, which he recruited from Alabama, Virginia and Maryland. At Williamsburg and First Cold Harbor, at the second Battle of Manassas, at Sharpsburg and Shepherdstown he fought with the enthusiasm of youth and the coolness of a veteran. Stonewall Jackson loved and trusted "The Boy Artillerist," as he was often called, and frequently gave expression to his appreciation of Pelham's magnificent work. At the Battle of Fredericksburg he met the concentrated fire of several batteries with one Napoleon, and elicited the unstinted praise of his superior officers. He was promoted to the rank of lieutenant-colonel, and his commission was before the Senate for confirmation when his death occurred at Kelly's Ford, on the Rappahannock, March 17, 1863. He was cut down in the act of leading a charge while waiting the arrival of his artillery. His death was a crushing loss to the division, and was announced by General Stuart in words seldom surpassed in strength or beauty. He says of him:

"The noble, the chivalric, the gallant Pelham is no more. How much he was loved, appreciated and admired let the tears of agony

we here shed and the gloom of mourning throughout my command bear witness. His loss is irreparable. The memory of 'the gallant Pelham,' his many virtues, his noble nature, and purity of character, is enshrined as a sacred legacy in the hearts of all who knew him. His record has been bright and spotless, his career brilliant and successful. He fell—the noblest of sacrifices—on the altar of his country, to whose glorious service he had dedicated his life from the beginning of the war."

SOME INTERESTING FIGURES.

I recall reading a description of one of Humboldt's works by Agassiz, in which he referred to it as "descriptive but not comparative," and he went on to show that, in describing anything, its magnitude or character, it was necessary to, in some way, institute a comparison with something with which we were familiar.

In order to fully appreciate the magnitude of the great struggle, in which Pelham engaged, you must make some comparison between the civil war and others which were fought by the American people.

The official reports give the following as the losses in killed and wounded of the Federal army in seven out of nearly a thousand severely contested struggles during the four years of war.

Seven Days' Fight,	-	-	-	-	-	-	9,291
Antietam,	-	-	-	-	-	-	11,426
Murfreesboro,'	-	-	-	-	-	-	8,778
Gettysburg,	-	-	-	-	-	-	16,426
Chickamauga,	-	-	-	-	-	-	10,906
Wilderness,	-	-	-	-	-	-	14,494
Spotsylvania,	-	-	-	-	-	-	9,987

None of these figures include the missing, many of whom were either killed or wounded, and, if included, would greatly add to the number.

The battles of the Wilderness and of Spotsylvania might, with great propriety, be termed one continuous battle, and there is no better way to impress us with its magnitude than to observe that the losses in killed and wounded in that engagement exceeded the killed and wounded in all the battles of all the wars fought by our people prior to 1861. To be more explicit, the loss was greater than that in all the battles of the French-Indian war, all the battles of the Revolution, all the battles of the war of 1812, all the battles of the

war with Mexico, and all the battles of our various Indian wars. Add the losses of all the battles of all these wars together, and the total loss will be less than that of the battles of Wilderness and Spotsylvania.

HIS A BRILLIANT CAREER.

Alabama is the mother of many brave, heroic sons, but second to none is the young hero whose memory we honor to-night. I say young, because to us, over whose head since then the storms of many years have thundered, that earnest, boyish face comes back as the friend of yesterday. A brilliant career was his—few his days, but full of heroic deeds; short but glorious. Gentle and retiring as a maiden, he was brave as a paladin, and stood in the midst of fire and carnage as emotionless and unshaken as a rock. In the words of your own immortal Lee at the battle of Fredericksburg: "It was glorious to see such courage in one so young," and to us who cherish heroic deeds, it is a grand thought that the memory of this brave soldier, whose life ebbed out upon the blood-stained banks of the Rappahannock, is ever enshrined in the halo of immortal youth, "unchanged by sorrow and undimmed by tears."

It is well-nigh six and thirty years since his sacrifice was consummated, and to-night we look upon the semblance of his features in the place of honor prepared for it, and to perpetuate his memory. The years roll on, men come and go and are forgotten, the popular idol of to-day may be fallen ere the morrow, but the memory and the sacrifice of Pelham will live for aye. The passing years but leave an ever deepening tinge of gold upon "red danger's amaranthine wreath" that crowns the youthful patriot's brow. Alabama's crown holds no jewel purer or brighter than the memory of the gallant Pelham, and his name shall be cherished with pride and spoken with loving reverence so long as honor and purity and fearless chivalry are dear to the people for whom his life-blood was so gallantly shed.

I cannot resist the temptation of quoting an exquisite sonnet written by the late Hon. William R. Smith, of Alabama, then a member of the Confederate Congress, when the sad news of Pelham's death was received in Richmond. These lines have never, to my knowledge been printed.

BATTLE DEATH.

In Memory of John Pelham.

"Fell by his guns!" Oh, gallant youth! Renown
Beheld thy fall, and from the battle's rage

Plucked and transferred thee to its lyric page;
 Intent to bind thy brows with oaken crown,
 And hand thy name in crimson glory down,
 Kindling the narrative from age to age
 To fire the hearts of hero, saint, and sage
 Above the fear of tyrants or their frown.
 Come, take thy station by th' intrepid twain
 That shout o'er th' Athenian tyrants slain
 By that bold boy, that braved Porsena's flame,
 And burned his way through torture to his fame—
 By him, Horatius, stalwart to the last—
 These are thy kin, these great souls of the past.

General Wheeler has never posed as an orator, but his polished address, delivered with much force and earnestness, held his audience stillbound, save by several irrepressible outbursts of cheering, until the close, when he was given another ovation as he turned to go to his seat.

FINE SPEECH BY DE-ARMOND.

This was not to be the end of the feast of good things, however, though in the ordinary course it would have concluded the pre-arranged programme.

At the request of many of those present, Captain Lamb introduced the distinguished congressman from Mississippi. In doing so he paid a very warm tribute to that "gallant and heroic soldier, a true and tried friend, and a hero in peace as well as in war." Judge DeArmond said:

"If I could choose my place I would rather listen than speak. I would gather inspiration from these noble surroundings rather than mar this occasion by any feeble words that I might utter." Never, he said, had he felt more honored than he did at being asked to speak, and never had he gazed into the faces of an audience such as that. There was everything there present calculated to inspire. "From the walls," he said, "looks down the heroism of the past. What thoughts of history! What heroes! I feel it is a proud privilege to address the noble sons of sires so noble." A thousand things might determine a contest, without regard to the justice of the cause, the speaker said, but the thing that lives is the story of heroic deeds and heroic men. Perhaps nowhere on earth were there gathered together so many noble achievements as in this historic city of Richmond.

GATHERING PLACE OF HEROES

“What a gathering place of heroes,” he said, “Ah! Virginians, far distant be the day when the story of the glorious deeds of your glorious men shall be forgotten. Ah! fellow-citizens, I do not, no one can, wonder at your sublime faith, as you feel you are the descendants of the noblest men the world has ever known. Noble sons of veterans, making your way proudly in the world, you have no pensions to sustain you (loud and prolonged applause); nothing to rely upon except your individual efforts; the world is all before you, in which to make your way, and there are none better qualified.”

The speaker paid high compliments to the fidelity and zeal of Congressman Lamb and Jones. In allusion to the honored guest of the evening, Judge DeArmond said: “In the short war many opportunities were afforded the soldiers of the North, but few comparatively to the soldiers of the South, but with the scant opportunities given, the hero of the Spanish-American war is before you to-night. (Loud cheers.) But for that gallant soldier, but for his skill and discretion, the story of Santiago, El Caney and San Juan Hill would have been written differently. (A voice: “That’s right,” and cheers.) There would have been dropping back and defeat. “History can’t be written with the Confederate soldier left out,” said Judge DeArmond, and this statement was greeted with much laughter and applause. He paid his compliments again to the pension laws, and concluded by again expressing appreciation of the honor shown him, and expressing the ardent hope that through the coming years the sons of noble sires will keep alive in their camps the spirit of nobility of their fathers. Virginians must in future, as in the past, “blaze the way,” and stand as a solid phalanx against wrong. When Virginia charges, we shall all know what the charge ought to be against.

MR. JONES ALSO SPEAKS.

Judge DeArmond was loudly cheered as he took his seat, and then there were calls for Congressman Jones. Briefly, he thanked the audience for the cordiality of his reception. It had been the first opportunity he had enjoyed of attending a meeting of Sons of Veterans. He made a humorous allusion to his own connection with the war, adding that he took great pride in the fact that no one had a better right to the title, son of a Confederate veteran than he. He

spoke of his father's service through four years, and said he believed the cause a just and righteous one. He believed that no cause led by Generals Lee and Jackson could be other than a righteous cause. He closed with an allusion to a small painting in the Library Building, at Washington, of "Stonewall" Jackson and his men praying, and said that picture had attracted more attention than any in that notable gallery.

The meeting was then adjourned by Commander Spence, and the request that none would make an effort to leave the hall until General Wheeler and his party had gone to their carriages was duly regarded.

RECEPTION AT THE EXECUTIVE MANSION.

General Wheeler held a public reception at the Executive Mansion, after the adjournment of the meeting at Lee Camp Hall, and from 10 o'clock until 11:30 people flocked to greet the distinguished visitor, who had some happy remarks to make to each one.

The hall of the mansion was decorated with the State and national colors, standing side by side behind stacked arms. The Jefferson orchestra played during the function. Despite the lateness of the hour, it is estimated that fully 300 persons were present.

Those receiving were Governor Tyler and the following members of his staff: Colonel C. O'B. Cowardin, Colonel Tennant, Colonel Skelton, and Colonel Carrington; Mrs. Tyler, Mrs. C. O'B. Cowardin, Mrs. Tennant, Mrs. J. Taylor Ellyson, Mrs. A. J. Montague.

After the reception General Wheeler dined with Governor Tyler and the members of his family, others present being Mr. and Mrs. A. J. Montague, Mr. and Mrs. J. Taylor Ellyson, Congressmen De Armond, Jones, and Lamb; Captain Cussons, Major N. V. Randolph, Mr. Robert Lecky, Jr., Mr. E. P. Cox, and Mr. E. L. Spence, Jr.

JANUARY 17, 1899.

General Wheeler in person is small and slight, about the size of the late and lamented Judge F. R. Farrar ("Johnny Reb"), about five feet six inches in height; but, as has been signally evinced, he is a little bundle of steel nerves, and as it were electrically charged.

Although General Wheeler did not retire Monday night until some time after the midnight hour, he sprang from his bed like a school-boy yesterday morning when Colonel John Murphy went to

his room at 8:30 o'clock, looking as fresh as though he had had a long night's rest.

With his characteristic quickness, it was but a few moments before General Wheeler was dressed and down in the lobby, where he was greeted by a number of persons who had gathered, eager to see the old hero.

Shortly after 9 o'clock the General sat down to an excellent breakfast, in company with Judge D. A. DeArmond, Hon. W. A. Jones, Captain John Lamb, and Mr. John Murphy.

The morning meal was dispatched quickly, and about 10 o'clock Captains' John Cussons, John E. Laughton, Jr., and Major T. A. Brander appeared on the scene with three carriages to take the distinguished guests around the city.

In the party were Captain Cussons, Major Brander, Judge De Armond, Captain Laughton, Captain Lamb, and Colonel W. E. Cutshaw. The drive was quite an extensive one, and the visitors were shown many of the historic places, monuments, and buildings around the city. The veteran warrior seemed to enjoy his trip heartily, and showed the liveliest interest in everything that was shown him. He entertained the party by a number of interesting reminiscences, and sustained the reputation which he bears of being one of the most unassuming and charming of companions.

VETERANS WELCOME HIM.

Just before 12 o'clock the party reached the Soldiers' Home, and as they drove up the broad carriage-way a salute of welcome was boomed forth by thirteen guns. The Soldiers' Home Band, headed by Major N. V. Randolph, greeted the party, and conducted its members into the mess hall, where, after the cheering had subsided Major Randolph introduced General Wheeler, who delivered an eloquent address.

Judge DeArmond followed him in a speech abounding in good feeling, and the speech-making was closed by Captain Lamb.

The veterans then formed in line and General Wheeler shook hands with each one, after which he went through the hospital and greeted cheerily those who were confined to their beds. Many faint cheers from the sufferers followed the active, wiry figure of the old hero, whose coming was a bright spot in the lives of the old soldiers.

Nearly an hour was spent at the Home, and the party returned to the city, driving at once to the Woman's Club.

From 2 to 3 o'clock yesterday afternoon General Wheeler was tendered a reception and luncheon by the Woman's Club, and practically all the members embraced the opportunity to meet the old hero. It was thought that 1 o'clock was the hour set, and before that time the room began to fill. Upon General Wheeler's arrival with his escort—Major Thomas Brander, Captains Laughton and Lamb, Colonels Cutshaw and Cussons, and Judge DeArmond—they were crowded. Governor Tyler was the first to welcome him, and he was immediately conducted into the parlor, where the Reception Committee were in waiting. These were the officers of the club—Mrs. L. L. Lewis, Mrs. Thomas, Misses Guillaume, Jane Ruthersford, and Mrs. J. B. Halyburton.

In a graceful speech Mrs. Lewis introduced the General, referring happily to the distinction which made the introduction unnecessary.

General Wheeler then in a brief address paid a fine tribute to woman. He had not anticipated that he would be asked to make a speech, but had thought he would simply have the pleasure of meeting the ladies of the club.

HIS TRIBUTE TO WOMAN.

He then referred to the effect of culture in women as greater or rather more subtle than in men, and said that perhaps it would convey his meaning more clearly, if he said that the difference seemed like the difference between the effect of the finest polish possible to marble, and that possible to common stone. He had no words in which to express his sense of women's power in the world. The press of the country in its kind and generous reference to the American soldiers, in the late war, has spoken of victory as attributable to "the men behind the guns." He wished to qualify that, and say that victory was due, in large measure, to the "women behind the men behind the guns." (Loud applause.) He cited a number of instances to prove the courage of woman in times when death was the almost certain end. It remained a fact, said he, that men boasted of courage and women of cowardice, yet in time of peril the latter invariable proved their superiority in the former sterling virtue. (Applause.) He referred to the faithful and fearless ministry of women in times of fatal pestilence, and, in conclusion, said that in

his belief she who was first in all that was noble on earth, would also be first in the kingdom of God!

LUNCHEON SERVED.

After the reception, General Wheeler and his party were conducted to the luncheon, under the escort of the Board of Directors, who are Mesdames Archer Anderson, L. L. Lewis, T. William Pemberton, Miss Claire Guillaume, Miss Jane M. Rutherford, J. Arthur Lefroy, Reginald Gilham, Christopher Tompkins, John Hunter, William L. Sheppard, F. D. Williams, H. W. Hazard, Edmund Strudwick, Miss Margaret H. Lee and W. D. Thomas.

Here Mrs. William Sheppard and Mrs. A. E. Warren were on hospitable duty, and were assisted by Mrs. Thomas Jeffress. Chocolate was served by Mrs. R. B. Munford, coffee by Mrs. John W. Harrison, meats by Mrs. Lewis Aylett, oysters by Mrs. Horace Hawes, Mrs. William Parrish and Misses Berta Wellford, Margaret Branch, Mary Lewis, Louise and Adele Williams.

The following gentlemen of the Advisory Board were present: Messrs. Virginius Newton, Peter H. Mayo, Colonel Archer Anderson and Mr. Reginald Gilham. There were many callers. A reception was held at the Confederate Museum from 4 to 8 o'clock, and many citizens and veterans availed themselves of the opportunity to greet the gallant hero. General Wheeler, with Mrs. Joseph Bryan, President of the Confederate Memorial Literary Society, Mrs. James H. Dooley, and the ladies representative of the several State rooms—the Advisory Board and representatives of the Veteran Camps and of that of the Sons—received the admiring host which continually thronged the Museum building.

From the Museum, General Wheeler returned with his party to Murphy's Hotel, and after partaking of supper, drove to the Byrd-Street Station, whence he returned to Washington. To the gentlemen who accompanied him to the depot he expressed his pleasure at the ovation accorded him here, and said he hoped soon again to visit Richmond.

A RECOLLECTION OF PELHAM.

How Two of His Guns held out Against Six of the Enemy.

One day in the latter part of August, 1863 (I write from memory only), General Pleasanton, with a large force of cavalry, had been feeling for General Lee's army, which lay near Orange Court House, and "Our Fitz," even then a boy general, had been gallantly fighting every inch of the ground to prevent Pleasanton from crossing the Rapidan, and successfully; for, so far as I know, none of his troops had crossed the river. I, with a party of nine, had flanked the right of Pleasanton's line, and was pushing through the woods to gain the rear, when I ran into and was captured by the 6th New York Cavalry. I had on a pair of new boots and two beautiful blisters on each heel. As long as I could move, under excitement, I did not feel the pain; but when captured and made to stand still a while, I found I could not walk. Fortunately I had been turned over to a good fellow, a sergeant in the 6th New York, who, seeing my inability to walk, gave me the privilege of riding behind him, though but a few minutes before he had his six-shooter at my head and was about to see how much of a hole a 40-calibre bullet would make in a man's skull at a close distance.

As we rode to the rear we emerged from the woods and to our left was a large open field, in which was a six gun battery having a picnic. I said: "Sergeant, that is my branch of the service. As we are not under any special orders, please ride over and let us watch the guns." When we arrived we found a six gun battery of 3-inch steel rifles—then the best gun known for field use. The guns were new, the harness, men and horses were spick and span, but they were doing some very poor shooting.

On the opposite side of the river, probably three quarters of a mile or so, there was a formation of the hills, by which the road was concealed, except for what I guess was about 200 yards. A train of wagons was attempting to pass this open space. They would come in view one at a time, evidently each driver would take a good start and by the time he opened up on the road his mules were going at a gallop. I would see him standing up in his stirrups, cracking his whip and could imagine the oaths and curses he uttered. I even thought I could hear some of them as some loud-mouthed fellow

would come in sight and make the 200 yard's run—such a dash as he had never made before. As soon as the lead mules would get in sight the Yankee guns would begin, but they shot slowly and with poor effect. The Sergeant and I sat for some time watching the fun, when he said: "Look at the guns coming out of the woods." I raised up eyes from the road and the demoralized drivers to a point a mile or so from where we were, back from the road probably a quarter of a mile was a body of woods with a bare hill sloping to a hollow, a point probably a little over half way between the timber and the road. Out from this timber was coming a section of Pelham's Battery at a full gallop, down the hill, over the branch, where we lost sight of them, and then coming in sight again just to the right of the point where the road was hidden by the hill.

An infantry charge reminds you of a moving wall that cannot be resisted; a charge of cavalry stirs the blood; but I have never known excitement to equal that of a battery of artillery going into action on a full run under fire. Over the top of the hill came these two guns, a cloud of dust almost hiding them, the horses straining every muscle, the men hanging to the horses or any part of the gun on which they could hold, those of the men that were mounted riding at full speed. When the top of the hill was reached there seemed to be no stop. The men threw themselves from their horses or fell from the guns and gathered in little squads; the guns were brought into action, and in half the time I am telling you this there was a little puff of smoke, a hoarse, shrieking sound, the sound of the explosion of the gun, and the fall of No. 1 at the sixth gun, whose leg was severed from his body. The sergeant and I both broke into a simultaneous cheer, for, though an enemy, he was a first-class soldier and recognized the gallant fight the two little guns were going to put up. They looked little from our distance, but, like little men, they spoke loud, and with that sort of a sound that made one think you hear me. The second shot was almost as quick as that from the first gun and fell just in front of the battery, then a shell from the first burst over the third section, a fourth, fifth and sixth following in close succession, that, had we known then of quick-firing guns, we would have thought these rebels across the river had two six-pound quick-firing guns, and that the "men behind the guns" knew how to use them. The Yankee battery was taken so much by surprise at the audacity of two little guns daring to break up their fire on the wagons that they did not recover their balance until Pelham's guns had fired five or six rounds; then they began to

reply. About this time it occurred to me that I had no business there, that those rebels were no respectors of persons, and that I might get hurt, as for a long time I knew that they had no more sense than to shoot to kill. I suggested this to the sergeant, and for once during those days the Yankee and rebel thought alike, and we not only thought quick, but we moved quickly, and soon were out of direct range. But we could not get out of the sound of those two little spit-fires on the other hill; it was slap-bang, slap-bang, until the sound was almost continuous.

They got in about as many shots with two guns as their adversary did with six; the latter were evidently green hands. We rode back some distance, the road not being in the direct line of fire, and halted with the Sixth New York Regiment. In a short time—I cannot say how long, for I do not believe any man can estimate whether a battle lasts ten minutes or two hours—the six-gun battery came to the rear. The little devils on the other hill had made it too hot for them.

I give this reminiscence of one little episode brought out by the unveiling of Pelham's portrait at the George E. Pickett Camp, and if you think it worth while you can publish it.

J. B. MOORE.

[From the Richmond, Va., *Times*, Sunday, Feb'y 5, 1899.]

THEY HONOR A FORMER FOE.

Funeral of a Confederate Veteran Conducted by
G. A. R. Post.

A TOUCHING EULOGY SPOKEN.

**Living Ex-Confederates Walk Arm in Arm With the Veterans of the
Blue Under the Old Flag.**

[This article, as is seen, is taken from one of our home Journals.

Every true Southerner hails with glistening eye, and quickened pulsation, all that comes to him truthfully of re-united tie in National bonds.

No one can better estimate valour and magnanimity than the "brother" of the genial and productive section, who has from the

beginning of the "compact" and "league" freely rendered—yea, unto life itself—in behalf of "freedom's sanctuary" and the "Asylum of the oppressed."

And, so now, is he ready, to fight, with his brethren for all of justice in Our Nation's prescience—glory—if that be the proper term.

No Southerner could fail in the last sad rite to a brother!

The remarks of Comrade Bartlett, of Post 113, G. A. R., are appreciated.

There should be hesitancy in fully endorsing all of the "touching eulogy" of Rev. Edward A. Horton.

No concession should be made for misguided feeling and action, in the exemplification of the Confederate soldier.

He felt that he was animated by the purest motives—that he fought for guaranteed right, for home and fireside—for life itself.

It cannot be questioned, that he accepted the fiat of the conqueror, with an acquiescence that has proven his resplendant manhood.

He is (and may-be-has been for years) a re-emplanoplied citizen of the United States of America—inferior in worth and meed to no other, of whatever section of birth or place of residence.

Whatever may be the propriety of the Rev. Mr. Horton's application, in actuality—the Ex-Confederate Soldier, "ascends to Heaven" with no stain upon his manhood—his soul; in humble submission to Omnipotent call—in charity and brotherly feeling to all, even to the assumptive, yet, withal, in abiding confidence in the justice of the cause for which he fought—with a courage; the sublimity of which has not more impressed in the time and tide of the world's history—than the self-sacrifice, which is scarce less touching. "They know not what they do"!

There is no apology to be made!

If the Confederate Soldier yielded to "outrageous fortune" he never dared the impiety to question Omnipotence.—ED.]

Simple services over the remains of John Buck were held in the Bulfinch Place chapel yesterday at noon, says the *Boston Herald*, of January 30th. Although it was only a soldier's funeral, with a flag-draped casket at the altar and a few white-haired veterans in the pews, yet this simple service of tribute from the living to a dead warrior, was unique in the history of military funerals of the State, and full of deepest meaning.

For the flag on the hero's casket was not one for which he had

fought; the "comrades" at his bier were not his comrades in arms; their uniform had not been his uniform, nor their cause his cause. But the God of battles, who is also a God of love, had softened men's hearts, and when John Buck, a private in the Confederate cavalry, answered the final roll-call, Union soldiers mourned and did him homage at the grave.

UNITED IN DEATH.

And in the doing of it the State Department of the Grand Army of the Republic, the Military order of the Loyal Legion, the Chief Executive of the Commonwealth, through his representative, the delegates from over twenty Massachusetts Grand Army posts, and many private citizens, gave Massachusetts the proud privilege of demonstrating completely and convincingly the reality of a reconciliation which to-day knows no Mason and Dixon line. And while President McKinley has voiced a desire to see the graves of the Confederate dead displaying tokens of Northern tribute, Massachusetts Grand Army men have gone a step further, and have sought out and ministered in sickness and poverty to a one-time Confederate, and, at death, have garlanded his casket with flowers and done him the homage of a military burial, even as to one of their own. For though foes sometime in life, in death they were not divided. And more than this can no man do.

To the solemn tones of the great church organ the G. A. R. veterans marched down the isle to their places on the left. On the right sat a delegation from the Red, White and Blue Club of boys from the Bulfinch Place church, their banner at the head of one of the pews. At the foot of the platform sat Department Commander W. H. Bartlett, Junior Vice-Commander George M. Fiske, Assistant Inspector-General S. S. Sturgeon, Assistant Adjutant-General Warren B. Stetson, Assistant A. D. C., J. A. Ward and the Rev. Edward A. Horton, Chaplain of Post 113, G. A. R.

The casket was covered with a modest but tasteful display of carnations, calla lilies, and laurel and ivy wreaths, which rested above the Stars and Stripes of a reunited country. The department colors stood at the left, with the State flag on the right.

AN ELOQUENT ADDRESS.

Joseph White, a member of Post 113, sang "Our Faithful Friends," and then Department Commander Bartlett made touch-

ing reference to the significance of the occasion in the following words:

The truest characteristic of a good soldier is respect for a fallen foe. How often in our service have we known military honors and Christian burial to be accorded to the fallen of either side by those who were their foes. If such service was appropriate amid the exigencies of war, how much more becoming now in this time of peace, when those who were our foes have become our friends.

The comrades of the G. A. R., who have honored themselves by their presence here in honor of this dead soldier, are greater than when they stood in line of battle in the face of rattling musketry and amid the storm of fiery shot and bursting shell. Such deeds enrich our own lives; they exemplify the golden rule, and bring us "nearer, my God, to Thee."

The greatest mystery to every man is the mystery of his own existence. As we grope blindly through this world, seemingly driven hither and thither by every wind of fate, how often the questions rise trembling to our lips—Whence, why, whither? We are what we are by reason of birth, heredity, education and environment. Why was it, comrades, the fate of this soldier to fight under the Stars and Bars and yours to fight beneath the Stars and Stripes? Who can tell? Enough for us that each fought for the right, as God gave him to see the right. So in the spirit of true fraternity and heavenly charity, the fundamental tenets of our order, we lay this soldier to rest, the gray beside the blue, in the great republic of the dead, "under the roses, the blue; under the lilies, the gray."

Let us fervently trust that in the clearer light beyond, with all doubts solved, all misunderstandings removed, all estrangements effaced, they may meet and greet each other as friends and brothers in the republic of heaven.

"Soldier, hail and farewell. Rest in peace until the day breaks and the shadows flee away."

TOUCHING EULOGY.

The eulogy was pronounced by the Rev. Edward A. Horton, who paid a high tribute to the bravery of the deceased, as follows :

"Here lie the mortal parts of a valorous soul. The touch of the hero was on him. He took his place and fought valiantly, fearlessly, even unto death. Subtract courage from this world's qualities and the things of chief moment will be sadly neglected.

"He lived long enough to have the whole tale told, and to come into the full light of national patriotism. The years that have ensued since he fought have given opportunity for him to reconsider and retrace his steps, and he ascends to Heaven a Union man. He saw again the glory in the banner of the free. What more can you ask than that he came clearly to see and to recognize the right?"

Then the bugler sounded "Taps," the soloist veteran sang "Only Waiting." Colonel J. Payson Bradley, of the Governor's staff, extended the sympathy of the Commonwealth to the State of Virginia, the birthplace of the dead soldier, and the casket was borne out between the ranks of the white-haired veterans. With them, arm in arm, marched two Confederate soldiers—John D. Hun, adjutant in General Forrest's division of the Seventh Tennessee Cavalry, and Carl G. Monroe, regimental orderly in the First Virginia Cavalry, under Colonel Ezra Warren, the famous "Black Horse Cavalry" at the battle of Bull Run. Members of twenty-one Massachusetts posts, one Connecticut and one Maine post marched as escort to the grave.

The pall-bearers were Captain E. C. McFarland, Arthur Hooper, G. W. Brooks, Ira B. Goodrich, John W. Small, and Paul H. Kendrick, all of Post 113. Interment was at Mount Hope Cemetery.

The funeral and military arrangements were made possible through the generosity and personal efforts of Dr. John H. Dixwell, the Hon. Oliver W. Holmes, and Adjutant-General B. R. Houghton.

PENSIONING OF THE CONFEDERATE SOLDIER BY THE UNITED STATES.

SOUND DOCTRINE.

[The following "protest" is simply the united sentiment of the Confederate soldier. He incited no populist partisan, and holds himself not at all responsible for any utterance the aim of which is palpable. He would accept nothing to his stultification. He may abide his time in restful sustenance. He simply pleads to be let alone. His own will care for and provide for him. So, leave the "dying lion" in peace!]

STRONG PROTEST AGAINST PENSIONS FOR CONFEDERATES.

At the annual meeting of the Pickett-Buchanan Camp of Confederate Veterans of Norfolk, Va., held January 24th last, the following resolutions were adopted:

HEADQUARTERS PICKETT-BUCHANAN CAMP, C. V.,
NORFOLK, VA., *January 24, 1899.*

Commander and Comrades:

Your committee appointed on the 19th instant to consider the subject to which the following resolutions relate, respectfully report as follows:

Pickett-Buchanan Camp, No. 3 of the Grand Camp, Confederate Veterans, Department of Virginia, has read with pleasure the speech made by the President of the United States at the Atlanta Peace Jubilee, on the 14th of December, 1898, on which occasion the President, addressing Confederate veterans, used the following language:

“Every soldier’s grave made during our unfortunate civil war is a tribute to American valor, and while when these graves were made we differed widely about the future of this government, the differences were long ago settled by the arbitrament of arms, and the time has now come in the evolution of sentiment and feeling, under the Providence of God, when in the spirit of fraternity we should share with you in the care of the graves of the Confederate soldiers.”

This camp cordially accepts the assurances thus given by the President in the same spirit which prompted its utterance, and honors the sincere purpose which actuated him in expressing this patriotic sentiment. But the incident at Atlanta has been used by some misguided persons to introduce into Federal politics two widely different questions: (1) The admission of Confederate veterans into National Soldiers’ Homes and (2) the gift of pensions to Confederate soldiers.

It is against such mock humanity and false pretences that this camp desires to record its indignant protest. The Confederate soldier is unwilling to be placed on the pension rolls of the United States or to become the recipient of any of its bounties.

The time can never come when we would feel honored by any such

mistaken generosity, and no political art nor sophistry shall place him in this false position.

A generation has passed away since Confederate soldiers gave up the fight for separate independence as a nation, but death alone can take away their personal independence as brave and true men.

No prouder position has been held by any people on earth than the soldiers of the South have enjoyed since the surrender at Appomattox.

For three and thirty years they have held their way, not only unassisted by the United States government, but in spite of it, and now, towards the close of their earthly career, they look back upon their record, in war as well as in peace, as a precious heritage, not only to their children, but to all generations of those who love true liberty.

They cannot be induced by the power of money nor the patronage of government to become participants in the crowning iniquity of the war, the pension list of the United States.

We thank God that the sons of Confederate veterans, by the most conspicuous gallantry in the war with Spain of 1898, have proved that they are worthy descendants of the men who, in 1861, fought for Confederate independence; but the Confederate veteran will be content to remain forever the possessor of an independent spirit, convinced that a Federal pension is worse than Confederate poverty. Therefore, be it

Resolved, by Pickett-Buchanan Camp, Confederate Veterans, of Norfolk, Va.:

First. That the care of the graves of Confederate soldiers is a sacred duty which has been assumed by the men and women of the South, and while we appreciate and gratefully acknowledge the individual sympathy of all parts of our common country in doing honor to the Confederate dead, it is not our desire to accept any governmental aid for Confederate cemeteries.

Second. That we are opposed to any legislation or movement looking towards the admission of Confederate soldiers into the United States National Soldiers' Homes.

Third. That we here record our unanimous opposition against the bill now pending in Congress seeking to place Confederate veterans on the pension rolls of the United States; and to the end that such legislation may be defeated, we resolve that a copy of these

resolutions be immediately forwarded to the Senators and Representatives of Virginia in Congress, urging them to oppose by every means in their power the passage of any and all such bills.

(Signed)

T. S. GARNETT,
BEVERLEY D. TUCKER,
WILLIAM C. WHITTLE,
Committee.

On motion, the report of the committee and the resolutions offered were adopted by a unanimous rising vote.

[From the Richmond, Va., *Dispatch*, February 5, 1899.]

UNWRITTEN HISTORY.

A SOUTHERN ACCOUNT OF THE BURNING OF CHAMBERSBURG.

Northern Stories Contradicted—A Virginia Cavalryman Tells the Tale of the Memorable Raid—It Was Bad Enough, But Not as Bad as Pictured.

The burning of Chambersburg, Pa., July 30, 1864, by General John McCausland's Confederate cavalry was a unique incident of the civil war, as it was the first time the Confederates had applied the torch in retaliation for similar offences committed by the Federal army.

It created consternation and indignation throughout the entire North. They had forgotten that Colonel Montgomery, of the Federal army, committed such gross outrages on private citizens in South Carolina, on raids made into the State—acts so atrocious and unwarranted that he was summarily dismissed from the army; Kilpatrick and Sheridan were barn-burners and mill-burners by instinct, or orders; Jackson, Miss., was partially destroyed; one-third of Alexandria, Va., was burned, and Jacksonville, Fla., nearly all destroyed by fire from the torch of Federal soldiers, yet when we asked them to take a little of their medicine we became incendiaries and freebooters.

Chambersburg is in Franklin county, Pa., about fifty or sixty miles from the Potomac. It was a substantial, well-built, and beautifully

laid-out town of some 6,000 or 8,000 people. These people had for some time been without any military protection, but at the time we were there General Couch was encamped at Mercersburg, sixteen miles distant, with a battery and a force of men, and General Averill was encamped at Greencastle, ten miles distant, with 2,500 cavalry. Why did they permit us to burn Chambersburg? This is a question that has never been solved. They had three men to our one, as our force, all told, did not exceed 1,000 men.

A NORTHERN EXPLANATION.

From a little pamphlet published a few months after the burning, written by Rev. B. S. Schenck, D. D., I quote this paragraph in explanation:

"General Averill possibly might have saved Chambersburg, and I know General Couch exhausted himself to get Averill to fall back from Greencastle to this point. I do not say that General Averill is to blame, for he was under orders from General Hunter, and not subject to General Couch. He had a large force of the enemy in his front, and until it is clearly proved to the contrary I must believe he did his whole duty. The enemy under McCausland, Bradley Johnson, and Gilmer, let it be recollected, had at least 3,000 cavalry, with artillery at command, 800 being in town, the rest within supporting distance. Johnson's command occupied the high eminence one mile west of the town with a battery. No better position could have been desired. They were flushed at the prospect of plunder and pillage; their horses were fresh and sleek; their men resolute and defiant. On the other hand, Averill and his men had been worn out and jaded by long and heavy marches in Western Virginia for a number of consecutive weeks. Their horses were run down, and many of them ready to die, so that 280 of them could not be taken any farther, but were left here to recruit. It is, therefore, only possible, scarcely probable, that, even if Averill's force of 2,500 men had been here, a successful resistance could have been made under these circumstances. But Averil and his men were not here until several hours after the work of destruction was accomplished, and the enemy, gloating over his vengeful deeds, was miles away on the Western turnpike towards McConnellsburg."

I cannot explain why these troops did not intercept us, except upon the ground that we would whip them if they gave us a chance. Averill's men were good soldiers, and in the many encounters we had with them they proved a match for us, and the reasons stated in

the above paragraph may possibly explain why, but this pamphlet is so full of glaring falsehoods that upon general grounds I believe nothing in it. Chambersburg had been raided twice before McCausland went therein 1864—once by General “Jeb” Stuart in 1862, and in 1863 by a portion of General Lee’s army, just prior to the battle at Gettysburg. The farmers of Franklin and Adams counties had been kept in a state of suspense and uneasiness by McCausland’s cavalry, which had made several incursions into that section with remarkable results. For several weeks previous to the raid to Chambersburg, it had been reported that we had crossed the Potomac, and were steering up the Cumberland Valley, all which being untrue, the farmers afterwards treated these reports with indifference, apathy seized them, and when we did go we found everybody at home with stock, &c.

MCCAUSLAND’S REGIMENTS.

McCausland’s command consisted of the 8th, 14th, 16th and 17th Virginia Cavalry, and Colonel Witcher’s Battalion, to which had been added for this occasion the Marylanders of General Bradley T. Johnson. We left the vicinity of Martinsburg on Thursday night, and crossed the Potomac about noon on Friday, July 29th, at Cherry Run, about thirty miles from where we started. Harry Gilmer had asked the privilege of conducting the advance, which was granted, and when we arrived on the banks of the Potomac, the Marylanders were safely on the other side waiting for us. The river at this point was deep and wide, and it was a novel sight to see men scattered over the river with a firm grip on the horses’ tails, slowly toiling to a small island in the middle of the stream, from which point it was fordable. Not a man or horse was lost in crossing, and two hours sufficed for the whole command to safely land and form. It was generally known where we were going, and when night came on we were twenty miles from the Potomac. It was a clear, starry night, and forty miles had to be made by daylight. Orders had been issued for the men to avoid boisterous talking or laughing, and so well were these instructions carried out that we passed through villages and towns with our 1,000 men and were not discovered by the sleepers. On the approach of dawn it was whispered around that we were in the vicinity of Chambersburg, and when it became broad daylight we were in line of battle on the high hills overlooking the doomed city.

The 8th regiment was dismounted and started into town, followed by a small detachment of mounted cavalry, on streets and alleys

converging at what was called the "Diamond," about the centre of the town. A battery of four small pieces occupied an eminence, which occasionally threw shells over the city, which, I suppose, was done to intimidate rather than harm.

TRIBUTE OR SACRIFICE.

When the men had arrived at the objective point, the citizens and City Council were summoned before General McCausland, and Adjutant-General Fitzhugh read them the order of General Early, levying a tribute of \$100,000 in gold or \$500,000 in United States currency, for the burning of property by the Federal army in Virginia. This little pamphlet I mentioned above, written by Rev. Dr. Schenck, has this to say on this point:

"Captain Fitzhugh exhibited to J. W. Douglas, Esq., an attorney of this place, a written order, with the name of Jubal Early to it, directing that Chambersburg should be burned in retaliation for the burning of six houses in Virginia by Hunter. The burning of Chambersburg was then ordered by one of the corps commanders of General Lee's army, instead of a guerilla chief, thus placing the responsibility squarely upon the shoulders of General Lee. We have, in support of this, the statement of Rev. Mr. Edwards, Episcopal clergyman of Hagerstown, who was taken as a hostage after Chambersburg had been destroyed. He was brought to General Early's headquarters at Williamsport, and there paroled to effect his exchange. General Early there informed him that he had directed Chambersburg to be burned in retaliation for the destruction of property in Virginia by Grant, Meade and Hunter, and that the account was now square."

They seemed to think we were jesting and bluffing. They asked for time to consider, which was understood by our men to gain time so that Averil and Couch could reach there. An hour was granted, at the expiration of which they (the citizens and Council) announced that that amount of money was not in the town, and they would not pay it if they could. A detail was at once made and ordered to fire the town, and in one hour the business portion of the beautiful city was blackened, smoking ruins. The main part of the town was enveloped in flames in ten minutes. No notice was given, except that if the terms of the order were not complied with, destruction would be the result. This little book or pamphlet, which I have quoted from before, says:

“No time was given to remove women or children, the sick nor the dead, but the work of destruction was at once commenced. They divided into squads and fired every other house, and often every house, if there was any prospect of plunder. They would beat in the door with iron bars or heavy planks, smash up furniture with an axe, throw oil or fluid upon it, and ply the match. They almost invariably entered every room of each house, rifled the drawers of the bureau, appropriate money, jewelry, watches and any other valuables, and would often present pistols to the heads of inmates and demand money or their lives. Few houses escaped rifling—nearly all were plundered of everything that could be carried away. Many families had the utmost difficulty to get out themselves in time. Several invalids had to be carried out as the red flames licked their couches.”

SAW NO ATROCITIES.

Now, I was there, and I never saw anything of the kind, and I am inclined to think the author of this book was drawing a decidedly “long bow.” He may not be as expert and varied at it as General Eagan in picturing General Miles, but approaches him gently. I had my eyes and ears open in the two hours the army was there, and I saw nothing and heard nothing of the atrocities said to have been committed. No doubt wrongs and atrocities were committed by some, but no such thing as deliberate, wanton burning was ever practiced by the Confederate army. The burning of Chambersburg was purely a war measure, as much so as the freeing of the slaves. Of course we all regretted that it was necessary to burn this city to teach our enemies a lesson, and every human heart must have sympathized with those who were so unfortunate as to be located there. It was a measure I have never justified.

The conflagration at its height was one of surpassing grandeur and terror, and had the day not been a calm one, many would have been licked up by the flames in the streets. Tall, black columns of smoke rose up to the very skies; around it were wrapped long streams of flames, writhing and twisting themselves into a thousand fantastic shapes. Here and there gigantic whirlwinds would lift clothing and light substances into the air, and intermingled with the weird scene could be heard the shrieks of women and children. Cows, dogs and cats were consumed in their attempt to escape. It was a picture that may be misrepresented, but cannot be heightened, and must remain forever indelibly impressed upon the mind of those who witnessed it.

There were 369 buildings consumed, and many of them valuable.

The courthouse was estimated to be worth \$80,000; Colonel A. K. McClure's residence, \$20,000; the German Reform printing establishment, \$15,000; a banking-house, \$20,000. In all, eleven squares were totally destroyed. In these houses there were all the household effects of these unfortunate citizens, which included fifty-nine pianos. The total loss in everything was estimated to be over a million of dollars. I have seen gentlemen from Chambersburg recently, who tell me that the burned squares have been replaced with handsome new buildings, much superior to those we destroyed. In the centre of the public square has been erected a monument commemorating the burning of the city by the "Rebels" in 1864.

COLONEL MCCLURE CAPTURED THEM.

I may incidentally mention that we had orders to arrest and bring Colonel A. K. McClure of the *Philadelphia Times*, who at that time lived in Chambersburg, within our lines, but his hospitality completely captured those commissioned to do so, and he was never informed of the order.

From the time we left the Potomac until we began to retreat from the burning city, not a gun was fired by our men, except the few shells thrown over the town during its occupancy by us. Several of our men straggled and were killed by citizens or soldiers of the Federal army, who probably were at home. * *

About noon we abandoned Chambersburg and turned our faces toward the Potomac. Just on the outskirts of the city I saw a large bank barn, filled with hay or some very combustible material, on fire, probably the work of some of our soldiers. It was an unwarranted piece of deviltry, as our officers did everything they could to prevent such things. The orders of our chief had been obeyed—to bring \$100,000 in gold back with us, or burn the town. The latter having been effectually done, fire should have stopped there.

We crossed a small mountain that evening west of Chambersburg, and were not on the road we came. By noon next day we were at Hancock, Md. A terrific thunder storm was prevailing, and we did not go into the town. We recrossed the Potomac that night at Old Town, following the North Branch, and went into camp about two miles below Moorefield, in Hardy county. The Yankees under Averill had been close after us, and occasionally small brushes would take place between our rear guard and their advance, our object being only to check them until the brigade could get further on.

The many days of weary and exhaustive marching had nearly worn out the men and horses—no sleep or stop for three nights—

and the horses were unsaddled and turned out to graze—not dreaming of molestation by the Yankees. But in this we were deceived. They had kept close up to us, and towards morning they captured our outposts by disguising themselves as Confederates and stating they were sent to relieve them.

This left the road open and clear to our camp. Just as daylight began to show itself over the mountain the sleeping camp was aroused by volley after volley in quick succession, and the whistle of thousands of bullets greeted the ear. Averill's 2,500 cavalry were in our camp. As soon as our men understood what was the matter a general fight commenced, the horses stampeded, and a scene of confusion took place not easily described. The Federals had as their war-cry, "Remember Chambersburg!"

It was a prevalent story in camp that Averill's men were instructed to take no prisoners. We lost 100 men by capture and a large number killed—how many I don't know. I was sleeping near the battery, and had an opportunity to see the awful destruction it did when Averill attempted to force the ford. In five minutes the water was blue with floating corpses.

Lieutenant Alfred Mackey, of Rockbridge, was killed instantly; a brave and good man, who refused to surrender, and was shot through, the ball entering under his armpit. I was more fortunate than many; I rode a horse that could not be turned out to graze, as it was difficult to catch him. I had picketed him, and about five minutes before the attack he woke me up by stepping over me, a habit he had. Noticing that he had consumed all the grass in reach, I thought I would move him where he could get more. While doing this I heard the first shot, and then a number in quick succession. I understood the situation at once. In two minutes men and horses were running in every direction.

After the Yankees had covered about half of the camp, I saw some men running toward Moorefield—a general stampede. With nothing but a halter on my horse and no saddle, I turned in the same direction, and away I went at 2.40 speed, a number of Yankees close behind me, shooting all the time. My route lay up through a corn-field, the high corn at times hiding me from my pursuers. I thought my fate was sealed when I had gone about a half mile and saw a high Jefferson fence directly across my path. But my dear old friend, who had carried me out of many difficulties, seemed to gather new strength, an inspiration born of despair, as he got closer to the obstruction, and when at it, to my surprise and relief, he leaped over

like a deer, never touching a rail or slacking his gait, and sped on with the swiftness of the wind until Moorefield was reached.

I glanced back to see what had become of my pursuers, but they never got over the fence. In a few minutes, on the southern side of the town, a number of our command had collected, determined to hold the Yankees in check; but they never came in any force farther than our camp. I lost my saddle and bridle, and a small ham of meat that I had kept as a reserve when nothing else could be had.

This completes the story of the burning of Chambersburg, and is written entirely from personal recollection. Others may have seen it differently, but I have given the truth as I saw it. Nothing, so far as I know, has been written by a Confederate on the subject, and yet it was one of the most daring and reckless undertakings of the war.

WANT NO NEW GRAVE-KEEPERS.

What can I say of these daring riders, and, in general, of the Confederate soldier? He stands alone! Scorning a pension, too proud to beg, too honorable to steal and perjure himself by swearing that his poverty came from being in the army! What a contrast to those who opposed him—963,000 of them living as government paupers, and \$200,000,000 wrung out of the South to help pay these mendicants. And yet the Confederate is more loyal to the United States Government than these cormorants at the public crib. No doubt there are many deserving pensioners, who ought to be recognized by the government in the shape of an annuity, who actually received wounds and had their health undermined by the war. The Confederate says, cheerfully, pay him.

This is a time of "gush," but you will never get a Confederate who stood on the "fiery fringe of battle" to say that he wants a pension. We are able and willing to work and make a living, and if we are not, the State and local authorities will see that we do not starve. As for our graves and cemeteries being attended to by others than ourselves, we demur. We have kept them green for forty years, why not forty years longer? They need no care, except such as can be rendered by our fair daughters. The memory of the dead will always be precious to us, for was there ever such an army that had such dauntless courage, such unwavering fidelity, and made so many heroic sacrifices?

Lexington, Va.

J. SCOTT MOORE,
14th Va. Cavalry, C. S. A.

THE CONFEDERATE CAUSE AND ITS
DEFENDERS.

AN ADDRESS DELIVERED BY JUDGE GEORGE L. CHRISTIAN

Before the Grand Camp of Confederate Veterans at the Annual Meeting
held at Culpeper C. H., Va., October 4th, 1898, and published
by Special Request of the Grand Camp.

Great wars have been as landmarks in the progress of nations, measuring-points of growth or decay. As crucibles they test the characters of peoples. Whether or not there is fibre to bear the crush of battle, and the strain of long contest:—not only in this determined; but also another matter, of yet more serious import, and of deeper interest to the student of history and to a questioning posterity. The grave investigator of to-day, searches the past to know whether man is of such character, whether the causes for which he has fought are such, that the future is always to be dark with “wars and rumors of war.” He asks what men have regarded as sufficient causes of war? He does not enquire whether “the flying Mede” at Marathon, or the Greek with “his pursuing spear,” are types of their nations: he rather seeks to know how the apparently unimportant action of an insignificant city, provoked the great Persian invasion. His question is, not whether Athens or Sparta bred the better soldier, but he searches the records to find out the *causes* of the Peloponnesian war.

He does not consider whether Vercingetorix, standing a captive in the presence of Cæsar, was, after all, the nobler leader; nor whether Attila at Chalons was a greater general than Aetius, nor why the sword of Brennus turned the scale on that fateful day at Rome. He is more concerned to know why the Roman legions marched so far, and why the world threw off the imperial yoke. The *causes* of wars test yet more deeply than conduct in the field, the characters of peoples, indicate yet more surely what hopes of peace or fears of war lie in the future, to which we are advancing.

The foregoing considerations press on no people on earth more heavily than on those of the Southern States of this country. The question of the justice of the cause for which our Southern men fought and our Southern women suffered, in the great war which convulsed this country from '61 to '65, will always interest the philosophical histo-

rian, who will seek to know the motive that prompted the tremendous efforts of those four years, and the character of the men who fought so hard. It must command the attention of Confederate soldiers and their descendants for all time to come.

During that contest, and for many years after its close, there was no doubt as to this question in all our Southern land, and this is the case with nearly all our mature and thinking people to-day. I fear, however, that some of our children, misled by the false teachings of certain histories used in some of our schools, may have some misgivings on this all-important subject.

As Carthage had no historian, the Roman accounts of the famous Punic wars had to be accepted. All the blame was, as a matter of course, thrown on Carthage, and thus "*Punica Fides*" became a sneering by-word to all posterity. And so it has been, until recently, with the South. For many years after the war, our people were so poor, and so busily engaged in "keeping the wolf from their doors," that they lost sight of everything else. The shrewd, calculating, and wealthy Northerners, on the other hand, realized the importance of trying to impress the rising generation with the justice of their cause; and to that end they soon flooded our schools with histories, containing their version of the contest, and in many of these "all the blame" (as in the case of Carthage), is laid on the South.

In view of these facts, I have thought it not only not improper, but perhaps, a sacred duty, to call attention to some things which have impressed me very much, and some which so far as I know, have not heretofore been brought to the attention of our Southern people.

I shall not, in this address, discuss the Confederate Cause from the standpoint of a Southerner at all. Indeed, this has been done so thoroughly and ably by President Davis, Mr. Stephens, Dr. Bledsoe, and others, as to leave but little, if anything to be said from that point of view. I propose to set in order certain facts which will show: (1) What the *people of the North said and did during the war to establish the justice of our Cause*, and what they have said and done to the same end since its close; and (2) What distinguished foreigners have said about that cause, and the way the war was conducted on both sides. It seems to me that an answer to these enquiries is worthy of the gravest consideration, and ought to make its impression on any reflecting and unprejudiced mind.

I am profoundly thankful that in these latter days, our own people have become aroused to the importance of presenting the truth of this great struggle, and that the result has been to produce some

very good histories by Southern authors, giving the facts as to the causes which led to the war, and those as to its conduct by both parties. For these indispensable books, we are indebted almost solely to the influence of the Confederate Camps and kindred organizations which have sprung up all over the South.

Passing over the history up to the year 1864, we find the people of the North were then greatly agitated on the question of the propriety of the war, its further prosecution and the manner in which it was being conducted by the administration then in power. The opposition to the war and Lincoln's administration was led by Vallandigham, of Ohio, with such boldness and ability as to cause his arrest and temporary imprisonment. In the Presidential contest of that year, Lincoln and Johnson were the candidates of the Republican, or war party, and McClellan and Pendleton were those of the Democratic, or peace party. The convention which nominated McClellan and Pendleton was one of the most representative bodies that ever assembled in this country. It met in the city of Chicago on the 29th of August, 1864, with Governor Horatio Seymour, of New York, as its chairman.

An idea of the temper of the convention may be gathered from an extract from one of the speeches delivered in it by Rev. C. Chauncey Burr, of New Jersey, which is as follows:

“We had no right to burn their wheat-fields, steal their pianos, spoons or jewelry. Mr. Lincoln had stolen a good many thousand negroes, but for every negro he had thus stolen, he had stolen ten thousand spoons. It had been said that, if the South would lay down their arms, they would be received back into the Union. The South could not honorably lay down her arms, for she was fighting for her honor.”

Mr. Horace Greeley says that Governor Seymour, on assuming the chair, made an address showing the bitterest opposition to the war; “but his polished sentences seemed tame and moderate by comparison with the fiery utterances volunteered from hotel balconies, street corners, and wherever space could be found for the gathering of an *impromptu* audience; while the wildest, most intemperate utterances of virtual treason—those which would have caused Lee's army, had it been present, to forget its hunger and rags in an ecstasy of approval—were sure to evoke the longest and loudest plaudits.”

This convention adopted a platform containing these, among other, remarkable declarations :

“That after four years of failure to restore the Union by the experiment of war, during which, under the pretence of a military necessity of a war power higher than the Constitution, *the Constitution has been disregarded in every part. Justice, humanity, liberty, and the public welfare demand that immediate efforts be made for the cessation of hostilities*, with the ultimate convention of all the States, that these may be restored *on the basis of a federal union of all the States*, that the direct interference of the military authorities in the recent elections was a shameful violation of the Constitution, and the repetition of such acts will be held as revolutionary, and resisted; that the aim and object of the Democratic party is to preserve the federal union *and the rights of the States unimpaired*, and that they consider the *administrative usurpation of extraordinary and dangerous powers, not granted by the Constitution*, as calculated to prevent a restoration of the Union; that the shameful disregard of the administration in its duty to our fellow-citizens—prisoners of war—deserves the severest reprobation,” &c., &c.

It will thus be seen that this platform charged the party in power with the very offences which the people of the South complained of and which caused the Southern States to secede. It charged that the “Constitution had been disregarded in every part”; it declared that “justice, humanity, liberty, and the public welfare demand that immediate efforts be made for a cessation of hostilities”; it charged the administration with the “usurpation of extraordinary and dangerous powers, not granted by the Constitution”; it charged it with direct interference in the elections, and with a shameful disregard of its duty to prisoners of war. The platform claimed that the object of the party adopting it was to preserve the Federal Union and the rights of the States unimpaired.

In a word, the grievances here set forth were those of which the South was then complaining, and the principles sought to be maintained those for which the South was contending. And in addition to these, the people of the South were then exercising the God-given right and duty of defending their homes and firesides against an invasion as ruthless as any that ever marked the track of so-called civilized warfare.

Mr. John Sherman tells us in his “Recollections of Forty Years

in the House, Senate, and Cabinet," that prior to the adoption of this platform "there was apparent languor and indifference among people of the North as to who should be president, but after its adoption, there could be no doubt as to the trend of popular opinion." Governor Seward said in a speech delivered a few days after the adoption of that platform: "The issue is thus squarely made: McClellan and disunion, or Lincoln and union."

So that the issue thus made by the people of the North among themselves was really whether the war then being waged by them against the South was right or wrong; and on that issue, thus clearly presented, out of four millions of voters who went to the polls nearly one-half said, in effect, that the war was wrong, and that the principles for which the South was contending—the "rights of the States unimpaired"—were right, and that their overthrow was to be resisted by all patriotic Americans. Lincoln received 2,216,067 votes, whilst McClellan received 1,808,725 votes; the latter receiving very nearly as many votes in the Northern States alone as Lincoln had received in the whole country when he was elected in 1860, his vote at that time being only 1,866,352.

I construe this as a condemnation of their cause by *nearly one-half the people of the North*, "*out of their own mouths.*" It will be remembered that in this election the soldiers in the field voted, and it is to be presumed, of course, voted in support of the cause for which they were then fighting,—which fact alone would doubtless account for a very large part of the votes cast for Mr. Lincoln. In this election, too, there was again the most shameless interference by the military to carry the election for Mr. Lincoln. When we consider these facts, I think the result was truly remarkable, and something for the Northern people to think of now, when many of them so flippantly taunt the Southern people with having been "rebels" and "traitors." Let them ask themselves, did not the South have a just cause, and did not nearly one-half the Northern people so pronounce at the time?

As a sample of the interference by the military authorities in that election, General B. F. Butler tells us in his book how he was sent by Mr. Stanton to New York with a military force to control that city and State for Mr. Lincoln. He says he stationed his troops conveniently near to every voting place in New York city, and that "he took care that the Southerners should understand that means would be taken for their identification, and that whoever of them should vote would be dealt with in such a manner as to make them

uncomfortable"; and "the result was," he says, that "substantially no Southerners voted at the polls on election day."

I think these figures and these facts demonstrate that if this election had been a fair one, without the interference of the military, a majority of the voters of the North would have said by their votes that the war then being waged against the South *was wrong*, and would therefore have stopped it of their own accord, because they were *convinced* it was 'wrong, and contrary to "justice, humanity, liberty, and the public welfare."

It is most interesting to notice the vote in some of the great States of the North in this contest on the issue thus presented. Notwithstanding the interference by the military, as above stated by General Butler, the vote in New York was 368,726 for Lincoln and 361,986 for McClellan, or a little over 6,000 majority for Lincoln and his cause. Can any one doubt what the result would have been but for what General Butler says he and his troops did? In Pennsylvania the vote was 296,389 for Lincoln, and 276,308 for McClellan. That in Ohio was 265,154 for Lincoln, and 205,568 for McClellan. That in Indiana was 150,422 for Lincoln, and 130,233 for McClellan. That in Illinois was 189,487 for Lincoln, and 158,349 for McClellan. That in Wisconsin was 79,564 for Lincoln, and 63,875 for McClellan. In New Hampshire it was 36,595 for Lincoln, and 33,034 for McClellan. In Connecticut it was 44,693 for Lincoln, and 42,288 for McClellan; and whilst McClellan got the electoral votes of only New Jersey, Delaware and Kentucky, it is shown by the large vote he polled in all the States that the feeling of the people of the North against their cause was not confined to any State or locality, but pervaded the whole country; nearly every State, except perhaps Massachusetts, Vermont, Kansas, Maine and West Virginia, endorsing the war policy of the Republicans by smaller majorities than they have since given to the same party on purely economic issues. And just think of it, my comrades, that by a change of 209,000 in a vote of more than four millions, a majority of the people of the North would have voted that their cause was *wrong*, and that ours was consequently *right*.

The virulence with which McClellan's campaign was conducted cannot be better illustrated than by incorporating here a notice of a political meeting to be held during that canvass. This notice recently appeared in a number of *The Grand Army Record*, and is as follows:

“DEMOCRATS ONCE MORE TO THE BREACH!

Grand Rally at Bushnell, Friday, November 4th, 1864.

Hon. L. W. Ross, Major S. P. Cummings, T. E. Morgan, Joseph C. Thompson will address the people on the above occasion, and disclose to them the whole truth of the matter.

WHITE MEN OF MCDONOUGH,

Who prize the Constitution of our Fathers; who love the Union formed by their wisdom and compromise;

Brave men who hate the Rebellion of Abraham Lincoln, and are determined to destroy it;

Noble women who do not want their husbands and sons *dragged to the Valley of Death by a remorseless tyrant;*

Rally out to this meeting in your strength and numbers.

CENTRAL COMMITTEE.”

Mr. Greeley, in his *American Conflict*, says:

“It is highly probable that had a popular election been held at any time during the year following the 4th of July, 1862, on the question of continuing the war, or arresting it on the best attainable terms, a majority would have voted for peace; while it is highly probable that a still larger majority would have voted against emancipation.”

The same writer shows, too, not only how the successes or failures of the Northern armies served as the financial gauge which marked the price of their gold from time to time, but that these same successes or failures told in the elections the measure of the devotion of the Northern people to their cause.

Not so with the people of the South, who, in the darkest period of the war, February, 1865, and with a unanimity never surpassed, resolved that their cause was the “holiest of all causes,” and declared their resolution “to spare neither their blood nor their treasure in its maintenance and support.” And even now, a third of a century after that cause went down in defeat, but not in dishonor, its memories, though shrouded in sadness, are still a sacred and living factor in their lives and being.

Just at this point I desire to consider what was said of our cause, especially of the “right of secession,” and of the conduct of the

war on both sides, by a distinguished English nobleman who, it must be presumed, wrote from an unprejudiced standpoint.

In a work called *The Confederate Secession*, written by the Marquis of Lothian, and published in 1864 in Edinburgh and London, that writer, after reciting and discussing with remarkable accuracy and ability the grievances of the Southern States, and the cause which led to their secession from the Union, uses this language:

“I believe that the right of secession is so clear that if the South had wished to do so, for no better reason than that it could not bear to be beaten in an election, like a sulky school-boy out of temper at not winning a game, and had submitted the question of its right to withdraw from the Union to the decision of any court of law in Europe, she would have carried her point.”

He then draws the following vivid contrast between the way war was conducted by the two parties. He says:

“Let us however suppose the Southern Secession to have been altogether illegal and uncalled for, or rather let us turn away our eyes from the question altogether, and suppose that the causes of the struggle are veiled in obscurity. Can we find anything in the circumstances of the war itself which may induce us to take one side rather than the other? Those circumstances have been very remarkable. This contest has been signalized by the exhibition of some of the best and some of the worst qualities that war has ever brought out. It has produced a recklessness of human life; a contempt of principles, a disregard of engagements; a wasteful expenditure almost unprecedented; a widely extended corruption among the classes who have any connection with the government or the war; an enormous debt, so enormous as to point to almost certain repudiation; the headlong adoption of the most lawless measures; the public faith scandalously violated both towards friends and enemies; the liberty of the citizen at the mercy of arbitrary power; the liberty of the press abolished: the suspension of the *Habeas Corpus* Act; illegal imprisonments; midnight arrests; punishments inflicted without trial; the courts of law controlled by satellites of government; elections carried on under military supervision; a ruffianism both of word and action eating deep into the country; contractors and stock jobbers suddenly amassing enormous fortunes out of the public misery, and ostentatiously parading their ill-gotten wealth in the most vulgar display of luxury; the most brutal inhumanity in the conduct of the war itself; outrages upon the defenceless, upon

women, children and prisoners; plunder, rapine, devastation, murder,—all the old horrors of barbarous warfare, which Europe is beginning to be ashamed of, and new refinements of cruelty thereto added, by way of illustrating the advance of knowledge. It has also produced qualities and phenomena the opposite of these. Ardour and devotedness of patriotism which might alone be enough to make us proud of the century to which we belong; a unanimity such as has probably never been witnessed before; a wisdom in legislation; a stainless good faith under extremely difficult circumstances; a clear appreciation of danger, coupled with a determination to face it to the uttermost; a resolute abnegation of power in favor of leaders in whom those who selected them could trust; with an equally resolute determination to reserve the liberty of criticism, and not to allow those trusted leaders to go one inch beyond their legal powers; a heroism in the field and behind the defences of beleaguered cities, which can match anything that history has to show; a wonderful helpfulness in supplying needs and creating fresh resources; a chivalrous and romantic daring, which recalls the middle ages; a most scrupulous regard for the rights of hostile property; a tender consideration for the vanquished and the weak; a determination not to be provoked into retaliation by the most brutal injuries, which makes one wonder, recollecting what those injuries have been, whether in their place, one would have done as they have done. * * * And the remarkable circumstance is * * * *that all the good qualities have been on the one side, and all the bad ones on the other.*”

In other words, he says that all the bad qualities were on the side of the North, and all the good on that of the South. He then says of the South:

“I am not going a hair’s-breadth beyond what I soberly and sincerely believe, in saying that the Confederates have in almost every respect, surpassed anything that has ever been known.

“The most splendid instance of a nation’s defence of its liberties that the world has seen before the present day, was perhaps (I am not sure, but I think so), that of Sicily at the end of the thirteenth century; and the Confederates stand much above the Sicilians.”

He then goes on to enumerate the splendid instances of sacrifice and devotion of the people, especially of the women of the South, and of the valor and heroism of the soldiers in the field, but to re-

count these, would consume more space than would be profitable in this discussion.

That this writer was not singular in his opinions, in regard to our struggle, is manifest from what Mr. Justin McCarthy tells us in the second volume of his "History of our own Times." McCarthy was evidently an ardent sympathizer with the North, and yet he says that in England "the vast majority of what are called the governing classes, were on the side of the South;" that "by far the greater number of the aristocracy of the official world, of Members of Parliament, of Military and Naval men were for the South;" that "London Club life was virtually Southern;" and that "the most powerful papers in London, and the most popular papers as well, were open partizans of the Southern Confederation."

Lord Russell said the contest was one "in which the North was striving for empire, and the South for independence."

Mr. Gladstone said, our President, Mr. Davis, "had made an army, had made a navy, and had made a nation."

And it is as certain as anything that did not happen can be, that but for the fall of Vicksburg, and our failure to succeed at Gettysburg in July, 1863 (both of which disasters came on us at the same time), Mr. Roebuck's motion in Parliament for recognition by England, which the Emperor Napoleon also was working hard to bring about, would have been carried, and the Confederacy would then have been recognized by both England and France. This recognition would have raised the blockade, and this was all the South needed to insure its success. For as a distinguished Northern writer, from whom I shall presently quote, said, "without their navy to blockade our ports, they never could have conquered us."

Mr. Percy Greg, the justly famous English historian, says:

"If the Colonies were entitled to judge of their own cause, much more were the Southern States. Their rights—rights not implied, assumed, or traditional, like those of the Colonies, but expressly defined and solemnly guaranteed by law—had been flagrantly violated; the compact which alone bound them, had beyond question, been systematically broken for more than forty years by the States which appealed to it."

After showing the perfect regularity and legality of the Secession movement, he then says: "It was in defence of this that the people of the South sprang to arms 'to defend their homes and families, their property and their rights, the honor and independence of their States

to the last, against five fold numbers and resources a hundred fold greater than theirs.' "

He says of the cause of the North :

" The cause seems to me as bad as it well could be; the determination of a mere numerical majority to enforce a bond, which they themselves had flagrantly violated, to impose their own mere arbitrary will, their idea of national greatness, upon a distinct, independent, determined and almost unanimous people."

And he then says, as Lord Russell did :

" The North fought for empire which was not and never had been hers; the South for an independence she had won by the sword, and had enjoyed in law and fact ever since the recognition of the thirteen 'sovereign and independent States,'* if not since the foundation of Virginia. *Slavery was but the occasion of the rupture, in no sense the object of the war.*" Let me add a statement which will be confirmed by every veteran before me,—*no man ever saw a Virginia soldier who was fighting for slavery.*

This writer then speaks of the conduct of the Northern people as "unjust, aggressive, contemptuous of law and right," and as presenting a striking contrast to the "boundless devotion, uncalculating sacrifice, magnificent heroism and unrivalled endurance of the Southern people."

But I must pass on to what a distinguished Northern writer has to say of the people of the South, and their cause, twenty-one years after the close of the war. The writer is Benjamin J. Williams, Esq., of Lowell, Massachusetts, and the occasion which brought forth his paper (addressed to the *Lowell Sun*) was the demonstration to President Davis when he went to assist in the dedication of a Confederate monument at Montgomery, Ala. He says of Mr. Davis :

" Everywhere he receives from the people the most overwhelming manifestation of heartfelt affection, devotion and reverence, exceeding even any of which he was the recipient in the time of his power; such manifestations as no existing ruler in the world can obtain from

* See the exact text of the Treaty of Paris, which ended the Revolutionary War. Article I of that document is in the following words: "His Britannic Majesty acknowledges the said United States, viz: New Hampshire, Massachusetts Bay, Rhode Island and Providence Plantations, Connecticut, New York, New Jersey, Pennsylvania, Delaware, Maryland, Virginia, North Carolina, South Carolina and Georgia, to be free, sovereign and independent states, and he treats with *them*," &c. &c.—(*not with it?*)

his people, and such as probably were never given before to a public man, old, out of office, with no favors to dispense, and disfranchised. Such homage is significant; it is startling. It is given, as Mr. Davis himself has recognized, not to him alone, but to the cause whose chief representative he is, and it is useless to attempt to deny, disguise or evade the conclusion, that there must be something great and noble and true in him and in the cause to evoke this homage."

This writer then goes on to review Mr. Davis's career, both before and during the war, pays a splendid tribute to his character as a man, and his genius and ability as a soldier and statesman; says even Henry Wilson, of Massachusetts, referred to him in a speech made during the war, as the "clear-headed, practical, dominating Davis." And after referring to the proud and defiant spirit of Mr. Davis, and his splendid bearing both in the last days of the Confederacy and after his arrest and imprisonment, he says:

"The seductions of power or interest may move lesser men, that matters not to him; the cause of the Confederacy is a fixed moral and constitutional principle, unaffected by the triumph of physical force, and he asserts it to-day as unequivocally as when he was seated in its executive chair at Richmond, in apparently irreversible power, with its victorious legions at his command."

Mr. Davis, in his speech on the occasion referred to, alluded to the fact that the monument then being erected was to commemorate the deeds of those "who gave their lives a free-will offering in defence of the rights of their sires, won in the War of the Revolution, the State sovereignty, freedom and independence which were left to us as an inheritance to their posterity forever."

Mr. Williams says of this definition:

"These masterful words, 'the rights of their sires, won in the War of the Revolution, the State sovereignty, freedom and independence, which were left to us as an inheritance to their posterity forever,' are the whole case, and they are not only a statement but a complete justification of the Confederate cause, to all who are acquainted with the origin and character of the American Union."

He then proceeds to tell how the Constitution was adopted and the government formed by the individual States, each acting for itself, separately, and independently of the others,* and then says:

"It appears, then, from this review of the origin and character of

* See first resolution of the "First Continental Congress."

the American Union, that when the Southern States, deeming the Constitutional compact broken, and their own safety and happiness in imminent danger in the Union, withdrew therefrom and organized their new Confederacy, they but asserted, in the language of Mr. Davis, 'the rights of their sires, won in the War of the Revolution, the State sovereignty, freedom and independence, which were left to us as an inheritance to their posterity forever,' and it was in defence of this high and sacred cause that the Confederate soldiers sacrificed their lives. There was no need of war. The action of the Southern States was legal and Constitutional, and history will attest that it was reluctantly taken in the last extremity."

He now goes on to show how Mr. Lincoln precipitated the war, and describes the unequal struggle in which the South was engaged in these words:

"After a glorious four years' struggle against such odds as have been depicted, during which independence was often almost secured, where successive levies of armies, amounting in all to nearly three millions of men, had been hurled against her, the South, shut off from all the world, wasted, rent and desolate, bruised and bleeding, was at last overpowered by main strength; out-fought, never; for from first to last, she everywhere out-fought the foe. The Confederacy fell, but she fell not until she had achieved immortal fame. Few great established nations in all time have ever exhibited capacity and direction in government equal to hers, sustained as she was by the iron will and fixed persistence of the extraordinary man who was her chief; and few have ever won such a series of brilliant victories as that which illuminates forever the annals of her splendid armies, while the fortitude and patience of her people, and particularly of her noble women, under almost incredible trials and sufferings, have never been surpassed in the history of the world."

And he then adds:

"Such exalted character and achievement are not all in vain. Though the Confederacy fell, as an actual physical power, she lives illustrated by them, *eternally in her just cause—the cause of constitutional liberty.*"

Mr. Henry Cabot Lodge, one of the present Senators from Massachusetts, in his life of Webster, says:

"When the Constitution was adopted by the votes of the States at Philadelphia, and accepted by the States in popular conventions,

it is safe to say that there was not a man in the country, from Washington and Hamilton on the one side to George Clinton and George Mason on the other, who regarded the new system as anything but an experiment entered upon by the States, from which each and every State had the right peaceably to withdraw—a right which was very likely to be exercised.”

And I heard Mr. James C. Carter, of New York, but a native of New England, and one of the greatest lawyers in this country, in his address recently delivered at the University of Virginia, say:

“I may hazard the opinion that if the question had been made, not in 1860, but in 1788, immediately after the adoption of the Constitution, whether the Union, as formed by that instrument, could lawfully treat the secession of a State as rebellion, and suppress it by force, few of those who participated in framing that instrument would have answered in the affirmative.”

These are clear and candid admissions on the part of these distinguished Northerners that the Southern States had the right to secede as they did, and were, therefore, right in regard to the real issue involved in the war between the States.

There is but one other fact to which I desire to call attention in this connection, and while it has often been referred to, it cannot be too deeply impressed upon the minds of our people, and ought, it seems to me, to be conclusive of this whole question—and that is, the refusal of the Northern people to test the question of the right of secession by a trial of President Davis; and this, notwithstanding the fact that since the cry, “Crucify Him! Crucify Him!” went up at Jerusalem, nearly two thousand years ago, I believe there never was a time when a whole people were more willing to punish one man than were the people of the North, who were in favor of the war, to punish Mr. Davis for his alleged crimes as the leader of our cause and people.

Mr. Davis was captured on or about the 10th of May, 1865, near Washington, Ga., and straightway taken to and confined in a case-mate at Fortress Monroe. To show how eagerly these war people of the North demanded his life, they attempted first to implicate him in the assassination of Mr. Lincoln. It was even charged in a proclamation issued by the President of the United States that the evidence of Mr. Davis’s connection with that atrocious crime “appears from evidence in the Bureau of Military Justice.” This evidence consisted for the most part of affidavits of witnesses secured

by that vile wretch, Judge Advocate General Holt. A committee of the then *Republican* Congress says of these:

“Several of these witnesses, when brought before the committee, retracted entirely the statements which they had made in their affidavits, and declared that their testimony as originally given was false in every particular.”

Utterly failing in the attempt to connect Mr. Davis with this crime, they then tried to involve him in the alleged cruelty to prisoners at Andersonville, and a reprieve was offered to the commandant of the prison, Wirz, the night before he was hung, if he would implicate Mr. Davis,—which offer the brave Captain indignantly refused.

It was only after every attempt to connect Mr. Davis with other crimes had failed, that the authorities at Washington dared to have him indicted for the alleged crime of treason. Three several indictments for this offence were then set on foot. The first was found in the District of Columbia, but no process seems ever to have been issued on that. The second was found May 8th, 1866, at Norfolk, Va., in the Circuit Court of the United States for the Eastern District of Virginia, then presided over by the infamous Judge Underwood; and as Underwood himself tells us, this indictment was found after consultation with, and by the direction of Andrew Johnson, the then President of the United States. Almost immediately on the finding of this indictment, Mr. William B. Reed, a distinguished lawyer from Philadelphia, appeared for Mr. Davis, and asked: “What is to be done with this indictment? Is it to be tried?”

* * “If it is to be tried, may it please your honor, speaking for my colleagues and for myself and for my absent client, I say with emphasis, and I say with earnestness, we come here prepared instantly to try that case, and we shall ask no delay at your honor’s hands further than is necessary to bring the prisoner to face the Court, and enable him under the statute in such case made and provided, to examine the bill of indictment against him.”

At the instance of the Government, the case was then continued until October, 1866. Although efforts were made by Mr. Davis’s counsel to have him admitted to bail, or removed to some more comfortable quarters, neither of these could be accomplished until May 13th, 1867, when he was admitted to bail, after a cruel imprisonment of two years, Horace Greeley, Gerritt Smith and other distinguished Northerners then becoming his sureties.

On the 26th March, 1868, another indictment for treason was found against him, which was continued from time to time until November, 1868. During the pendency of these indictments, the 14th Amendment to the Constitution of the United States was adopted, the third section of which provides, that every person who, having taken an oath to support the Constitution of the United States, and thereafter engaged in rebellion, should be disqualified from holding certain offices. Counsel for Mr. Davis then raised the question that Mr. Davis having taken an oath to support the Constitution of the United States as a member of Congress in 1845, the 14th Amendment prescribed the punishment for afterwards engaging in rebellion, and this was pleaded in bar of the pending prosecutions for treason. The reporter says this defence was "inspired and suggested from the highest official source—not the President of the United States." In other words, it was inspired and suggested by the Chief Justice himself, as shown during the course of the argument, and for the sole purpose of evading the trial of the issue of the right of a State to secede, which was necessarily involved in the charge of alleged treason. On the question thus raised, the Court divided, the Chief Justice being of the opinion that the defence set up was a bar to the indictment, and Judge Underwood being of the contrary opinion. On this division, the question was certified to the Supreme Court, where, in the language of the reporter, "the certificate of disagreement rests among the records of the Court undisturbed by a single motion for either a hearing or dismissal."

It is a part of the history of the times, to use the language of a distinguished writer, that "the authorities at Washington and Chief Justice Chase himself decided after full consideration and consultation with the ablest lawyers in the country that the charge of treason could not be sustained, and so the distinguished prisoner, who was anxious to go into trial and vindicate himself and his cause before the world, was admitted to bail, and finally a *nolle prosequi* was entered in the case."

I repeat that these proceedings are a virtual confession on the part of the Northern people, that they were wrong, on the real question at issue in the war, and therefore that the South was right.

At this time, when a few men at the North are broad enough and bold enough to speak of some of the great leaders of the Southern cause as great and good men, and when, just because they were leaders in that cause, these opinions are seized upon, by those who still hate and defame us, as evidence of disloyalty, if not acts of

criminality on the part of those who venture to express them, it seems to me, it is pertinent again to enquire of the Northern people—

(1) What did nearly one-half of your own voters think of that cause, not thirty-two years after, but when the war was raging, and when all the passions enkindled, and horrors wrought by it, were fresh in the minds of those voters?

(2) What did enlightened, distinguished and unprejudiced foreigners think of that cause; the way the war was waged, and the conduct of the leaders, and the people on both sides at that time?

(3) What do some of your most intelligent and distinguished writers think now of that cause, and its great civil leader?

(4) And why did the people of the North refuse to test the question of which side was right, when they had instituted the case for that purpose in their own courts?

It seems to me, that the facts here set forth furnish such answers to these enquiries as ought to give pause to those of the North, who still love to revile and defame the people of the South; many doubtless delighting in this task now, who did not dare to come to the front when their professed views of duty called them there; some of whom have been convinced of the justice of *their cause*, only by the savor of the “flesh pots,” and the allurements of the pension rolls, which the results of the war and the achievements of others, have put within their grasp.

I would fain hope too, that these pregnant facts will be pondered by our young people of the South, and if there be more than one young Southerner who has said, as I heard that one did say not long ago, of his old Confederate father, “the old man actually thinks he was right in the war,”—that these facts will make any such, not only feel and know that the cause of the South *was right*, and that the people of the South, almost as a unit, espoused and loved that cause, but that as true men they love it still, and that their children ought to feel alike proud of that cause and those who defended it with their lives, their blood and their fortunes.

As some of the writers to whom I have referred have said: ‘There never was a people engaged in any struggle who were more united or determined than were the people of the South, in behalf of the cause of the Confederacy.’ They almost to a man, and certainly to a woman, believed in that cause, and as I have said, supported it with their lives, their blood and their fortunes. The sayings that “might makes right,” and that “success is a test of merit,” have

grown into proverbs. But there never were more fallacious and misleading statements than these.

Appomattox was not a judicial forum, but a battle-field, a simple test of physical power, where the Army of Northern Virginia, "worn out with victory," and almost starving, surrendered its arms to "overwhelming numbers and resources."

Therefore, I say that, so far as the way the war ended is concerned, it proves, and can prove, nothing as to which side was right or which was wrong. As we have seen, our enemies brought us into their own courts, thus proclaiming to the world that they were ready and willing to test the question judicially, and after advising with the highest authorities on their side, of their own motion, abandoned their case, and fled from the precincts of their own chosen tribunals. We were in their power, and could do nothing but accept this, their own virtual *confession that they were wrong*.

We need not fear, then, to submit our cause, or the way we conducted the war in its defence, to the muse of history, and to await her verdict with "calm confidence." Every day not only adds new lustre to the heroism and devotion of our people, and the achievements of our armies in the field, but rewards the researches of the unprejudiced historian with new and more convincing proofs of the justice of our cause. What are thirty years in the life of a nation? It was nearly two thousand years from the time when Arminius overcame the legions of Varus in the Black Forest of Germany before a statue was reared to the memory of that victor, and he was called the "Father of the Fatherland." It was less than two hundred years from the time when Charles the II came to his own, when the principles for which Cromwell and Hampden and Pym fought were recognized by all English speaking peoples, as the only ones on which constitutional liberty ever can rest.

OUR DEFENDERS.

Having said so much about our cause, I have only time to add a few words about the defenders of that cause.

And first, what shall I say, aye, what can I say, of the women of the South? For they were among the first, and will be the last defenders of that cause. I have no words in which to portray the admiration I feel, and the homage I would love to pay to these devoted patriots. Writers have often tried to set forth the story of their

services and sacrifices, but have turned away baffled at the contemplation of the task. Poets who have sung the achievements of heroes and warriors have found verse all too feeble to translate their loving deeds into song, and minstrels with harps well-nigh attuned to suit the Angelic Choir, have before that theme stood hesitant and abashed, with nerveless fingers and silent strings. It has been proposed to rear a monument to these noble women. I would love to contribute my mite to this undertaking. But I know too well that the highest conception of artistic genius can never measure up to the task of fitly portraying to the world the patriotism, heroism, devotion, and sacrifices of the noble women of the Southland. They were and are, in the language of Wordsworth :

“ Perfect women, nobly planned
To warn, to comfort and command.”

And what can I say of our leaders in that cause? It is no small thing to be able to say of them that they were cultivated men, without fear, and without reproach, and most of them the highest types of Christian gentlemen; that they were men whose characters have borne the inspection and commanded the respect of the world. Yes, the names of Davis, of Lee, of Jackson, the Johnstons, Beauregard, Ewell, Gordon, Early, Stuart, Hampton, Magruder, the Hills, Forrest, Cleburne, Polk, and a thousand others I could mention, will grow brighter and brighter, as the years roll on, because no stain of crime or vandalism is linked to those names; and because those men have performed deeds which deserve to live in history. And what shall I say of the men who followed these leaders? I will say this, without the slightest fear of contradiction from any source: They were the most unselfish and devoted patriots that ever marched to the tap of the drum, or stood on the bloody front of battle. The northern historian, Swinton, speaks of them as the “incomparable infantry of the Army of Northern Virginia.” Colonel Dodge, a distinguished Federal officer, in his lecture on Chancellorsville, before the “Lowell Institute” in Boston, says:

“ The morale of the Confederate army could not have been finer.”
* * * “ Perhaps no infantry was ever, in its peculiar way, more permeated with the instinct of pure fighting—ever felt the *gaudium certaminis* more than the Army of Northern Virginia.”

Another gallant Federal colonel thus wrote of them:

“ I take a just pride as an American citizen, a descendant on both

sides of my parentage of English stock, who came to this country about 1640, that the Southern army, composed almost entirely of Americans, were able, under the ablest American chieftains, to defeat so often the overwhelming hosts of the North, which were composed largely of foreigners to our soil; in fact, the majority were mercenaries whom large bounties induced to enlist, while the stay-at-home patriots, whose money bought them, body and boots, 'to go off and get killed, instead of their own precious selves, said let the war go on.' "

Another Federal officer, writing after the battle of Chancellorsville, says:

" Their artillery horses are poor, starved frames of beasts, tied to their carriages and caissons with odds and ends of rope and strips of rawhide; their supply and ammunition trains look like a congregation of all the crippled California emigrant trains that ever escaped off the desert out of the clutches of the rampaging Comanche Indians; the men are ill-dressed, ill-equipped and ill-provided—a set of ragamuffins that a man would be ashamed to be seen among even when he is a prisoner and can't help it; and yet they have beaten us fairly, beaten us all to pieces, beaten us so easily that we are objects of contempt even to their commonest private soldiers, with no shirts to hang out the holes of their pantaloons, and cartridge boxes tied around their waists with strands of rope."

Mr. Theodore Roosevelt, of New York, in his life of Benton, says:

" The world has never seen better soldiers than those who followed Lee, and their leader will undoubtedly rank as, without any exception, the very greatest of all great captains that the English speaking peoples have brought forth; and this, although the last and chief of his antagonists, may himself claim to stand as the full equal of Marlborough and Wellington."

And last, but not least, General Grant, to whom Mr. Roosevelt referred above, speaks of these soldiers in his Memoirs as " the men who had fought so bravely, so gallantly and so long for the cause which they believed in."

I might add a thousand similar commendations from those who fought us, but I cannot consume more of your time. If you have not done so, I advise you by all means to procure and read *The Recollections of a Private*, by a Northern soldier named Wil-

kinson, who was in the "Army of the Potomac" during Grant's campaign from the Rapidan to Petersburg, and describes, in a most entertaining and thrilling way, his experiences in that army. Without intending it at all, I believe, and only telling in his own style, the way in which that army was organized, controlled, and fought, his recitals are a panegyric on the Army of Northern Virginia and the glorious leaders of that army.

The *London Index* has this to say of our army and our people:

"Let it be remarked, that while other nations have written their own histories, the brief history of this army, so full of imperishable glory, has been written for them by their enemies, or at least by luke-warm neutrals. Above all, has the Confederate nation distinguished itself from its adversaries by modesty and truth, those noblest ornaments of human nature. A heart-felt, unostentatious piety has been the source whence this army and people have drawn their inspiration of duty, of honor and of consolation."

The Marquis of Lothian, from whom I have already quoted, said:

"There are few stories that history or tradition has handed down of valor and generosity which may not find something of a counterpart in the annals of this war. Parents sending forth their children, one after another, to die in the service of their country, without a murmur; delicate ladies leaving home to wait upon their countrymen in hospitals; stripping their homes of everything that could by any possibility promote the comfort of the troops, and working their fingers to the bone to making clothing for them;" * * * "individuals raising regiments at their own expense, and then serving in them as privates; school-boys and collegians forming themselves into companies, and volunteering for service; common soldiers in regiments giving up their pay in order to procure what was required for the sick and wounded." * * * "In their daring, as well as in their self-sacrifice, things are constantly done which in most countries would be made the theme for endless vaunting, but with them are passed over as matter of course, and as almost too common to be specially noticed."

Many such just and generous opinions might be quoted from like sources; but again I must forbear. You will observe that, as I was content to rest the justice of our cause on what our enemies and foreigners had to say of it, so I have been content to rest the con-

duct of our people, and of our armies, upon the testimony of the same witnesses, and on these alone. Let us leave the praise that ever waits on noble deeds to be fashioned

“ By some yet unmoulded tongue
Far on in summers that *we* shall not see.”

During his first campaign in Italy Napoleon, in writing of his soldiers, uses this language, which to my mind strikingly describes the soldiers which composed our Southern armies. He says:

“ They jest with danger and laugh at death; and if anything can equal their intrepidity it is the gaiety with which, singing alternately songs of love and patriotism, they accomplish the most severe forced marches. When they arrive in their bivouac it is not to take their repose, as might be expected, but to tell each his story of the battle of the day and produce his plan for that of to-morrow; and many of them think with great correctness on military subjects. The other day I was inspecting a demibrigade, and as it filed past me, a common Chasseur approached my horse and said, ‘ General, you ought to do so and so.’ ‘ Hold your peace, you rogue,’ I replied. He disappeared immediately, nor have I since been able to find him out. But the manœuvre which he recommended was the very same which I had privately resolved to carry into execution.”

And so I heard a distinguished Confederate soldier say that a private in the Army of Northern Virginia, sitting on the side of the mountain, outlined to him one evening the whole plan of the battle which was executed by the commanding general on the following day.

One by one the soldiers of the Confederate armies are passing into history. Whilst they go, not like those of the 10th Legion or the Phalanx, the representatives of victorious warfare; yet they will go as the defenders of a cause, which not only unprejudiced foreigners, but many of their former enemies, both during and since the conflict, have pronounced just and right; as soldiers who did their duty and whose defence of that cause was such as to challenge the admiration of the world. I thank God that there is not linked with the names of these men, the crimes of vandalism, which so often brought forth the “ widow’s wail and the orphan’s cry,” and which so marked the desolated track of those against whom they fought.

I thank God too, that no pension scandal has ever linked its corrupt and corrupting touch to the name of the Confederate soldier;

that his support is not a menace to the public treasury, but that he has "hoed his own row" and so lived as to command the respect of the world, and not by the help of the tax-gatherer, and amid the sneers and contempt of a long suffering and grateful people.

Whilst the cause for which they fought is a "lost cause" in the sense that they failed to establish a separate government within certain geographical limits, yet it is only lost in that sense. The principles of that cause yet live, and the deeds done by its defenders were not done in vain.

No my friends,

"Freedom's battle once begun
Bequeathed by bleeding sire to son,
Though baffled oft is ever won."

And now, my comrades, I must stop to say one word for myself and for you, about the true and noble people of this battle-scarred, but still beautiful old county of Culpeper, in which it is our privilege to meet, and to greet one another on this interesting occasion. The record of this glorious people, won in the war of the Revolution, was completely eclipsed by that made by them in the Confederate war, and whilst "Cedar Mountain," "Brandy Station," and a hundred other fields will ever attest the heroism and devotion of the Confederate soldier, there is not a home or hamlet here that could not tell its story of the heroism, hospitality and devotion of her Confederate men and women.

It is with a sense of peculiar pride and pleasure then that we meet here to-night, not only with some of the survivors of those who stood shoulder to shoulder on those bloody fields, but with those men and women, and the descendants of those, who amidst the glare of their burning homes, and the threats and tortures of a ruthless and relentless foe, remained unwavering and unconquerable, and who are still true to principle and to right. Yes, my old comrades, we stand upon historic ground to-night. The rocky defiles of these mountains have echoed and re-echoed the thunders of artillery and the rattle of musketry amidst the ringing commands of Lee and Jackson, and the flashing, knightly sabres of Ashby, Stuart and Hampton. Here banner and plume have waved in the mountain breeze, whilst helmet and blade and bayonet were glittering in the morning sun; and here too, ah, shame to tell, history will record many a thrilling tale of outrage inflicted upon this defenceless people by the mercenary hordes of the North, permitted and encour-

aged by the remorseless cruelty and unquenchable ambition of some of their leaders. Just think of the almost infinite distance between the places these leaders will occupy in history, and those already occupied by those immortal and incomparable commanders, who sleep side by side at Lexington, and whose fame will grow brighter and brighter as the years roll by. As the conquerors of Hannibal, of Cæsar, and Napoleon have been almost forgotten amid the effulgence which will forever cling to the names of these illustrious, though vanquished leaders, so in the ages to come, the fame of Lee, of Jackson, the Johnstons, Stuart, Ashby and others will outshine that of Grant, Sheridan and Sherman "like the Sun 'mid Moon and Stars."

In the few hours that I could spare from the cares and engagements of a busy life, I have thought it worth the while to gather up the fragments of testimony which I have given you to-day as to the justice of our cause, and the conduct of the defenders of that cause, not by way of presenting to you any arguments of mine on these all-important themes; but to show you some of the *acts and confessions* of our *quondam* enemies themselves, and of distinguished foreigners. These constitute the highest and the best evidence which the law recognizes for the establishment of the truth of any fact. And I want you, and the young people here especially, to think on these things. Yes, my young friends, this cause, which is thus, as I think, *established* to be *right*, is the one for which a third of a century ago, your fathers fought, and your mothers worked and wept, and prayed. They *thought* they were right then, they *know* they were right *now*.

And I want to say, in conclusion, that to think and feel, as we think and feel about the Confederate cause, does not mean that we are disloyal citizens of our now united and common country. But on the contrary, it is just in proportion as we are true and loyal to the cause of the South, that we will be true and faithful citizens of our country to-day; because the principles for which the Confederate soldier fought, are the only ones, as I have already said, on which constitutional liberty can ever rest in this, or any other country. Yes, my comrades and friends, be ye sure that

"The graves of our dead with the grass overgrown
Will yet form the footstool of liberty's throne,
And each single wreck in the war path of might
Shall yet be a rock in the temple of right."

And I therefore repeat the statement: The men who died for the Confederate cause, have not died in vain.

No,—

“ They never fail who die
In a great cause. The block may soak their gore;
Their heads may sodden in the sun; their limbs
Be strung to city gates and castle walls;
But still their spirits walk abroad. Though years
Elapse, and others share as dark a doom,
They but augment the deep and sweeping thoughts
Which overpower all others and conduct
The world at last to freedom.”

HON. JAMES MERCER GARNETT.

AN ADDRESS BY PROFESSOR JAMES MERCER GARNETT,

**On Presenting the Portrait of Hon. James M. Garnett in the Court-
Room at Tappahannock, Essex County, Va., Judge Thos.
R. B. Wright of the Circuit Court Presiding—
June 20, 1898.**

[Judge Wright, who as worthily wears the ermine as he did honor to the cause, as a Confederate soldier, has been indefatigable in his efforts to secure for the court-room at Tappahannock the portraits of distinguished and worthy men of the vicinage of his circuit. This comprehends a section which has been singularly productive of men whose lives have been excellent and who have signally aided in making the history of our State and country. The walls of his court-room are now graced with a galaxy of the countenances of men of whose virtues and abilities any people might justly be proud. Such an assembled view can but prove in the highest degree inspiring and helpful in directing the character of youth. Judge Wright may look upon them with a pleasure peculiarly his own—as in his life-springs he draws from more than one of them.

Nobility of character not only impels reverence, but it inspires the emulation of virtue—of greatness. To look upon the man, as his compeers saw him, aids potently in the mind the inspection of the record of his deeds.—ED.]

Your Honor, Ladies and Gentlemen :

I esteem it a great pleasure and privilege, sir, to present for preservation in this room, where justice is so worthily dispensed by your Honor, the portrait of my grandfather, who, in days long gone, sat in the old courthouse adjoining as a member of that magistrates' court, which reflected the hard common sense of the Virginia country farmer, and did equity between man and man with such sound judgment that it has been esteemed by those competent to judge the best system of county judiciary that the State ever possessed.

It is now more than half a century since he has lain in the grave, but there are some still living in this county, and perhaps within the sound of my voice, who may remember him—a tall, erect, dignified man—as he went in and out among you during the seventy-three years of his long life, for where he lived there he died and is buried, at Elmwood on the Rappahannock, never residing away from home except when he was serving the county or the State at Richmond or Washington.

Permit me then, sir, to read a brief sketch of the life of him whose portrait I entrust to your Honor's keeping.

The Hon. James Mercer Garnett, of Elmwood, Essex county, Va., was born June 8th, 1770, the second child and oldest son of ten children. His father, Muscoe Garnett, of Essex county, was the son of James Garnett and Elizabeth Muscoe, his second wife, the daughter of Captain Salvator Muscoe, and was the only child of that marriage. He was the grandson of John Garnett, of Gloucester county, supposed to be first of the family that came from England to this country, although this is not certain, as the family records do not trace his ancestry further back. Muscoe Garnett, as his father before him, was a large landed proprietor, and built Elmwood before the Revolutionary War. During that war he was a member of the Committee of Safety for Essex County, which regulated the military affairs of the county. He, his father, and his son were vestrymen of Vawter's church, built in 1731.

He married on July 19, 1767, Grace Fenton Mercer, daughter of John Mercer, of Marlborough, Stafford county, and his second wife Ann Roy. This John Mercer was born in Dublin, Ireland, in 1704, descended from an English family that had settled in Dublin, and was the first of that family who came to this country. His ancestry is traced back through his father, John Mercer, and mother, Grace Fenton and his grandfather, Robert Mercer, to his great-grandfather, Noel Mercer, of Chester, England. John Mercer, of Marlborough,

was an eminent lawyer and a very large landed proprietor, and was the author of "Mercer's Abridgment of the Laws of Virginia." A folio volume containing entries of all his landed property, its bounds and limits, when purchased and when sold, entered in his own neat, and regular hand, is still preserved.

James Mercer Garnett was educated at home, receiving the liberal private education customary in Virginia at that time. He married on September 21st, 1793, his first cousin, Mary Eleanor Dick Mercer, only daughter of Judge James Mercer, of Fredericksburg, and his wife, Eleanor Dick, daughter of Major Charles Dick, of Scottish parentage and of Revolutionary fame. James Mercer, after whom his nephew was named, was the fifth son and sixth child of the above mentioned John Mercer, of Marlborough, and his first wife, Catharine Mason, aunt of the distinguished statesman, George Mason, of Gunston Hall, Fairfax county, who wrote the Declaration of Rights and the first Constitution of Virginia, and is so well known in the early history of the State. James Mercer graduated at William and Mary College, was a member of the House of Burgesses of Virginia, of all the Virginia Conventions of the day, of the Virginia Committee of Safety that governed the State in 1775-76 until the inauguration of Patrick Henry as first Governor, July 1, 1776; he was also a member of the Continental Congress in 1779-80. He was appointed a judge of the General Court in 1780, and a judge of the Court of Appeals of five judges in 1789, in which year he was also appointed one of the revisors of the laws of Virginia. He was the father of General Charles Fenton Mercer, of Aldie, Loudoun county, who was a member of the Virginia Legislature, 1810-17, except while in military service during the war of 1812, of the United States Congress, 1817-39, of the Virginia Constitutional Convention of 1829-30 and was the first President of the Chesapeake & Ohio canal.

The following is a brief record of the official life of James Mercer Garnett as far as it can be traced. I have been informed that he was a member of the Virginia Legislature of 1798-'99, and that he voted for the celebrated resolutions of that session denouncing the alien and sedition acts; but I think it is more probable that he was a member during the following session and voted for the adoption of Mr. Madison's report on those resolutions. Mr. Madison, the father of the resolutions, consulted often with Colonel John Taylor, of Caroline county, and Mr. Garnett, the intimate friend of Colonel Taylor, frequently participated in those consultations, which were often held in Mr. Garnett's room.

Mr. Garnett represented his district in the Congress of the United States for two terms, 1803-'09, when he addressed a letter to his constituents declining a re-election. This letter was much praised by John Randolph, who tried hard to persuade him to offer for a re-election. The friendship between Mr. Garnett and Mr. Randolph lasted through life. In a speech in the United States Senate in 1828 Mr. Randolph refers to Mr. Garnett's services in Congress, and soon afterwards writes: "Our friendship commenced soon after he took his seat in Congress and has continued uninterrupted by a single moment of coolness or alienation during three and twenty years, and very trying times, political and otherwise. I take pride in naming this gentleman among my steady, uniform and unwavering friends. In Congress he never said an unwise thing, or gave a bad vote." (See Bouldin's "Reminiscences of John Randolph." Appendix.)

An interesting correspondence between Mr. Randolph and Mr. Garnett of some 340 letters has been preserved, extending from 1806 to 1832, the year before Mr. Randolph's death. The originals of these letters are at Elmwood, and a copy is in my possession.

In August, 1807, Mr. Garnett served as a member of the grand jury that indicted Aaron Burr, of which jury Mr. Randolph was the foreman. Mr. William Wirt Henry, in his address before the Virginia State Bar Association, August 3, 1897, on "The Trial of Aaron Burr," calls this "the most distinguished grand jury that was ever impaneled." (See Virginia Law Register, Vol. III, pages 477-492.)

Mr. Garnett served again in the Virginia Legislature during the session of 1824-'25, and was a member of the Convention of 1829-30, called to amend the State Constitution. He opposed many of the changes in the Constitution made by that Convention, and was thus frequently found on the opposite side to his brother-in-law, Hon. Charles Fenton Mercer, who acted as chairman of the Committee on Resolutions, Mr. Madison, the appointed chairman, from his age and infirmities being unable to take a very active part in the work of the Convention. Mr. Garnett, a gentleman of "the old school," thought that greater weight should be given to land holders in the administration of government, and was opposed to the scheme adopted for the enlargement of the basis of suffrage. His membership of this Convention was his last service in any public capacity.

Permit me to quote a few lines from Hugh Blair Grigsby's address on this Convention—the best account of it that we have—de-

livered before the Virginia Historical Society, December 15, 1853, and contained in the Virginia Historical Reporter for 1854 (Vol. I., pp. 81-83), a very rare pamphlet.

Mr. Grigsby says: "Although as the contests of the Convention the lines of division were strictly drawn between the friends and opponents of the old constitution, now that those strifes are past, and most of the active spirits of those exciting times are no more, it may not be inappropriate to class two names together, which, though never on the same side of the perpetually recurring call of the roll, were bound by the cords of Christian affection and were united in the support of all the religious and humane schemes which honored the age in which they lived—James Mercer Garnett and William Harrison Fitzhugh. Garnett was by many years the elder of the two, and may be said to have closed his political life twenty years before the assembling of the Convention and before that of Fitzhugh had begun. He had been a member of the House of Delegates and was a member of the House of Representatives during the entire second term of Mr. Jefferson's administration; and though rarely engaged in prolonged debate, was an efficient coadjutor of the party at the head of which was Mr. Randolph, which opposed the policy of that statesman. Thenceforth he almost renounced public life, and devoted his time to agriculture, education, and religion, three great interests which then required all his fostering care. He was not far from sixty, but retained in his gait the elasticity and erectness of a young man. He did not make a formal speech during the session, but watched the progress of events with the strictest attention, and some one present may remember how distinctly his sonorous voice was heard above all others at the call of the ayes and nays, and was recognized at once. He was full of life and delighted in society, of which his polished manners, his humor deepening at times into a caustic wit, and his large historical recollections made him a brilliant ornament. If John Randolph excited the mirth of the Convention at the expense of Mr. Jefferson's 'mould-boards of the least possible resistance,' Garnett brought forth roars of laughter in private circles at Mr. Madison's scheme of hitching the bison to the plough. It was in the social gathering that the artillery of his political party was brought to bear with the most decided success; and many a young politician, who would have taken the alarm at an allusion to the embargo on the war, sunk under the raillery played against the philosopher and the farmer."

Mr. Garnett was a man of high education, as his writings show,

and he wrote much for newspapers and periodicals, discussing questions of education, agriculture, politics and literature, the two first by preference, for he was prominent in all movements for the advancement of education and agriculture. His style was remarkably pure and forcible. He was a strong advocate of free trade and wrote much in favor of it, having at one time had a controversy on the tariff with Mr. Matthew Carey, of Philadelphia. This correspondence was conducted in *The Spirit of Seventy-Six*, a paper published in Georgetown about 1811. Mr. Garnett wrote under the signature of "Cornplanter," with which title many of Mr. Randolph's letters to Mr. Garnett begin. Mr. Randolph wrote also for this paper under the signature of "Matt Bramble," and it may be mentioned that in a letter to Mr. Garnett, written in 1811, Judge Henry St. George Tucker, Mr. Randolph's half-brother, expresses the opinion that "Cornplanter" and "Matt Bramble" are one and the same person, crediting to Mr. Garnett, Mr. Randolph's articles.

In 1820 Mr. Carey published three letters on the present calamitous state of affairs, addressed to J. M. Garnett, Esq., President of the "Fredericksburg Agricultural Society," strongly advocating protection for American manufactures.

Of the society just named Mr. Garnett was President for twenty years and delivered to it annual addresses. He was a founder of the Virginia State Agricultural Society, and it is stated in Lippincott's and in Appleton's Biographical Dictionaries that he was one of the principal founders and the first President of the United States Agricultural Society, but the correctness of this statement I cannot verify.

Besides the paper above mentioned Mr. Garnett wrote also for the *Argus*, the *Richmond Enquirer*, *The National Intelligencer*, and other newspapers, and for the *Southern Literary Messenger*, often under the signature "Oliver Old School," *Ruffin's Farmer's Register*, and later in life for Judge Bird's *Albany Cultivator*. He delivered many lectures on agriculture and education in other States as well as in Virginia.

Mr. Garnett was a member of our Anti-tariff Convention that assembled in Baltimore in 1821, and was appointed to write an address which was published in Skinner's *American Farmer*. He was also a member of another Anti-tariff Convention held in Philadelphia in 1831. This Convention addressed a memorial to Congress that was written by Thomas R. Dew, President of William and Mary College. There were fifteen States represented in it, among them Mas-

sachusetts, New York, Pennsylvania, and other Northern as well as Southern States.

Mr. Garnett's interest in the promotion of agriculture was very great, and his exertions for that object commenced early in life and continued to old age, even to the detriment of his own interests.

Charles Carter Lee, in his poem "Virginia Georgics," has a humorous couplet to the effect that, while Garnett lectured on agriculture, his neighbor Waring ploughed his corn.

Mr. Garnett's annual addresses to the Agricultural Society of Fredericksburg were attended by both ladies and gentlemen, and he succeeded in making these addresses very popular. With great personal effort, in which he was assisted by his friend, Colonel John Taylor, of Caroline county, the "Arator" of literature, he founded the Virginia State Agricultural Society, to which also he delivered annual addresses. His high moral character and decided ability gave him great influence with all to whom he became known. This was shown in a marked manner in the case of his poorer neighbors, for whose welfare he specially interested himself. About 1815 he built a log-house on his own land and established a Sunday-school in it, which was at first taught solely by himself and the members of his family, and subsequently neighbors and persons educated in the school gave assistance.

The house was twice enlarged and the number of scholars sometimes reached two hundred, some of whom came from a distance of fifteen or twenty miles, and not a few owed their entire education to this school. Mr. Garnett was a true Christian from an early age, and a member of the Protestant Episcopal Church. The Bible and the Book of Common Prayer were used in the school; and Mr. Garnett often wrote special prayers for use in it, some of which have been preserved. After school he would read some moral or religious story, and at regular periods would deliver addresses to the school, which were largely attended by persons other than scholars. The moral and religious influence of this Sunday-school was very great, and may be traced to this day.*

During the four years of his service in Congress Mr. Garnett formed many warm friendships. Among the closest and most lasting

* It may be mentioned, as an evidence that the memory of this school is still preserved in Essex county, that, at the conclusion of this address, a gentleman stated to the writer that he had in his possession a Bible which was given to his mother by Mr. Garnett when she was an attendant at the school.

were those with John Randolph, of Virginia, Richard Stanford and Nathaniel Macon, of North Carolina, and Edward Lloyd and Francis S. Key, of Maryland, all of whom except the last were his colleagues. These gentlemen called themselves Republicans, in distinction from the Federalists of the day, but they were also known as "The Third Party," as they frequently opposed measures of the regular administration, Republican, and they were particularly noted as strong States-rights men. As is well known, the Democratic party of the present day is the successor of the old Republican party. Mr. Garnett kept up a constant correspondence with these gentlemen, especially with John Randolph and Richard Stanford, and he survived all of his friends above-mentioned. While the Randolph correspondence has been preserved, the letters of Stanford have been lost, which is much to be regretted, as they were full of talent and rich humor.

Although Mr. Garnett inherited a considerable amount of property, he became in advanced age somewhat embarrassed in his circumstances, owing chiefly to his profuse hospitality and personal benevolence.

As a means of partial relief he opened a school for young ladies at his residence, Elmwood, about the year 1821. With the exception of the teachers of drawing and music, this school was taught exclusively by his wife and daughters, who were eminently qualified for such a task, as they possessed a high order of talent and a thorough education. Mrs. Garnett was a lady of remarkable mental powers, of high cultivation, and of a character that secured the love and admiration of all who knew her. Mr. Garnett's duties in connection with the school were the holding of daily family prayers, morning and evening, and the correction and criticism of the English compositions. But his most serious work was the writing and delivery of lectures to the school once in each quarter.

These lectures on Female Education were published in 1824 and 1825, and rapidly went through four editions.*

Did time permit it would be interesting to quote from the "Gossip's Manual, or Maxims of Conversation and Conduct adapted to

*I am the fortunate possessor of a copy of the second edition of the lectures (Richmond, 1824), embellished with a portrait in water colors of Mr. Garnett, drawn by his cousin, Miss Margaret Mercer (daughter of Governor John Francis Mercer, of Maryland), who herself for many years had a school for young ladies at Belmont, near Leesburg, in Loudoun county.

both Sexes and all ages beyond childhood," which is prefixed to the lectures, as illustrating Mr. Garnett's humor and the quaint manners of the time.

These lectures were followed by a volume of lectures on various topics of morals, manners, conduct, and intellectual improvement, addressed to Mrs. Garnett's pupils at Elmwood, Essex county, Va., 1825-6, whose object is shown by their title.

Moral and religious education was carried on in this school *paripassu* with mental training, and resulted in a great success.

The scholars, without exception as far as is known, became personally attached to the family, and one (the late Charles F. M. Garnett, son of James M. Garnett, a distinguished civil engineer, to whose reminiscences of his father this address is much indebted), who knew them all well, and met with many in after life, testifies that he never saw or heard of one of these scholars who did not become a religious and useful woman and an ornament to society. Notwithstanding the scant means of communication in that day the school was attended by pupils from other States and often reached fifty in number.

The school for young ladies was kept up for eight years, when, owing to Mrs. Garnett's ill-health, it was closed, and a school for boys was opened, one object of which was the education of Mr. Garnett's grandson, Muscoe R. H. Garnett, the only child of Mr. Garnett's eldest son, James Mercer Garnett, Jr., who married, in 1820, his first cousin, Maria Hunter, sister of the late Hon. Robert M. T. Hunter, distinguished as a statesman in the U. S. House of Representatives and Senate, and in the C. S. Senate, and who served for a time as Secretary of State of the Confederate States.

Muscoe R. H. Garnett was born on July 25, 1821, was a member of the Virginia Constitutional Convention of 1850, of the State Legislature, of the Virginia Convention of 1861, of the U. S. Congress from 1857 to 1861, and of the C. S. Congress from 1861 until his death in February, 1864. His pamphlet on "The Union, past and future; how it works and how to save it; by a citizen of Virginia," written in 1850, created great interest, and took a prominent place in the political controversies of that day. He was cut off in the prime of life and usefulness.

Teachers were employed to conduct this boys' school at Elmwood, and Mr. Garnett took the same part in it that he had taken in the girls' school. In 1830 he delivered to the boys a series of four lectures, containing, as he writes in the dedication, "the result of my

most deliberate reflections and mature conviction relative to the nature and obligation of the great leading principles which should regulate your conduct and form your characters."

These lectures were published in that year as a "Token of Regard, presented to the pupils of the Elmwood School by their friend, James M. Garnett." The copyright of all of his lectures to both schools was given by Mr. Garnett to the publisher, Thomas W. White, then publisher and proprietor of the *Southern Literary Messenger*, the only condition being that the publisher supply a certain number of copies for gratuitous distribution to the pupils and other persons. The lectures, especially those addressed to young ladies, had a wide circulation and were highly valued.

Just before the meeting of the Virginia Constitutional Convention of 1829, Mr. Garnett compiled and issued a volume of Constitutional Charts, or comparative views of the legislative, executive and judiciary departments, in the Constitutions of all the States in the Union, including that of the United States, with a dedication to the people of Virginia, and intended as a guide for the use of members of the Convention.

It would be out of place on this occasion to give any detailed account of Mr. Garnett's various addresses and of his contributions to newspapers and periodicals. These last were very numerous and over various signatures, were begun early in life and continued for forty years or more, and many of them had decided influence at the time. Perhaps the last of his public addresses was one on "Popular Education," delivered to an educational convention which assembled in Richmond on December 9, 1841, and published by request of the Convention in the *Southern Literary Messenger* for February, 1842. In this address Mr. Garnett discussed the importance of popular education, its neglect in Virginia, the effects of education upon crime with statistics, and especially the importance of religious instruction in the school-room. Although the *Messenger* had adopted for some years a rule discontinuing the publication of lectures and addresses, it was relaxed in this case, as the editor says, owing to "the importance of the subject and the ability with which the sound views and just opinions of the orator were illustrated and enforced."

Mr. Garnett died at his residence on April 23, 1843, having attained the age of nearly seventy-three years, and he is buried in the family cemetery at Elmwood. A brief notice of his death in the *American Almanac* for 1844, after stating the public positions held by him, continues: "But Mr. Garnett's greenest laurels were won in

the cause of education and agriculture, to which he was ardently devoted to the close of his life. For more than twenty years he presided over the Agricultural Society of Fredericksburg, always assiduous in the discharge of his duty and never flagging, even when his fellow-laborers were in despair. His addresses were characterized by a zealous devotion to the interests, morals, education, and the improvement in agriculture, not of the people of Virginia only, but of the whole Union. He was happy in his powers of conversation, cheerful amidst adversity and affliction, and died a sincere Christian."

Mr. Garnett was a man of imposing presence, tall and well proportioned, and of great dignity of carriage and manner, even approaching stiffness, but accompanied with great gentleness of disposition, shown especially in his fondness for children. He was a man of the most scrupulous honor and integrity, and his conduct through life was ever ruled by the principles of the Christian religion.

The late Hon. B. Johnson Barbour who attended the boys school at Elmwood in 1829, being a schoolmate there of Muscoe R. H. Garnett, wrote in 1885 some reminiscences of his school days. He says:

"Mr. Garnett's presence was very imposing, tall, well proportioned, with a fine eye, a full head of gray hair neatly brought together at the back in a queue, which was the more striking from the fact that that style of dressing the hair had nearly gone out of vogue." Mr. Barbour says of Mrs. Garnett: "I cannot forbear from paying a deserved tribute to Mrs. Garnett. I still cherish her memory with love and gratitude. During my whole stay at Elmwood she was indeed a mother to me, chiding me gently when in fault, encouraging me in every way to press forward, calling me to her chamber to read a portion of the scriptures, and afterwards whatever there might be of interest in the newspapers." He adds of Elmwood: "I need not attempt any description of Elmwood, I will only say that it has suggested some of the fine old English houses to me, and for years after I lived there, when I would be reading an English novel, Elmwood with its fine hall, its library and parlor, its corridors and general spaciousness, would rise up before me."

Mr. Barbour gives an interesting account of the school, and particularly pays a warm tribute to his friend and schoolmate, M. R. H. Garnett.

This sketch may fitly close with the following statement of the Hon. R. M. T. Hunter, Mr. Garnett's nephew, who wrote of him in 1884:

"I have a very distinct conception, not only of his character, but of the nature of the influence which he exerted upon society. I think I may say that his character was a matter of history in Virginia tradition, for no man was known or beloved by a wider or more important circle of friends in Virginia at the time of his death, than James M. Garnett, and none had a more distinct individuality of character in their opinion. Did any great question suddenly arise in American politics, no man of those who knew him, and he was known to many, doubted where he would be found, and the same may be said of questions of social progress or ethical importance.

"Mr. Garnett was a Virginia gentleman, a Christian philosopher, a cultivated scholar, owning a well selected library, which was unusually large for a private individual. He possessed keen powers of observation, exercised over a large circle of acquaintances, a rich turn for humor and rare powers of description and conversation. He knew how to amuse as well as to instruct, making himself agreeable to old and young.

"To the last day of a long life he retained these powers, and in my frequent visits to his home I never failed to derive pleasure and instruction from his conversation. It must be remembered that he was a close observer of all classes of society, for he mingled with them all. He was a lover of mankind."

I have thus endeavored, sir, very inadequately, to portray the moral and intellectual features of my revered ancestor, of whom I have no recollection save an indistinct memory of his personal appearance, and to pay even this small tribute to his memory. I hope that I have been able to bring his picture, even though but a partial one, before the sons of his neighbors and friends, by whom he was so highly esteemed and honored, and to adduce some reasons why his portrait should occupy the prominent position which you have assigned to it. I trust, sir, that others may be led by your example in forming this collection of portraits, to revere the Virginians of the olden time, than whom no nobler race of men has existed on this earth.

THE CONFEDERATE CAVALRY.

ITS WANTS, TRIALS, AND HEROISM.

An Address by Hon. John Lamb, Late Captain of Cavalry, C. S. Army.

[This graphic presentation has several times been delivered before appreciative audiences of veterans, orally, and from the fullness of his heart, by our faithful representative in Congress of the first Virginia District. It is now printed, from the first "committal to paper in full," made at the request of the Editor.]

In order to form a proper estimate of the services rendered by the Confederate cavalry during the war between the States, we must consider the difficulties under which they labored. The Confederate government was unable to supply horses for all the men who volunteered in this service. The government entered into a contract with the soldier to take his horse at a fair valuation, and furnish food and keep him shod and pay a per diem of forty cents for his use. If the horse was killed, the owner received the muster valuation, but should the horse be captured or worn out in the service, the loss fell on the owner, and he was compelled to furnish another, or be transferred to some other arm of the service. The adoption of such a policy was a misfortune, and resulted in weakening this important branch of the service. The losses and hardships thus imposed on these patriotic men was keenly felt by them and their company officers. At first, all acquiesced cheerfully. Virginia was full of fine horses, and her gallant sons were ready to give up every species of property in aid of the government. But as the war progressed, at some periods half of the command were away at one time on horse details, as they were called; and many noble fellows were reported "absent without leave" because they were unable to purchase a horse and return to their commands within the time prescribed. To punish them would have been an act of injustice, so this led to relaxation of discipline and the cavalry became too much a volunteer association. The men who composed it, particularly during the first two years of the war, were well-to-do farmers and planters, more accustomed to commanding than obeying, and they chafed under military discipline. They criticised freely every officer from the General down, but when the

time came for action they rode bravely into the thickest of the fight. At the reorganization of the army, in front of General McClellan's position at Yorktown, many officers whose ideas of military discipline were far in advance of the views held by their volunteer soldiers, and more in line with the regular army, were left out, and "more sociable and better fellows" put in their places. In some instances this was unfortunate, and in others it was for the best. About this time the cavalry went through a weeding process. Many doctors were promoted to surgeons in the army, men of influence secured other positions, the commissary and quartermaster department had to be supplied with competent clerks, elderly men found it convenient to go home to raise supplies for the army, a few were taken sick and sent off on furloughs, which were renewed continually until a final discharge came. The gap thus made was quickly filled by recruits, often boys from sixteen to twenty years of age, who made splendid soldiers after a few months' experience. Some companies were recuperated by transfers from the infantry, who were influenced at first, no doubt, by the desire for an easier service, and the comforts of horseback, but in this they were sorely disappointed, for, through two years of the hardest warfare ever experienced by men, they had to fight as infantry all day, and then provide, as best they could, food for their horses at night, and then, early the next morning, feed and curry their horses and repeat the exercises of the previous day. Many of these men were poor, some of them very poor, and it was always a mystery how they kept mounted. Many a gallant fellow, whose horse had been wounded or worn out in the service—for these he could get no pay—impoverished himself and denied his family that he might stay with his command and not be transferred to other arms of the service, or enrolled in "Company Q." Many brave men whose horses were in the recruiting camps were forced to remain in the dismounted camp. A history of the cavalry would be incomplete without an appendix telling of the trials and mortifications and encounters of "Company Q." Never having marched or fought with this command, I am unable to do the subject justice, but there are men living who can tell us of their perilous foraging expeditions as well as their heroic defense of our wagon trains.

These drawbacks, and others which might be mentioned, greatly reduced the fighting numbers of this service. Thus, at Kelly's Ford, March 17th, 1863, Fitz Lee's brigade only mustered eight hundred men when it should never have been less than twenty-four

hundred. Even at Chancellorsville, when a large number had returned from horse details, they only numbered fifteen hundred.

Then the lack of arms and equipments placed the cavalry at great disadvantage. These men had to furnish their own saddles and bridles at the beginning of the war. The English roundtree saddle, pleasant and useful at home, soon made soreback horses, and the horrors and discomforts of a soreback horse cannot be described here. After a while the government provided a saddle that helped the soreback horse very much, but many an old cavalryman remembers to this day how sore he was made by these saddles. Had the Federals been compelled to use such, the pension rolls would be much larger to-day, from "injuries received in the service." The question of arms was even more serious. At first many companies were armed with shot guns, and some counties had supplied their volunteer companies with good pistols, but many regiments were without these, even. Some North Carolina regiments were armed with Enfield rifles. An old Confederate carbine or sabre, such as were first issued to the cavalry, would be a curiosity now. They were soon thrown away, for our men "borrowed" their arms and equipments from the Federal troopers. They began this exercise early in the war, and pursued it industriously until nearly every company was well supplied. Along in 1864, Sheridan's people protested against this business, and it became more difficult to pursue it with success. But the work had been accomplished, and on many well fought fields these Southern men from South Carolina and North Carolina and Virginia, met the brave mounted infantry of Sheridan's command with arms and ammunition and saddles and bridles, and often horses, that were rich trophies of battle.

The student of history to-day is astonished to find so little bearing on the numerous splendid fights participated in by the cavalry of the Army of Northern Virginia, and the observation applies with equal force to the operations of the commands under Forrest and Morgan and Wheeler further South. With the exception of McClellan's *Life of Stuart* and the *Campaigns of General Forrest*, by Jordan and Pryor, you will find nothing of importance in the Congressional Library at Washington, and the records of the War Department are meagre from the fact that no reports were made by the regimental and brigade commanders of many engagements, while the minor conflicts—of almost every-day occurrence—were only subjects for discussion around the camp-fires, and furnished material for letters to the soldier's family and friends. How many readers of

history to-day know anything of the cavalry fight at Fleetwood, six miles from Culpeper Courthouse, June 9th, 1863, where twenty thousand horsemen were engaged from early in the morning until nightfall? Many men are living now who witnessed the great pageant, and saw the "pomp and circumstance" of war in the review of ten thousand horsemen by General R. E. Lee on the lovely fields of Culpeper the 8th of June, 1863. Many a young man in the flush and vigor of manhood, rode proudly past the commanding general that day, who, before another day's sun had sunk behind the western hills, was sleeping his last sleep, having fought his last battle.

The survivor's of Stuart's cavalry can never forget these two days of their history. The splendid scenery around Brandy Station; the broad fields clothed in green; the long lines of troopers, marching by fours, on every road leading to the place of rendezvous, and forming into squadrons and regiments and brigades, under the eye of Stuart and General R. E. Lee; the review; and then the return to camp and one more night's rest before the bloody encounter of the 9th. The memories of that day of carnage and death; the charge and counter-charge; the shouts of victory; the hasty retreat when columns were broken; the re-formation and renewed attack; the quick death of some and the dying groans of others; the ghastly wounds—all these come before the mind's eye as memory recalls the scene. On this day, when the cavalry was so successfully resisting Pleasanton's reconnoissance in force to ascertain the position of our army, then moving through the village of Culpeper Courthouse on the Géttysburg campaign, General Lee was near Culpeper, and wrote these touching lines to Mrs. Lee: "I reviewed the cavalry in this section yesterday. It was a splendid sight. The men and horses looked well. They had recuperated since last fall. Stuart was in all his glory. The country here looks very green and pretty, notwithstanding the ravages of war. What a beautiful world God, in his loving kindness to his creatures, has given us. What a shame that men, endowed with reason and a knowledge of right, should mar his gifts."

The forces engaged in the battle of "Fleetwood" consisted, on the Federal side, of three divisions of cavalry—twenty-four regiments—and two brigades of infantry, consisting of ten regiments, numbering in all nearly 11,000 men. All of these, save Russell's infantry, were engaged in battle. On the Confederate side there were five brigades of cavalry, containing twenty-one regiments, the whole numbering 9,500 men. Robinson's brigade was not engaged

at all; so that the Federals must have greatly outnumbered the Confederates.

The losses sustained show the severity of the engagement. The Confederate loss was 530, and the Federal 936 killed and wounded.

We have often heard the facetious infantryman inquire, as we filed through their camps, "Whoever saw a dead mule or a dead cavalryman?"

Had they been present that day their curiosity would have been fully satisfied.

* * * * *

When war's alarm sounded, and the cry "*to arms!*" was heard from the Potomac to the Rio Grande, these valorous knights, animated with a devotion as pure and sacred as ever nerved the heart or fired the breast of the true and tried, in the days of chivalry, turned from their peaceful pursuits, and, encouraged by the approving smiles of the fair women of the South, marshaled under the ensigns prepared by their own fair hands and presented with the injunction that living they were to defend it, or dying make it the winding sheet to enwrap them for Immortality.

The history of the sacrifices of these noble spirits and their heroic struggles against superior numbers has not yet been written.

It is imperative that each officer should in his turn write the history of his own command.

Isolated—often by companies, regiments and brigades—they fought a thousand splendid engagements, the recital of the story of which would eclipse the deeds of Hernando Cortes, and the romance of which there is scarcely a record.

Said a distinguished writer during the war, "How unfortunate it is that so many fine engagements of the cavalry are lost sight of in the great battles of infantry and artillery that follow." He was doubtless referring to the very fight we have described, or to the brilliant engagement of Fitz Lee at Todd's Tavern, where that daring and gallant commander, with Wickham's and Lomax's brigades, held back Sheridan's cavalry and a portion of the Fifth Army Corps a day and a night, until Longstreet could reach the scene of action and place his seared ranks in front of Grant's heavy columns.

Ten thousand stories unchronicled on the historic page are told by comfortable hearthstones, or wherever comrades meet; stories of hardship and ever recurring dangers, where they fell—not by scores and hundreds it may be—but by twos and tens; on the outposts, in advance guards, in surprises, by the camp-fires as they slept—or

waking, died midst flame and smoke, or, yet, in the grand charge by fours—by squadrons or in the line where the earth trembled, as it does when volcanic fires are throbbing at its heart. Stories of officers and men—living and dead—the Lees sharing the name and rivaling the name of Light Horse Harry, Rosser and Murat of the mounted charge, and the glorious Cavalier of the Palmetto State, who we have seen carve his name on the roll of fame, high among the civic heroes of this age; of “Maryland! My Maryland!” and the brave men who knew no boundary line between their own and the “mother of States.” One patriotic duty the survivors of the cavalry of the Army of Northern Virginia aided by the Sons of Veterans, and particularly the grateful women of Virginia, will soon perform, and that is, erect a suitable shaft to the memory of the Prince of Cavaliers, whom Virginia nurtured in the time of her resplendent glories. As we recall his pure and noble life, his unselfish devotion to his country, his heroic defense of her capital city, and his untimely death, we exclaim:

“There is no prouder name even in thy own proud clime,
We tell thy doom without a sigh,
For thou art freedom’s now, and fame’s!
One of the few—the immortal names that were not born to die!”

While the story of Thermopylæ fires the heart of patriotism, and the charge at Balaklava brightens the lamp of chivalry, the deeds at Kelly’s Ford, Brandy Station, Haw’s Shop, Trevillian’s and a hundred other places shall write them:

The knightliest of the knightly race,
Who, since the days of old,
Have kept the lamp of chivalry
Alight in hearts of gold.

While the historians of the North and South have been recording the battles that were fought in the War between the States, and Daniel, and McCabe, and Robinson, and Marshall, and Evans have drawn word-paintings of Gettysburg, the Crater, the Wilderness and Cold Harbor, until every veteran’s son knows the part that was played by the infantry and artillery arms of the service, little has been recorded of the deeds performed by those who were both the eyes and ears of our army, who prepared the way for attack, prevented those dangerous flank movements, oftentimes fatal, and saved many a retreat from becoming a rout. Posterity will do justice to

the memory of these heroes, and the faithful and painstaking historian, gathering up the scraps of history found among the scattered records of a generation, will hand down to the next a true account of the deeds of their fathers. Thus, other nations will learn more of their exploits, and delight to do reverence to their heroism. From the frozen shores of the Baltic to the Isles of Greece, all Europe shall honor their chivalric souls and learn to measure their manhood by that of her own heroic slain. Scotland shall name them with those who fell at Bannockburn; England recognize them in the spirits of Balaklava, and France count them worthy to descend to posterity with those of her own Imperial Guard.

THE RED ARTILLERY.

Confederate Ordnance During the War.

THE DIFFICULTY OF OBTAINING IT.

Plan Proposed to Increase Accuracy and Range of Smooth-Bore Muskets by Firing an Elongated Projectile Made of Lead and Hard Wood.

William Le Roy Broun, President Alabama Polytechnic Institute, Auburn, formerly lieutenant-colonel of ordnance of the Confederate army, commanding the Richmond Arsenal, contributes the following article to the *Journal of the United States Artillery* of April, 1898:

In complying with your request to write an article for your Journal, giving experiences and difficulties in obtaining ordnance during the war, I will endeavor, relying on my memory and some available memoranda preserved, to give you a statement of the collection and manufacture of ordnance stores for the use of the Confederate armies, so far as such manufacture was under my observation and control. After a year's service in the field as an artillery officer, I was ordered to Richmond and made Superintendent of Armories, with the rank of major in the regular army, a new office in the Confederate States Army, and sent to various points in North Carolina and Georgia to inspect and report on the facilities possessed by different manufactories for making arms, swords, sulphuric acid, etc.

As a general rule the facilities for manufacturing were meagre and crude, giving little prospect for an early serviceable product.

Early in the spring of 1862 I was ordered to report at Holly Springs, Miss., and take charge of a factory just purchased by the Confederacy, and designed for the manufacture of small arms. It was not many months before the defeat of the Confederate army under General Albert Sydney Johnston, at Shiloh, Tenn., caused a hurried removal of all the machinery to Meridan, Miss. Having reported to the chief of ordnance at Richmond, Va., I was assigned to duty connected with the Ordnance Department.

The Confederate Congress had authorized the appointment of fifty new ordnance officers, and the applications to the War Department became so numerous and persistent for these appointments that the Secretary of War, Colonel Randolph, ordered that all applicants should submit to an examination, and that appointments would be made in order of merit, as reported by the Board of Examiners. Thus, what we are now familiar with as civil-service examinations, were introduced by the Confederate War Department in 1862, in the appointment of ordnance officers.

I was made Lieutenant-Colonel of Ordnance, and as President of the Board, with two other officers, constituted the Board of Examiners. By direction of General J. Gorgas, the Chief of Ordnance, I prepared a Field Ordnance Manual by abridging the old United States Manual and adapting it to our service when necessary. This was published and distributed in the army.

The examination embraced the Field Ordnance Manual, as contained in this abridged edition, the elements of algebra, chemistry and physics, with some knowledge of trigonometry. The first examinations were held in Richmond. Of course, the fact of the examinations greatly diminished the number of applicants. Of those recommended by the Board, so many were from Virginia that the President declined to appoint them until an equal opportunity was given to the young men of the different armies of the Confederacy in other States.

Hence, I was directed to report to and conduct examinations in the armies of Generals Lee and Jackson in Virginia, General Bragg in Tennessee, and General Pemberton in Mississippi. Under other officers, examinations were conducted in Alabama and Florida.

The result of this sifting process was that the army was supplied with capable and efficient ordnance officers.

Early in 1863 I was appointed commandant of the Richmond Arse-

nal. Here the greater part of the ordnance and ordnance stores were prepared for the use of the Confederate armies.

The arsenal occupied a number of tobacco-factories at the foot of Seventh street, near the Tredegar Iron Works, between Cary street and James river. It included all the machine-shops for working wood and iron, organized into different departments, each under subordinate officers, arranged to manufacture ordnance stores for the use of the Confederate army.

Cannon were made at the Tredegar Iron Works, including siege and field guns, Napoleons, howitzers and banded cast-iron guns. Steel guns were not made. We had no facilities for making steel, and no time to experiment.

The steel guns used by the Confederates were highly valued, and with the exception of a few purchased abroad, were all captured from the Federals.

At the beginning of the war the machinery belonging to the armory at Harper's Ferry was removed to Richmond, and there established. This armory manufactured Enfield rifles, and the product was very small, not exceeding 500 per month.

With the exception of a few thousand rifles, the soldiers, at the beginning of the war, were armed with the old smooth-bore muskets, and with old Austrian and Belgian rifles imported. These they exchanged for Enfield rifles, as they were favored by the fortunes of war.

In the summer of 1862, after the Seven Days' battles around Richmond, between General Lee and General McClellan, men were detailed to collect arms from the field, which were carried to the Richmond Arsenal, and then, as quickly as possible, repaired and reissued to the army. Subsequently, through the blockade runners, a large importation of excellent rifles was received and distributed.

When the men detailed for this purpose were collecting the thousands of Enfield rifles left by the Federals on the battle-fields around Richmond, I remember seeing a few steel breast-plates that had been worn by the Federal soldiers who were killed in battle. They were solid steel, in two parts, shaped to fit the chest, and were worn under the coat. These were brought as curiosities to the Arsenal, and had been pierced by bullets. I remember this as a fact of my own knowledge. Some years ago the charge that some of the Federal soldiers wore breast-plates was denied and decried as a gross slander, and in reply thereto I published in the *Nation* the statement here made. These, no doubt, represented a few sporadic cases, worn without the

knowledge of others. The Confederate soldiers had to rely for improved arms on captures on the battle-field, and on importation, when the blockade could be avoided, having available no large armory.

The Tredegar Iron-Works at Richmond, Va., was the chief manufactory of seige and field-guns, all cast iron and smooth bore. The large Columbiads were made there, also the howitzers, 12-inch bronze Napoleons, etc. But the highly-valued banded Parrot 3-inch rifles, with which the army was well supplied, were, as a rule, captured on the battle-field.

As the war continued great difficulties were experienced in obtaining the needful ordnance supplies, and many devices were resorted to. After the battles about Chattanooga, Tenn., when the Confederacy lost possession of the copper mines, no more bronze Napoleons could be made; but, instead thereof, a light cast-iron 12-pounder, well banded after the manner of the Parrot guns, was made, and found to be equally as effective as the Napoleon.

At the beginning of the war it must be remembered the Confederacy had no improved arms, no powder-mills, no arsenals, no armories, no cap machines, and no improved cannon. All supplies at first, were obtained by importation, though the blockade subsequently cut off this foreign supply. All arms were percussion-cap lock, and issued to the troops.

To keep a supply of percussion-caps was a difficult and very serious problem, as the demand for caps was about twice as great as it was for cartridges.

The machines made after the United States pattern did not yield a large supply, and simpler and much more efficient machines for making, fitting, pressing, and varnishing caps were invented and made by Southern mechanics.

After the Federals obtained possession of the copper-mines of Tennessee great anxiety was excited as to the future store of copper, from which to manufacture percussion-caps.

The casting of bronze field-guns was immediately suspended, and all available copper was carefully hoarded for the manufacture of caps. It soon became apparent that the supply would be exhausted, and the armies rendered useless unless other sources of supply could be obtained. No reliance could be placed on the supply from abroad, though large orders were forwarded, so stringent was the blockade; of course, the knowledge of this scarcity of copper was not made public.

In this emergency, it was concluded to render available, if possible, some of the copper, turpentine and apple-brandy stills which still existed in North Carolina in large numbers.

Secretly, with the approval of the Chief of Ordnance, an officer was dispatched with the necessary authority to purchase or impress all copper stills found available, and ship the same, cut into strips, to the Richmond Arsenal. By extraordinary energy, he was enabled to forward the amount necessary for our use. The strips of copper of these old stills were rerolled and handed over to the cap manufacturer. And thus were all the caps issued from the arsenal and used by the armies of the Confederate States, during the last twelve months of the war, manufactured from the copper stills of North Carolina.

After the completion of the cap-machines, which were an improvement on the old United States machine, eight hands only, two being men, the others boys and girls, frequently manufactured from the strip copper over 300,000 caps, within eight hours, stamping, filling, preparing and varnishing them.

These cap machines thus had a capacity of producing a million a day.

These caps made at the arsenal were frequently tested, and pronounced to be superior in resisting effects of moisture and in general efficiency.

For the completion of these machines, the Confederate Government awarded the inventor—an employee of the arsenal—the sum of \$125,000, being an equal to \$2,000 in gold.

To manufacture the fulminate of mercury, we needed nitric acid and mercury.

A quantity of mercury was obtained early in the war from Mexico. To make nitric acid we required nitre and sulphuric acid. The sulphuric acid we manufactured in North Carolina, after many failures and difficulties, especially in obtaining the lead to line the chambers.

Nitre was made by the Nitre and Mining Bureau, especially organized for that purpose. Everywhere about the environs of Richmond could be seen large earthen ricks and heaps which contained dead horses and other animals, designed for use in the manufacture of nitre. The available earth from caves was also made to yield its quota of nitre. With this sulphuric acid and nitre, on the banks of the James river, we manufactured the nitric acid required in the manufacture of fulminate.

Near the close of the war the supply of mercury became exhausted. Here was a most serious difficulty. We had not, and could not obtain, the mercury, an essential material with which to manufacture fulminate of mercury, and without caps the army could not fight, and must be disbanded. This was an extremely serious situation, as no mercury could be obtained in the limits of the Confederacy. We began to experiment on substitutes, and fortunately found in Richmond two substitutes—chloride of potash and sulphuret of antimony—which, when properly combined, answered the purpose satisfactorily. And the battles around Petersburg during the last few months of the war, were fought with caps filled with this novel substitute. Our lead was obtained chiefly, and in the last years of the war, entirely, from the lead-mine near Wytheville, Va.

The mines were worked night and day, and the lead converted into bullets as fast as received.

The old regulation shrapnel shells were filled with leaden balls and sulphur. The Confederacy had neither lead nor sulphur to spare, and used instead small iron balls, and filled with asphalt.

We had no private manufactories established, which could furnish the appliances needed, and frequently everything had to be done from the very beginning by the ordnance department, and the army in the field. For instance, to run the forges to make the irons for the artillery carriages, we needed charcoal. To obtain this, I purchased the timber of a number of acres of woodland on the south side of the James river, and secured a detail of men to burn the charcoal for the use of our forge department.

During the winter men from General Lee's army cut the timber and shipped it to Richmond, with which artillery carriages were made on which to mount the guns to fight the battles in the spring. Men appointed for that purpose followed the army and collected the hides of the slaughtered animals that were used to cover the saddle-trees made of timber, cut by temporary details of men from the army in the field.

As the war continued, efforts were made to build permanent and well appointed arsenals, as at Macon and Augusta, Ga.

The large arsenal at Augusta, under the management of Colonel Rains, was especially devoted to the manufacture of powder. Toward the close of the war it was making an abundant supply of very superior character, equal and in some respects superior to that imported from foreign countries.

Under the demands of necessity, in many instances, cotton con-

verted into rubber cloth was used in the manufacture of infantry accoutrements, and was found especially useful in making belts for machinery. Models of inventions were frequently sent to the arsenal, of which large numbers were valueless, and those good in theory could not be tried for want of skilled machinists and ordnance supplies. I remember on one occasion—the last year of the war—that a large number of Spencer breech-loading rifles, the result of a capture, were turned over to the arsenal, and though greatly desired by the troops, could not be issued for want of ammunition. In the effort to make the cartridges for the Spencer rifles, in the first place tools had to be devised, with which to make the tools used for making the cartridges. Hence the surrender of Richmond came before the cartridges were made.

A plan was proposed at the arsenal to increase the accuracy and range and thus render available and more efficient the smooth-bore muskets in possession of the Confederacy.

The plan proposed was theoretically correct, and is worth mentioning, inasmuch as very late in the war the identical plan was sent to President Davis from Canada, as a scientific gift of great value.

This was sent by him to the War Department, and hence found its way to the arsenal, where the drawings were regarded with interest, since they corresponded exactly with those made at the arsenal years previously.

The idea was to fire an elongated compound projectile, made of lead and hard wood, or papier mache, with spear-point shaped head and shaft of lead—the shaft portion to be enclosed in a hollow sabot of wood or hard papier mache.

On firing, the lighter material, moving first, would press outwards the arrow head, and thus destroy windage, and the flight of the trajectory would be as an arrow, without rotating on the shorter axis, inasmuch as the centre of inertia of the projectile would be in advance of the centre of resistance of the air. At least that was the theory of the compound projectile, devised for the old smooth-bore musket.

An attempt was made to use on the field round concussion shell from the howitzers as mortars. In this concussion shell a friction primer, properly wrapped, acted as a fuse, its head terminated in a bullet, which rested on the shoulder of the brass fuse that screwed into the shell, leaving an unfilled hollow space about the bullet. When the round shell struck any point, except that exactly in rear of the prolongation of the wire, put in the axis of the bore by using a sabot, the momentum of the bullet would draw the friction primer

and explode the shell, regardless of the point on which a round shell struck. A gun-carriage was made for howitzers with a jointed trail, as thus they could be used as mortars, and fired at a high angle.

These were rather experiments than instances of success, and are only mentioned now to show that the ordnance officers did something more than simply attempt to imitate the Federals.

They were prevented from accomplishing what they planned by reason of the want of machinery to do the necessary work.

During the siege around Petersburg it was discovered that the shells used for the large Parrot guns were very defective—that is, had but very short range. The shells would start off and fly well and straight, revolving on the longer axis during the first half of the trajectory, and then suddenly whirl on the shorter axis and drop almost vertically. One can tell by the ear the instant the axis of revolution changes, if one gun is fired. The action of the shell being observed, the cause was obvious and a remedy suggested itself. The center of the resistance of the air at the summit of the trajectory was in advance of the centre of inertia, and produced a couple that caused the rotation on the shorter axis. The obvious remedy was to make the front of the shell hemispherical instead of conoidal, and diminish its length, and thus put the centre of gravity forward of the centre of resistance. With this change made, the maximum range was attained; and the complaints of the artillerist ceased.

When we consider the absence of manufactories and machinery and of skilled mechanics in the South at the beginning of the war, its successfully furnishing ordnance supplies for so large an army, during the four eventful years, is a striking evidence of the energy and resources and ability of its people.

The success of the Ordnance Department was due to its able chief, General J. Gorgas, and in large measure to the intelligence and devotion of its officers, selected by the sifting process of special examinations.

I must add this, that never was an order received from General Lee's army for ammunition that it was not immediately supplied, even to the last order to send a train-load of ammunition to Petersburg, after the order was received for the evacuation of Richmond.

As continuous work was necessary to keep a supply of ammunition at times serious difficulties threatened the arsenal, not only from scarcity of supplies of material, but also from depreciation of our currency.

Food supplies were very scarce in Richmond, and became enormously high in Confederate currency, and during the very severe last winter of the war all the female operatives who filled cartridges with powder, left the arsenal and struck for higher wages. These were trained operatives, and the demand for ammunition was too great to afford time to train others even if they could have been secured.

An increase in money wages would not relieve the difficulty.

I remember once being, early in the morning, on the island in James river, with the ice and frost everywhere, surrounded by a number of thinly-clad, shivering women, and, mounting a flour barrel, I attempted to persuade them by appeals to their loyalty and patriotism to continue at their work until better arrangements could be made.

But patriotic appeals had no effect on shivering, starving women. Very fortunately at this juncture a vessel with a cargo for the Ordnance Department ran the blockade at Wilmington, N. C., laden, not with rifles and powder, but with bacon and syrup and articles for food and clothing, these being of extreme value. An ordinance store was immediately established, and food and clothing sold to the employees of the arsenal at one-fourth the market price. This fortunate cargo made all happy and relieved the impending difficulty.

I submit herewith a statement of the principal issues from the arsenal made up to January 1, 1865.

This can be relied on as accurate, having been copied from the official reports preserved at the arsenal, consolidating all issues.

The report was prepared by my order, furnished the Richmond *Enquirer*, and published the day of the evacuation of Richmond.

A copy was published in the *New Eclectic Magazine*, April, 1869, from which this extract is taken.

STATEMENT OF PRINCIPAL ISSUES FROM THE ARSENAL.

Statement of principal issues from the Richmond Arsenal, from July 1, 1861, to January 1, 1865:

Artillery Equipments, etc.—341 Columbiads and seige-guns; 1,306 field pieces of all descriptions; 1,375 field-gun carriages; 875 caissons; 152 forges; 6,825 sets artillery harness; 921,441 rounds field, seige and sea-coast ammunition; 1,456,190 friction primers; 1,110,966 fuses; 17,423 port-fires; 3,985 rockets.

Infantry and Cavalry Arms, Accoutrements, etc.—323,231 infantry arms; 34,067 cavalry arms; 6,074 pistols; 44,877 swords and sabres;

375,510 sets of infantry and cavalry accoutrements; 188,181 knapsacks; 478,498 haversacks; 328,977 canteens and straps; 115,087 gun and carbine slings; 72,413,854 small arm cartridges; 146,901,250 percussion caps; 69,418 cavalry saddles; 85,139 cavalry bridles; 73,611 cavalry halters; 35,464 saddle-blankets; 59,624 pairs spurs; 42,285 horse-brushes; 56,903 curry-combs.

The enormous amount of "thirteen hundred field pieces of all descriptions," classed among the issues, does not signify that that number was manufactured at the arsenal, but that number includes all those obtained by manufacture, by purchase, or by capture, and afterwards issued therefrom. The writer in the *Enquirer* further says: "Assuming that the issues from the Richmond Arsenal have been half of all the issues to the Confederate armies, which may be approximately true, and that 100,000 of the enemy were killed, not regarding the wounded and those who died of disease, it will appear from the statement of issues that about 150 pounds of lead and 350 pounds of iron were fired for every man killed, and if the proportion of killed and wounded be as one to six, it would further appear that one man was disabled for every 200 rounds expended. In former wars, with the old smooth-bore musket, it was generally said, 'his weight in lead is required for every man who was killed.' "

And from the issues of the arsenal it does not appear that the improved rifle requires a pound less.

It will appear to one fond of statistics, who may reduce the moving force of the projectile to horse-power, that the force required to kill one man in battle will be represented by about one thousand horse-power.

Some general remarks in reference to the conclusion of the war and the destruction of the arsenal may not be out of place.

There was a large number of Federal prisoners in and about the city. Libby prison was filled with officers, and Belle Isle with many privates.

To release these was the object of cavalry raids against the city, when the main army was absent.

All the operators of the arsenal, and the Tredegar Works, and employees of the departments were organized in regiments, and were called to the field when a raid was expected.

So they literally worked with their muskets by their sides—and so valuable were the lives of the skilled artisans, that it was said if three iron-workers in the regiment of the arsenal were killed, the manufacture of cannon would stop.

But the end was approaching. In the Confederate Senate I remember listening to an animated discussion in regard to enlisting negro troops in the army.

It was urged by some of the senators that we should enlist and arm fifty thousand negroes, of course with a pledge of freedom.

I knew we could not possibly arm five thousand. The Ordnance Department was exhausted. One company of negroes was formed, and I witnessed the drill in the Capitol Square, but I understood as soon as they got their uniforms they vanished in one night.

As the spring of 1865 approached, the officers often discussed the situation. We knew that Lee's lines were stretched to breaking, we knew the exhausted condition of every department, and we knew the end was near.

Sunday, April 2d, was a bright, beautiful spring day, and Richmond was assembled at church. I was at St. Paul's church, about four pews in front of me sat President Davis, and in a pew behind him General Gorgas, Chief of the Ordnance Department, and my chief. During service and before the sermon, the sexton of the church, a well-known individual in the city, stepped lightly forward, and touching Mr. Davis on the shoulder, whispered something to him.

Mr. Davis immediately arose and walked out of the church with a calm expression, yet causing some little excitement. In a moment the sexton came back and called out General Gorgas. I confess I was made extremely uneasy, and was reflecting on the probable cause, when, being touched on the shoulder, and looking around, the sexton whispered to me that a messenger from the War Department awaited me at the door.

I instantly felt the end had come.

I was ordered to report to the War Department, where I soon learned General Lee had telegraphed that his line was broken and could not be repaired, and that the city must be evacuated at 12 o'clock that night.

I was ordered to remove the stores of the arsenal, as far as could be done, to Lynchburg, and was informed that the President and chief officials would proceed to Danville, and the line be re-established between Danville and Lynchburg.

I immediately had the canal-boats of the city taken possession of, and began to load them as rapidly as possible with machiney, tools, stores, etc., to be carried to Lynchburg.

As a large supply of prepared ammunition could not be taken, I

had a large force employed in destroying it by throwing it in the river.

Supplies of value to families were given away to those who applied. By midnight the boats laden with stores were placed under charge of officers and started for their destination, which they never reached. What became of them, I never knew.

About 2 o'clock in the morning General Gorgas, the Chief of Ordnance, came to the arsenal to tell me that he was about to leave with the President for Danville, and to report to him there. I never reported to him till fifteen years later, when I met him at Sewanee, Tenn., the Vice-Chancellor of the University of the South.

Every possible effort was made to prevent the destruction of the arsenal.

I, as commanding officer, visited every building between 3 and 4 o'clock in the morning of the 3rd of April, had the gas extinguished, and the guards instructed to shoot any man who attempted to fire the buildings.

One hour afterwards (I was then four miles from the city) the rapid and terrible explosion of shells heard in the distance proved that that part of the city occupied by the arsenal was being made desolate by the torch applied by the frantic mob. Shortly after the President left the city the gunboats were blown up.

After witnessing the explosion from the steps of the arsenal, I sent for the keeper of the magazine, and satisfying myself that life would not be endangered by its destruction, wrote an order for him to explode the magazine at 5 in the morning, the last order of the Ordnance Department, and among the last orders of the Confederate Government, given in the city of Richmond.

As I rode out of the city in the early dawn I saw a dense cloud of smoke suddenly ascend with a deafening report, that shook the city to its centre.

Thus ended the surrender of the city of Richmond.

The mob immediately took possession, looted the stores, and fired the city.

A large part of beautiful Richmond was burned to the ground.

The Federal troops marched into the burning city in splendid order, took possession, dispersed the mob, and saved, by their energy and discipline, the city from total destruction.

[From the New Orleans *Picayune*, April 10, 1898.]

DISTINGUISHED DEAD

Of the Louisiana Division, Army of Northern Virginia.

This interesting address, containing important historical information, was read by Captain B. T. Walshe, President of the Benevolent Association of Louisiana Veterans of the Army of Northern Virginia, at the reunion of the Louisiana Veterans of the Army of Tennessee, April 6, 1898:

Mr. President and Veterans of the Army of Tennessee:

I feel that it is quite an undertaking for me to respond to the toast just proposed to the Army of Northern Virginia, and, indeed, nothing now said could add to the fame and glorious record of that army, commanded in whole or in part by those immortal heroes, the great soldiers, Generals Robert E. Lee and Stonewall Jackson, and our own Louisiana leaders, Generals Beauregard, Harry T. Hayes, Francis T. Nicholls, Dick Taylor, William E. Starke, Eugene Waggaman, Davidson B. Penn, Leroy Stafford, Zeb York, and others, too, all Louisianians, directly in command of the Louisiana troops in Virginia.

I speak more particularly now of the infantry of that army, but to those named should be added such splendid soldiers as Colonel J. B. Walton, the first, and Colonel B. F. Eshleman, the last commander of the famous battalion, the Washington Artillery, and of which the first four companies served in Virginia, and Captain Louis E. D'Aquin and Captain Charles W. Thompson, both of the Louisiana Guard Artillery, the first named killed while commanding his battery at Fredericksburg, and the latter also killed while in command at the second Winchester. These and others, many others, the names of whom I cannot now recall, have already joined the silent majority, excepting only four—Nicholls, York, Penn and Eshleman.

Mr. President, I will not attempt to speak of the record and the glories of that wonderful army, the Army of Northern Virginia. That record is made up, and is part of the history and the glory of the Confederate States, giving lustre and prominence to the soldiers of the South; and I cannot add to the immortal fame of our com-

rades and of ourselves, as part of that army, that invincible army of veteran soldiers. Still, sir, I may, I think, properly mention, as far as I can recall their names, those gallant spirits who died doing their duty as soldiers. Necessarily, I must be brief; therefore, will confine my remarks to the infantry, and even then I shall be obliged to limit my remarks to those gallant men who were either instantly killed or mortally wounded while in command of Louisiana regiments or battalions of infantry serving in Virginia.

Would that it was otherwise, and that time permitted me to recall the names of the brave officers of the line, the non-commissioned officers, and the grandest character of all, the uncomplaining, fearless, half-starved and poorly clad private in the ranks, and these in countless numbers, too, laid down their lives for our sacred cause and the glory of our flag.

The recital of these memories of the past must bring to all, as it certainly does to me, the warm friendship and the affectionate regard we soldiers had for each other in those days of camp life, marching and battle.

The Louisiana commands serving in Virginia were as follows: The First, Second, Fifth, Sixth, Seventh, Eighth, Ninth, Tenth, Fourteenth and Fifteenth—in all, ten regiments of infantry—the First, or Dreux's, the Second, or Wheat's, Louisiana Tigers; the Fourth, or McEnery's; the first and Second Louisiana Zouaves; the Washington, or St. Paul's Foot Rifles—in all six battalions of infantry—the first four companies of the Washington Artillery, the Louisiana Guard Artillery, the Donaldsonville Artillery, and the Madison Artillery (Madison Tips)—in all, seven companies of light artillery.

These commands lost in battle the following field officers killed or mortally wounded while in command:

First Louisiana Regiment—Colonel Michael Nolan, killed at Gettysburg.

Second Regiment—Colonel Isaiah T. Norwood, mortally wounded at Malvern Hill; Colonel John M. Williams, killed at the third Winchester.

Fifth Regiment—Lieutenant-Colonel Bruce Menger, killed at Spotsylvania Courthouse.

Sixth Regiment—Major Arthur McArthur, killed at first Winchester; Colonel Isaac G. Seymour, killed at Gaines' Mill; Colonel Henry B. Strong, killed at Sharpsburg, and Colonel William Monaghan, killed near Shepardstown; and to these I think I can properly add Colonel Joseph Hanlon, the last Colonel of the regiment,

who was shot through the body at first Winchester, never fully recovered, and died shortly after the close of the war.

Seventh Regiment—Lieutenant-Colonel Chas. DeChoiseul, killed at Port Republic, and Major Aaron Davis, killed the day before at Cross Keys.

Eighth Regiment—Chevania Lewis, killed at Gettysburg, and Colonel German A. Lester, killed at Cold Harbor.

Ninth Regiment—Major H. L. Williams, mortally wounded at Gettysburg.

Tenth Regiment—Colonel W. H. Spencer, killed at second Manassas; Colonel John M. Leggett, mortally wounded at Chancellorsville, and Major Thomas N. Powell, killed in front of Petersburg.

Fifteenth Regiment—Lieutenant-Colonel R. A. Wilkinson, killed at the second Manassas.

First Battalion—Lieutenant-Colonel Charles E. Dreux, the first Louisiana officer to fall in the war, killed in a skirmish on the Curtis farm, near Newport News, July 5, 1861.

Second Battalion—Major Robert C. Wheat, killed at Gaines's Mill.

Louisiana Zouave Battalion—Lieutenant-Colonel Gaston Coppens, killed at Sharpsburg.

These names are as nothing compared to the gallant officers and soldiers of the line killed in battle, when we remember that it was these men, the soldiers of the line, the private soldiers in particular, nearly every man of whom, by training, courage and by experience in actual war was fitted to command, revealed by their devotion to principle and duty the wonderful fighting qualities of the Southern soldiers, and hence it is not surprising that such men were known as foot cavalry, the title earned by them under Lee and Jackson. And so it came to be regarded that the Army of Northern Virginia was invincible, not to be defeated, and, indeed, that is true, for at the last they were overwhelmed and overpowered by the vast armies recruited from every clime and commanded by that great soldier, General U. S. Grant, who had his immense army supplied and equipped as no army has ever been before in modern times, and, as we were told by Prof. Andrews, a distinguished veteran officer of the Union army, in his great lecture on General Lee, in this city, that in the battles in and about Petersburg leading up to the surrender, the Southern troops were outnumbered two and three to one, and at the last Grant's army outnumbered that of General Lee fully five or more to one.

Time forbids my dwelling longer on the achievements of the Army of Northern Virginia, but that army was, after all, only a part of the vast body of Southerners, fighting for what to them, and to us also, appeared to be the right, and to-day from all quarters it is being made manifest that the principles that we fought for will in the end be accepted, in a measure, at all events, by our countrymen, North as well as South, and that hereafter we will stand heart and hand together—the veterans of the grand armies of the South, the Army of Tennessee and the Army of Northern Virginia, together with the veterans of the armies of the Union, led by Grant and Sherman, all ready to stand by and defend as brother Americans the flag of our reunited country and government now and forever.

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